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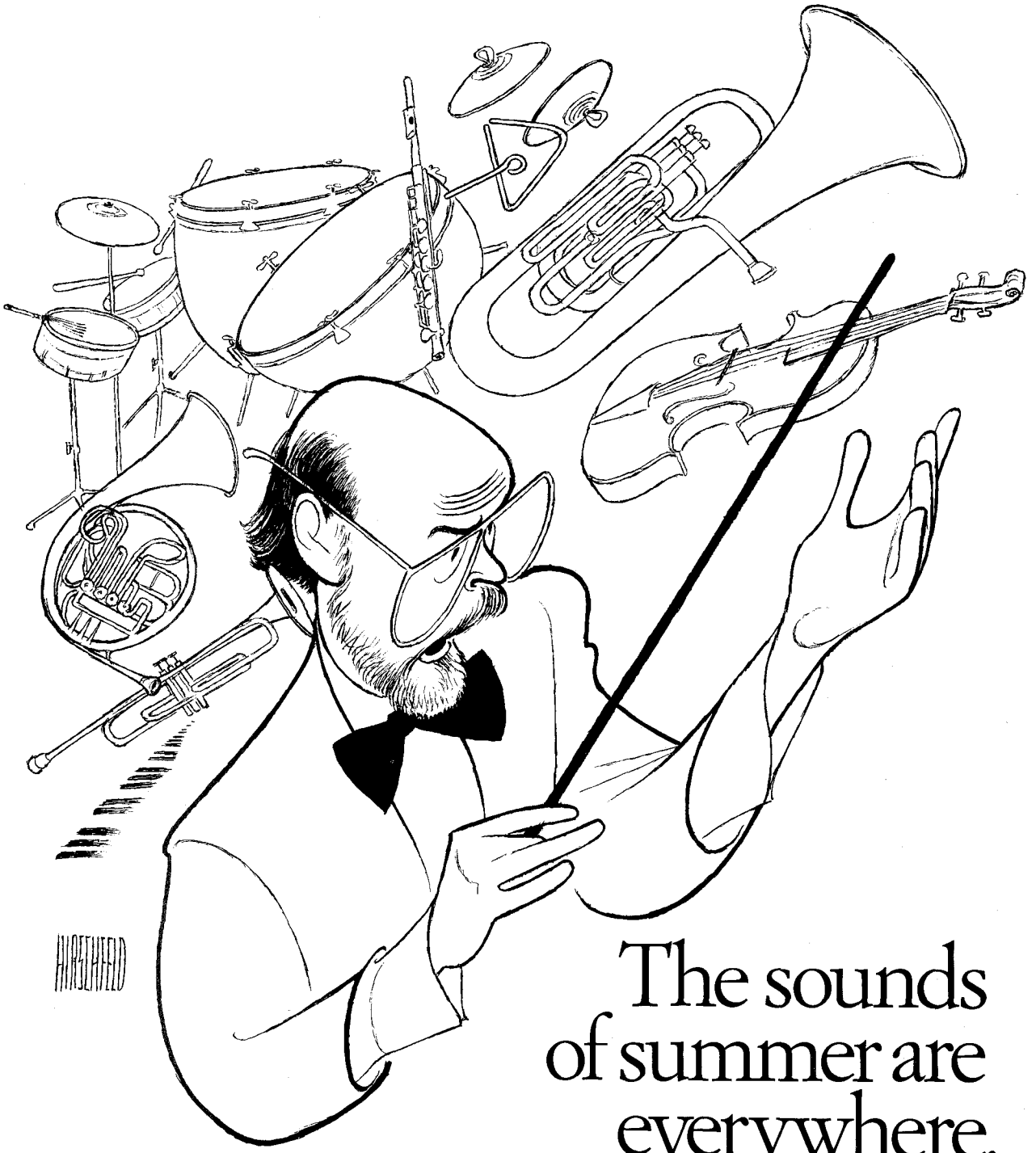

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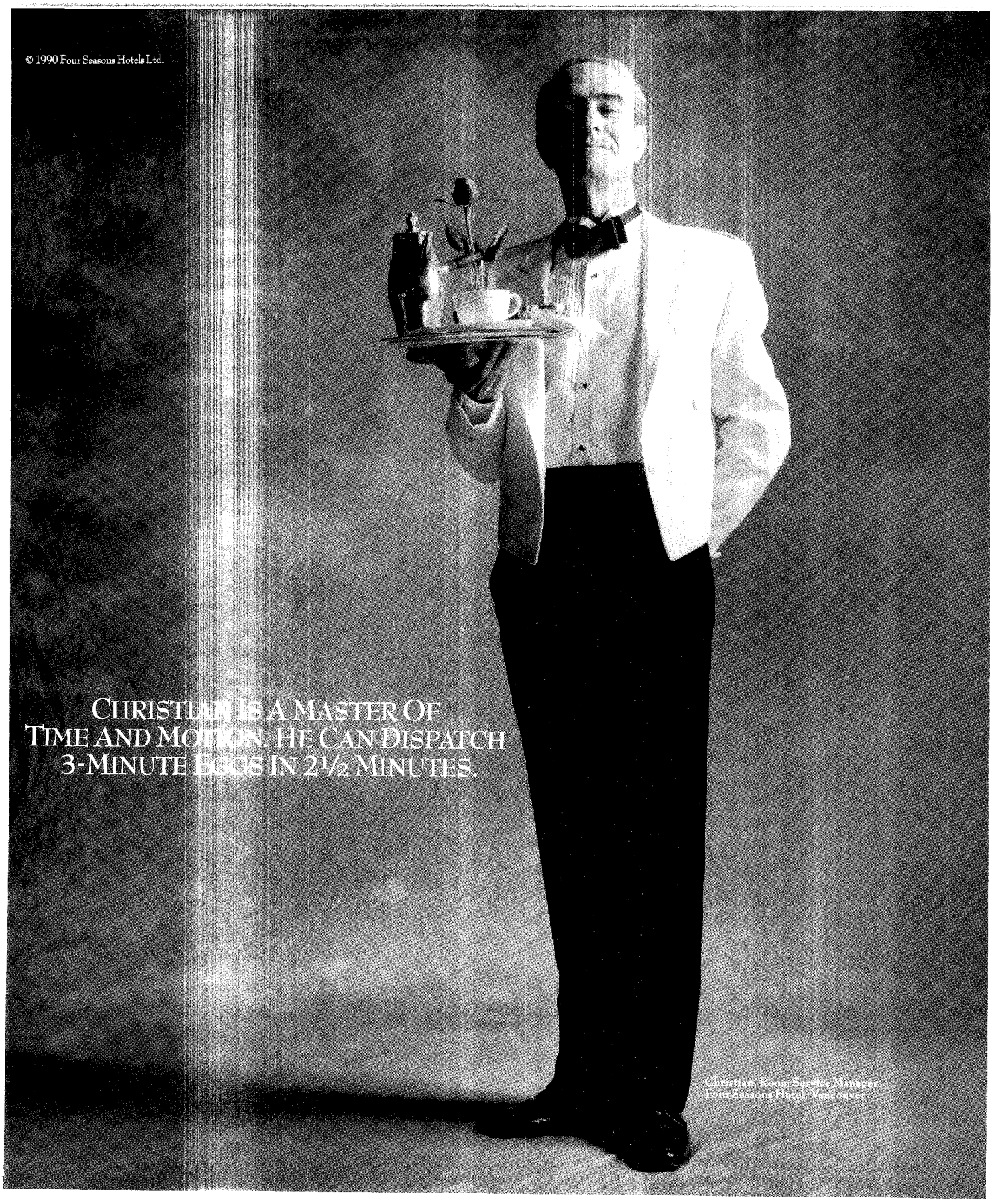

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THIS week and next, a company known as Bandwagon will be presenting "The Day Before Spring," an early and all-but-forgotten-because-never-revived Lerner and Loewe musical, at Theatre 1010 (1010 Park Avenue, at 85th Street).

We heard about the Bandwagon revival from a press release, which we read with unusual pleasure and attention (as our press-release reading goes) owing to the unusual amount of interesting information it contained. It told us that "The Day Before Spring" (which opened in November of 1945) was "the first intimate musical ever written for Broadway" and also "the first musical to attempt to deal seriously with marital infidelity." It said that the show received rave reviews, but that, because it was "the antithesis of the folksy musicals so popular in the mid-1940's," it closed after five months. Moreover, according to the press release, Lerner and Loewe died leaving no record of the musical other than the seven songs from it that had been published in their lifetime; consequently, in order for Bandwagon's artistic director, Jerry Bell, to revive the show, he had to reconstruct it from conversations with as many of the people involved in the original production as he could track down.

Never loath to fall back on the perceptions of our betters, we looked up Wolcott Gibbs' 1945 review of "The Day Before Spring." He called it a "generally literate" show with a "slight but rational plot," which was "considerably above the average musically." He liked it a lot, in fact. "To keep this tribute from sounding as if I were related to the producer," he wrote, "I'd better add that there are quite a few things the matter with [the show], including a good many stretches of dialogue that might have been scissored out of an old copy of *College Humor;* a first-act ballet, one of those numbers in which a couple of dancers interpret the love life of the principals, that just made me laugh rather nervously; and a comedy sketch, involving the shades of Plato, Voltaire, and Freud, that didn't make me laugh at all." But he said that "the pleasures . . . far outweigh complaints like these." He called it "my kind of show."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

THE DAY BEFORE SPRING—A revival of the 1945 musical by Lerner and Loewe. The show has been reconstructed by Jerry Bell, who conducts the performance in a staging by Dania Krupska. With Rebecca Hoodwin, Gerald Sell, and Michael Harrington. Opens June 28 at 8 and runs through July 10. (Theatre 1010, Park Ave. at 85th St. 924-0077.)

FALSETTOLAND—William Finn's new musical, with Michael Rupert, Stephen Bogardus, Faith Prince, and Chip Zien. Directed by James Lapine. Previews through June 27. Opens June 28 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

JERSEY CITY—A play by Wendy Hammond, directed by Risa Bramon. With Alison Bartlett and Eddie Castrodad. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. Tracey Ullman and Morgan Freeman head the cast, and A. J. Antoon has directed. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ASPECTS OF LOVE—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

BY AND FOR HAVEL—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. Directed by Vasek Simek. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

THE CEMETERY CLUB—Eileen Heckart, Elizabeth Franz, and Doris Belack are three Jewish widows who meet each month to visit the graves of their dear departed. Ivan Menchell's play is a situation comedy, and just a bit above run-of-the-mill. The fine actresses are anything but, and John Lee Beatty's settings give the proceedings great distinction, as do Lindsay W. Davis's costumes. (5/28/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music). The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Closes July 1.)

ELLIOT LOVES—Jules Feiffer's sharp-witted comedy about the sexes is an all but total success, partly because of the fine work of the two representatives—Anthony Heald (m) and Christine Baranski (f)—and of the director, Mike Nichols. (6/18/90) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

FURTHER MO'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by and starring Vernel Bagneris. Also with Topsy Chapman and Frozine Thomas. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Morgan Freeman and Tracey Ullman in "The Taming of the Shrew"

GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Schaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was

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the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Maids of Honor—A play about three sisters by Joan Casademont. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's wonderfully funny and touching play about a young man from a small Irish village on the eve of his departure for America really holds up in Paul Weidner's beautiful production. Grab this one: revivals this good don't come around often. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

BONE UP

*If you are planning to see John Guare's hit play "Six Degrees of Separation," at Lincoln Center, you might want to go armed with knowledge of one of the play's references—to Balto, a brave Siberian husky memorialized in Central Park by the Brooklyn-born artist Frederick G. R. Roth. Balto, rumored to have had bad breath, led a 1925 dog-sled expedition that covered six hundred miles of icy Arctic terrain. The team was carrying an antitoxin needed to treat a fast-spreading diphtheria epidemic in Nome, Alaska. The driver was blinded by the snow, and unable to see even the animals in front of him; thus, he had to place all trust in Balto. The dog fulfilled his mission heroically, but died upon arrival in Nome. With financial assistance from the Balto Monument Committee, Roth erected the work later that same year. It is the only piece in the Park dedicated to a specific animal, and it still stands northwest of the Children's Zoo, near 66th Street. "*ENDURANCE, FIDELITY, INTELLIGENCE*" (but no mention of Balto's breath) is engraved at the foot of the statue.*

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Price of Fame—A comedy, more entertaining than not, by—and with—Charles Grodin. Mr. Grodin plays a movie star who finds out that an attractive interviewer from *Vanity Fair* has been assigned to do a hatchet job on him. The performances of all the actors go well under Gloria Muzio's direction. (6/25/90) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Prin—The admirable Eileen Atkins and the director John Tillinger seem utterly wasted on this almost twist-for-twist rehash of the plot of Simon Gray's "Butley," written by Andrew Davies and set in a training college for women's physical-education instructors. (6/18/90) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 6.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book), with a sixteen-member cast, led by Mike Burstyn. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Sisters—A play by Marsha A. Jackson, performed by Andrea Frye and Ms. Jackson. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Closes July 1.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting between the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—A gospel musical comedy conceived and directed by Alan Bailey and written by Connie Ray. With Reathel Bean and Dan Manning. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Swim Visit—A play by Wesley Moore, presented by the Primary Stages company. With Caroline Lagerfelt, Mark Metcalf, Pirie MacDonald, and Alice Haining. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes June 30.)

Talking Things Over with Chekhov—A comedy by John Ford Noonan, with Mr. Noonan and Diane Salinger. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

Black and Blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **Cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **Forbidden Broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **The Heidi Chronicles:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. Starting July 2, Mary McDonnell replaces Miss Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Jerome Robbins' Broadway:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **Other People's Money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCE

EVEN if you've never seen Marge Champion, you've probably seen her move. During the nineteen-thirties, when she was still named Marjorie Belcher and was living in her native Los Angeles, she worked as a live-action model for the Disney studio, and films that the studio made of her were the basis for such animations as the title character in "Snow White," the Blue Fairy in "Pinocchio," and one of the animal ballerinas in "Fantasia." During these years, Marjorie studied ballet with her father, Ernest Belcher, and performed as part of a ballroom-dance team with a young man named Louis Hightower (the model for Snow White's prince). She was also tracking the career of another young man, a ballroom-dance prodigy named Gower Champion, who had sat behind her in junior high school. She spoke of him recently with the scholars Julie Malnig and David Payne-Carter, during an evening at the Kip's Bay library celebrating "Ballroom Week '90." "Gower was the eternal boy," she said, "Peck's Bad Boy, in many ways, and adorable."

After the Second World War, in which Mr. Hightower was killed, Miss Belcher got in touch with Mr. Champion, and the two eventually got hitched both as Mr. and Mrs. Gower Champion and as the Marge and Gower Champion ballroom team. Between 1947 and 1959, they starred on television, stage, and screen ("Show Boat," "Lovely to Look At," "Jupiter's Darling") as a singing-dancing-acting duo, with comedy a specialty. "As a team, we could only have happened at that time," she said. "During the nineteen-thirties we wouldn't have been sophisticated enough. Later, the ballroom teams were gone." In 1960, Mr. Champion, who choreographed most of their numbers, got his first chance to direct a Broadway show, "Bye Bye Birdie." With that, the couple bade farewell to their stage partnership. Mrs. Champion became a full-time mother to their two sons, and Mr. Champion went on to direct and choreograph such hits as "Hello, Dolly!" and "42nd Street." He died in 1980.

Mr. Payne-Carter, who is currently writing a book about Mr. Champion, speculated that Marge's dancing might have lived on in the themes of Gower's shows. "All of his Broadway work is really about how wonderful women are—Dolly, Lily," Mr. Payne-Carter said. "This is his biographer," Mrs. Champion replied. "He knows a lot more about it than I do. We just did it."

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IN TOWN

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of the season. June 26 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Ives, Songs," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Concertino," "Gershwin Concerto," and "A Mass." . . . ¶ June 28 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ June 29 at 8: "Pas de Deux," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ June 30 at 2: "Fanfare," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ June 30 at 8: "Circus Polka," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ July 1 at 1: "Swan Lake," "Ives, Songs," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ July 1 at 7: "Swan Lake," "Who Cares?," and "A Mass." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the season. June 25 at 8: "Nine Sinatra Songs," "Fall River Legend," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "La Bayadère (Act II)," "Fall River Legend," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ June 27 at 2: "Birthday Offering," "Brief Fling," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Dark Elegies," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ June 28-29 at 8 and June 30 at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NANETTE BEARDEN CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE—In two programs. June 28 at 7:30: "Homage to Mary Lou: The Life, Love, Music, and

The Sundays at the Marquee

Times of Mary Lou Williams," with guest artists Roberta Flack, David (Fathead) Newman, and others. . . . ¶ June 29-30 at 7:30: Repertory works: "Gazelle," "Rosa Mae," "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," "Room 8A," "Reptile," and "My Old Piano." Excerpts from "Homage to Mary Lou" will also be presented. With guest artists from the Dance Theatre of Harlem. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715.)

GINA GIBNEY DANCE—Presenting "Three Solos/One Trio." (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. June 28-29 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

MELANIE SLATER—With her company, Dancers Vanishing, in the première of "Weight of Wings," a collaborative work by Ms. Slater and the filmmaker Dennis Diamond. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. June 28-July 1 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

"A NIGHT OF TAP AT THE APOLLO"—Savion Glover, the Copasetics, Sandman Sims, the Jazz Tap Ensemble, Brenda Bufalino, Manhattan Tap, and the Silver Belles. (253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. July 2 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sept. 1. Monnaie Dance Group / Mark Morris, June 26-30. The program: "Canonic 3/4 Studies," "Prelude and Prelude," "Going Away Party" (U.S. première), "Tamil Film Songs in Stereo' Pas de Deux," and "Marble Halls." . . . ¶ "The Russian Village," twenty-four musicians and dancers from the Soviet Union, June 27-30. . . . ¶ Johan Renvall and dancers, July 3-7. . . . ¶ O Vertigo Danse, July 3-7. (Becket, Mass. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

A COUPLE of times, when we've been bored, we've tried to decide who's weirder: Laibach—the Yugoslavian industrial band that recently released an album entitled "Let It Be," consisting mainly of songs from the Beatles album of the same name—or Negativland. A few weeks back, we saw Negativland at the Knitting Factory, and now we know.

Negativland, which is based in California and which is not so much a band as a trio of archive-plundering, multimedia pranksters, has had a strange couple of years. In 1987, the group released "Escape from Noise." The album included a cut on which a preacher said, out of context, "Christianity is stupid. Communism is good. Give up. Give up." In what seems to have been part experiment and part sick joke, Negativland then wrote a phony press release and managed to get their song blamed for the fact that a teen-ager in Rochester, Minnesota, had murdered his family, after an argument about music.

At the Knitting Factory, Negativland played both "Christianity Is Stupid" and a portion of "Helter Stupid." The latter is the twenty-two-minute title track of their very funny and inventive last album, and includes sound bites about the murder controversy, as well as a tape loop that goes, "Media about media about media . . ." The Knitting Factory show was hardly all seriousness, though. Dick Vaughn, who collaborates with Negativland, opened the evening, wearing a rust-colored velours tux. He sang a shake-your-can rendition of "Rock Me Gently," and gave away, among other things, an eight-track tape player and a novelization of the Donny and Marie movie "Goin' Coconuts." During the headliner set, Mark Hosler, who is as close to a front man as a band like Negativland will stand for, tossed out balloons, squirted the crowd with a water gun, and sprayed them with bathroom air freshener.

Negativland's targets—the news media, radio programmers, fundamentalist Christianity, the Playboy Channel, disco—have been a little easy in the past. Still, we hold out great hope for their forthcoming cover of U2's "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For." We wouldn't mind hearing them cover the entire "Joshua Tree" album, come to think of it, but they'd better hurry, or Laibach just might beat them to it.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Gregg Burge—he sings, he dances, he choreographs; what more could you want?—is currently in residence. Places you may have seen the peripatetic Mr. Burge: TV's "The Electric Company," Broadway's "Sophisticated Ladies," the movie version of "A Chorus Line," Spike Lee's "School Daze," the Bush White House. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. **FRANK MORGAN**, the L.A.-based alto saxophonist, recorded his first, bebop-minded record in 1955, and didn't put out a second until three decades later. The period in between had its ups and downs; he has said that the finest group he ever played in was "the warden's band," in San Quentin prison. Mr. Morgan has come back strong in the past few years, and the bop style is still at the heart of his work; he'll be in action here, with his quartet, June 27-30. Music from nine. Dining.

Patti Page at Rainbow & Stars

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). **TANIA MARIA**, a Brazilian singer equally at home with Latin music and jazz, performs June 26-July 1; the Japanese trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** begins a run on July 3. First set at nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. The Vincent Herring quartet presides June 25-30. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **BOBBY SHORT**, sometimes known as His Shortness, who winds up his visit here on June 30. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano through June 30; music from nine-forty-five Tuesday through Saturday.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal acts, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his

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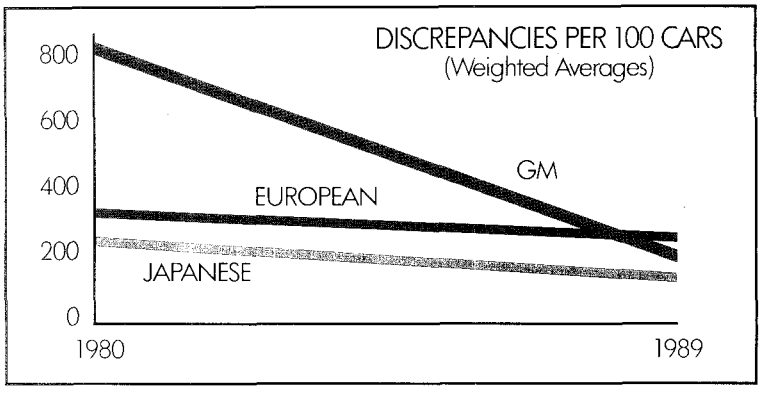

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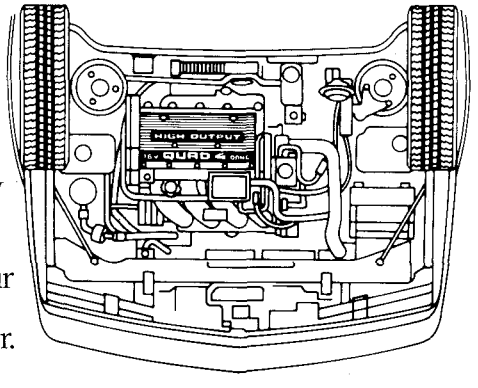

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

date around like a crazed cossack. Michael Bergman, a twenty-six-year-old clarinettist and singer, leads his orchestra here on July 1. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, and rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music-scene. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled CB's perseveres. Shows from eight on weeknights and from nine-thirty on weekends.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. **HANK JONES,** an elegant jazz pianist who first hit this town in 1943 and whose playing has touches of Art Tatum and Erroll Garner, leads a sextet June 26-July 1. The **RAY BRYANT** trio starts up on July 3. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a take-no-prisoners atmosphere. Shows Fridays at midnight, Saturdays at 11, and other nights at 10. Dining.

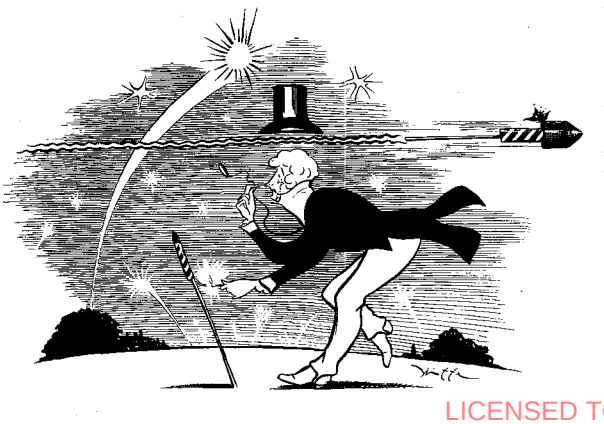
Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the place also features a truckload of sort-of-Southern items; a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine or later.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). Joanie Madden, who plays flute and tin whistle, and uilleann-pipes player Jerry O'Sullivan will be here on June 29.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. Memphis-bred tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads his swaggering quartet here June 26-July 1. As of July 3, the room belongs to **CARMEN LUNDY,** an engaging, idiom-shifting singer who was first courted by her agent because, as she modestly puts it, "People were calling her for singers, but they couldn't afford Betty Carter." On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. **ROSS TOMPKINS,** who served as house pianist at the Half Note a couple of decades ago, will be performing here June 26-July 1. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and jalapeño clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from 10.



J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The **MIKE RENZI** trio will be here June 27, the **OLIVER JACKSON** quartet comes in June 30, and the **AMY LONDON** sextet performs on July 2. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **MARK COFFIN,** a singer whose voice spans four octaves and whose résumé includes road trips with the chanteuse Hildegarde, performs on June 29. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. **KING SUNNY ADÉ,** the Nigerian guitarist, singer, and bandleader, brings in his entourage June 28. Mr. Adé plays a style of Nigerian music, called juju, that has been around a long time, but he has updated it; his band, which usually numbers in the high teens, includes several electric guitars, a pedal-steel guitar, and a mesmerizing percussion section. Their shows are high-spirited dance parties.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room. Stride pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **DAVID MURRAY,** the composer and hard-blowing, avant-garde tenor saxophonist, leads a trio June 27-28; **GEORGE ADAMS,** the tenor saxophonist and Charles Mingus alumnus, chairs a quintet June 29-30. Music after nine.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-1989" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. The New York-based, straight-shooting rock group the **DEL-LORDS** come in on June 27. The prolific, whimsical, and nutty **JONATHAN RICHMAN,** whose far-reaching topics have included bluejeans, Picasso, and baseball, and whose songs can be anything from silly to heartbreaking, appears on June 28. Music after nine. Dining.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue). The scheme is black walls, a high ceiling, an upstairs with tables and a view, and a booming sound system that makes anything sound good. The **SUNDAYS,** who will be here June 28, are one of this year's nicest surprises: a shimmering British pop band whose début album, "Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic," is notable for Harriet Wheeler's winsome voice and guitarist Dave Gavurin's Smiths-style strumming. What's so disarming about the Sundays is that, although they occasionally make use of trippy rhythms and stream-of-consciousness lyrics, their music is actually quite hopeful and down-to-earth. Shows are at ten.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at; Maxwell's is a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to cover with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. The Athens, Georgia, group **PYLON,** who not long ago rose from the dead, perform on June 26; **NIKKI SUDDEN** is here on June 30; and the **FEELIES** begin a two-nighter on July 4.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. **BETTY BUCKLEY,** an actress and singer with impressive Broadway credentials (she won a Tony for her performance in "Cats"), as well as a varied TV-and-film résumé, is making her cabaret début here through June 30. **PATTI PAGE** starts up on July 3. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. Mondays and Tuesdays are the property of **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a band that relies on period instruments, old-fashioned felt-bannered music stands, and original-score arrangements to re-create the look and sound of a thirties swing outfit. Fridays belong to Rick Hardeman and the Basin Street Six, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Music begins at six on Sundays, at eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A non-patron-friendly place that reminds us of that joke about not wanting to belong to a club that would have us as a member. **FELA KUTI** and **JIMMY CLIFF** will be here on June 29. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Spo-dee-o-dee, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A night club in a part of Chelsea the real-estate agents don't show you. It's a modest-sized space with a dance floor, a stage (there's live music seven nights a week), and a pell-mell decor; Victorian-style chandeliers, movie-theatre drapes, murals of Cotton Club-era dancers. At peak hours (late), you'll get an eyeful of waves, perms, teased and sprayed locks, lip gloss, pumps, fishnets, fringed jackets, leather pants, and designer-outlet new-wave apparel.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. June 26-July 1, **CEDAR WALTON,** an underrated composer and a pianist who uses the blues and gospel to soften some hard-bop edges, will be here with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS.** The **PHIL WOODS** quintet starts up July 3. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The Leon Parker trio holds forth June 26-July 1 in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** begin a summer-long stay on July 3.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The holiest of jazz shrines. Tenor saxophonist **BOB MINTZER** heads up a big band here June 26-July 1. **DEWEY REDMAN,** whose quartet (featuring pianist **GERRI ALLEN**) will start a week-long engagement here on July 3, was born in Fort Worth in 1931, and played in the high-school band with Ornette Coleman. Redman caught up with Coleman again in 1969 and joined his band. "I've learned a lot from Ornette," Redman has said. "But I used to go through hell, because when I played with him, he would always take the first solo. And some nights I'd be saying, 'What the hell can I do after that?'" A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"YOU don't want to go there. Brixton's awful. And getting there'll cost you at least ten quid," said the cabdriver. But for a New Yorker whose weekly taxi fares in search of the master mix at such soigné locations as Hubert, off Hudson Street, or Tenth and 27th rival the cost of a coach ticket to London, getting to the Fridge sounded far less foreboding than going through Heathrow's multiple security checks.

O.K., so a streetcar named Gentrification hasn't yet found its way to this part of London town. The Fridge's décor could have been preset for a revival of "The Rocky Horror Show" (which is actually scheduled for revival this summer in the West End, but not here). The standard dress inside—Elvis-in-the-Army haircut, stretched-out T-shirt, big black belt, big black shoes, chains, bracelets, rings, baggy jeans rolled up wide enough to snag salmon, a politically correct tattoo, and at least one bulging pack of cigarettes—has less originality than an album of love songs (nothing but love songs) by Engelbert. And the bartenders' ears are about as responsive to an American's request as a model's are to a wolf whistle.

Nevertheless, all it takes is one d.j. run of "The Masterplan" into "Hear the Drummer" into "Poison," into absolutely anything by Barry White, to realize that not a club in New York, not even the Sound Factory, offers dance music as chillin' as the Fridge's. "Boy, do they dance," the driver said. "I hear sometimes it's like they can't stop." Sometimes they can't.

On two different occasions, most of the prime meats hanging in the Fridge were so up, up, and away that they hardly budged when several contemporaries threw beer bottles in the air with Wallendic ease. Unfortunately, no one was on the receiving end to catch them. Smash. Inhaling cigarettes on the dance floor was as constant as strobe light. Mash. Glasses were kicked around the floor like hockey pucks. Bash. Hushed deals for multiple hits of ecstasy were offered by more young stealths than are lined up at the end of a Miss Marple murder mystery. Crash. And it wasn't Obsession or Fahrenheit or Samsara that kept infiltrating one's rapidly dizzifying inhalations. It was the wafting scent of poppers. Gnash.

Perhaps England still does swing like a pendulum do. Perhaps it would be better off in this case, however, if someone were brought in to adjust the sweep of the arc.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Father Was a Peculiar Man"—A performance piece, presented by En Garde Arts, that is staged in the meat-packing district. (Audience members meet at the corner of Ninth Ave. and Little West 12th St., Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Patti Chambers and Benito Gutmacher—Presenting "Pink Ladies Trip" and "The Cry of the Body," respectively. (Choices, 64 E. 4th St. 971-8732. Fridays through Sundays at 8.)

ART

WHAT Americans can and can't accept from the French is an interesting area for disquisition—not least when it comes to art. The important French rococo artists, for instance, including Boucher and Fragonard, are commonly rejected as high-caloric, non-nutritive indulgences by a large slice of the American art-viewing public, except, perhaps, for transvestites and the Palm-Beach-to-French-Riviera set. Many artists—and, even more, most art students—also make faces at any mention of French "poodle painting," and have to be reminded that poodles are very intelligent dogs. But Boucher's great, morally commanding predecessor, the neoclassical Nicolas Poussin, may present an even greater problem. He gets everyone's respect, but almost nobody seems to like him. Poussin's high-minded constructs, his arcane cast of characters, and his surprisingly fierce palette—with its blues like uncompromised states of mind—are often found to be foreign to our vernacular and daunting; looking at them can be like taking an exam in a course one didn't sign up for. Ideals, for us, tend to have to look more "serious" than Boucher's and more populist in feeling than those of any work by Poussin.

The recent revivals of so many art-historical styles may have put a dent in this puritanical Yankee armor. Museum shows of paintings by Fragonard and Boucher furthermore expanded our view of such modern heroes as Picasso, Pollock, de Kooning, and Warhol. Where sacredness had been assumed in their work there was also profanity, and where the profane was a given religion turned up, too. With this in mind, the time is ripe for a sampling of "The Russian Taste for French Painting." Poussin's erotically charged yet chaste "Tancred and Ermina," and Boucher's transcendently tawdry "Hercules and Omphale" are both at the Met, on loan from Soviet collections, in a show that also includes Fragonard's titillating "The Stolen Kiss." The Russian moral view, it seems, was not hampered by puritanical roots or by Federalism. For a contemporary German take on French neoclassicism, see Markus Lüpertz's Poussin paintings, at the Mary Boone gallery through June 30. They look like scrapbook pictures—like the evocative ruins—of high ideals in art.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"From Poussin to Matisse: The Russian Taste for French Painting." The Russians seem to have entered the Western world by consuming French culture to the point of fetishization. This show—like so many the museum has mounted recently—celebrates not the great artists whose works are on display but the great amassers of French art, from Catherine the Great, who bought up vast collections whole and founded the Hermitage, to the non-aristocratic industrialists Shchukin and Morozov, who proved to be two of the world's most astute collectors of Post-Impressionist paintings. But the show does include some superb works among its fifty paintings, most notably Watteau's "The Savoyard," and Fragonard's "The Stolen Kiss." There are some kitschy paintings as well, such as Vernet's startlingly mysterious "The Death of Virginie." Yet, despite the over-all quality, the pick-hit format is not engaging; the show doesn't really get going until the end, where there is a room of ten glorious Matisses painted between 1908 and 1913, which are among his finest works. Through July 29. . . . ¶ No artist of this century could match Louis Comfort Tiffany's decorative creations in glass, bronze, and mosaic, but this show of lamps, chandeliers, windows, and ceramics does little more than confirm the razzle-dazzle taste of the marketplace: the emphasis is on the garish, gaudy extravaganzas—the Art Noveau updates of Victorian bad taste. The featured lamps, for instance, are the rarest ones, which are usually the trickiest—and sometimes the tackiest. Still, there is a glorious "Dragonfly" chandelier in deepest blue and green, with glass globules attached, and a "Hydrangea" chandelier, whose sophisticated massing is articulated with magnificent coloration. The experimental surfaces of a "Cypriote" vase make it look like a chunk of the moon, and the "Lava" vases are fluidity itself; these more humble masterworks still look fresh. . . . ¶ Colorfully glazed Chinese vases, jars, and figures can be seen in an exhibition of ninety-four pieces from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) through the Ching (1644-1912). Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than sixty sets of clothing worn by children from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are on view in the Costume Institute. . . . ¶ When two-thirds of the frames in a show are empty, one knows to pay strict attention to the frames themselves. That is the desired effect of "Italian Renaissance Frames," which includes more than a hundred of the carved and gilded beauties. In a few cases—a Botticelli, an El Greco—paintings enhance what are works of art in themselves. . . . ¶ Sixty-one nineteenth-century wooden power figures, masks, and royal objects from Central Africa, on loan from the Museum of Anthropology, in Berlin. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Maurice Prendergast at the Whitney

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—After Munch and, in a funny way, Hopper, Francis Bacon is the master of the silent scream. Whether his figures are twisted or streaked, boxed in or placed beside hooked meat, he repeatedly portrays the mute isolation of the individual—the trapped, unspoken "No Exit" primal terror that is the modern condition. But the reason for the sacrosanct status of this eighty-one-year-old painter—is there any museum worth its salt without a Bacon of its own?—has always been a bit of a mystery. Unlike an artist such as de Kooning, who spent almost four decades painting in a very narrow range but managed to make his work look fresh most of the time, Bacon looks watered-down here. It seems as

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

if little has been gained by mounting a full retrospective that couldn't have been accomplished with a half-dozen works. There's no stylistic development, no real change of expression, no refocussing of content. And there do not appear to be any key works, just good ones and great ones and, yes, flat ones, and even excessively tricky ones. Perhaps it's time for a critical reassessment. Through Aug. 28. (A complementary show is at the Marlborough gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The exhibition "Matisse in Morocco" consists of twenty-three paintings and several dozen drawings the artist made during his two visits to North Africa, in 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ Throughout this century, it has seemed that every kind of abstract painting, even the most radical, has been coöpted by commercial design. What a pleasure, then, to see an inversion of this formula in a small exhibition of fabric samples by Gunta Stölzl, the Bauhaus master weaver, and her student, the perhaps better-known Anni Albers. Both designers took advantage of the period's industrial advances and applied a purist approach to the technology of weaving to create undeniable classics. Stölzl and Albers helped form the craft tradition of the Bauhaus, where the distinctions between fine and applied art were blissfully blurred. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs selected by Ellsworth Kelly. Included are works by Picabia, Brancusi, Malevich, and Mondrian. . . . ¶ The Canadian artist Barbara Steinman is showing a site-specific video installation titled "Icon," which incorporates two photographs of a marble Madonna. Through July 31. . . . ¶ "Architectural Drawings of the Russian Avant-Garde." Starts June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred paintings by this popular artist and co-organizer of the legendary Armory Show demonstrates his ability to capture some very pretty moments of leisure with decorative mosaics of dabbed paint, but it also shows how he was trivialized by his own redundancy and overdependence upon tame Americana. Prendergast did what he did extremely well, but he was quick to emulate others' styles—Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, and Matisse, to name the most obvious—without developing his own. Prendergast's identity seems hidden by a well-engineered and selfless storm of paint. . . . ¶ Another retrospective, of paintings and drawings by Hans Hofmann (1880-1966), is on view on the fourth floor. . . . ¶ "Signs of Love," a large-scale installation work by Ree Morton (1936-77) that is the magnum opus of this pivotal and shamefully overlooked artist, looks as original and unsettling as it did when it was first exhibited, in the Whitney's 1977 Biennial. With its painted and swagged ladders, frilly ribbons and flowers, and postage-stamp portraits of a fairy-tale prince and princess, it is an irreverent celebration of sentimentality. It exists in a realm somewhere between painting and sculpture, without caring about the conventions of either; it was created at a time when the austerity of minimalism still reigned. It also celebrates the brazen freedom of feminism, of an as yet unnamed postmodernist spirit, and of a community of artists whose decisions were based on ideas and personal challenges, not on the desires of the market. Through July 22. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" includes more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A companion exhibition of prints by the Nabis painters, including works by Vuillard, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Félix Vallotton, and Ker-Xavier Roussel. . . . ¶ A site-specific installation by Winifred Lutz is on view in the museum's lobby. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

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Ree Morton at the Whitney

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art from Northeastern Zaire" includes four hundred artifacts, such as sculptures, musical instruments, furniture, and weapons, along with many photographs and drawings, all from the museum's Lang-Chapin Expedition (1909-15). (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. There are doghouses made of bones, rawhide dog chews, and, in one case, an old television console with "Lassie Come Home" stencilled on its empty screen. Lew Davis and Will Paxson's "The Trojan Dog" is a painted wood pooch with lolling tongue, eager eyes, and, true to Greek myth, a door in its hollow belly. Alexander and Nell Twining's "Cheops Dog House" is a pyramid-shaped palace for Pharaonic dogs. And Ted Trussel Porter's "Bauwauhaus," a droll entry whose lowly function contrasts sharply—and wittily—with its severe, Gropius-style design, is fashioned from a modernist table turned upside down. Most appealing is Michael McDonough's "Dog House in the Mayan Style." A replica of La Iglesia at Chichén Itzá, it is constructed entirely from dog biscuits. Its adobe-colored walls glisten from multiple coats of marine varnish, intended to protect it from pouring rain and hungry puppies. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A selection of nearly one hundred and fifty Chinese porcelain wine pots, jars, dishes, and vases made between 1620 and 1683 is on view. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays and July 4, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two displays of photographic work by the artists Wijnanda Deroo and Hélène Hourmat. Through Aug. 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—From an exquisite portrait of a woman by Petrus Christus to a delicate watercolor of the Château Noir by Paul Cézanne, this superb exhibition of five centuries of master drawings, from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen (in Rotterdam), is a joy. Despite the fact that all the French and Italian drawings and many of the Dutch and Flemish ones originally owned by the Boymans were destroyed in a fire in 1864, since then the museum has put together one of the finest collections of its sort. There is a toe-curling drawing of feet by Dürer, a spellbinding allegory called "Temperance" by Bruegel, a mystifying and exceedingly rare Giorgione, and fine examples by Altdorfer, Grünewald, Rembrandt, Annibale Carracci, Pisanello, and Goya. There are Watteaus that could make you weep, as well as fine works by Ingres, Daumier, and Manet. Through Aug. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed July 4.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—Twenty-eight watercolors and two oils by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel. Starts June 28. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and July 4, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface" is a show of thirty-five paintings, sculptures, and installations, all incorporating plaster. Among the sixteen artists represented are George Segal, Susan Laufer, Peter Agostini, Grace Knowlton, and Jonathan Silver. Through Aug. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

The Decade Show—This show has a noble, anti-authoritarian ambition—the forced integration of the Eurocentric art scene through a review of the nineteen-eighties art world that

OLDIE

In 1965, Claes Oldenburg made a drawing for a proposed monument to rise out of the median strip on Park Avenue: a giant Good Humor ice-cream bar. The inspiration for that work has just made its seasonal return to New York streets, and one of our favorite spots to sample it is in the vicinity of Oldenburg's never-executed project: outside the Guggenheim Museum. One Good Humor vender or another has been parking outside the museum, on the corner of 88th Street and Fifth Avenue, for more than a score of summers, ministering to those who are sated on culture but who want a little sugar boost. In winter, the corner seems bare without the bulbous, colorfully decorated white truck. It is missed as much as an old friend from the permanent collection that is out on loan (or, as may soon be the case, deaccessioned). And though the museum is currently closed for renovations, the truck's return reminds us that some things don't change—that a toasted-almond ice-cream bar can still be had.

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embraces the "others" ignored by the mainstream. The exhibition is well intentioned, but it tries to do too many conflicting things, and it's richer for the issues it raises than for the art it contains. It is a collaborative event organized by three institutions (the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, the Studio Museum in Harlem, and the New Museum), and it is divided according to themes, two per venue. By far the most cohesive installation is at the Studio Museum, where Group Material and Barbara Kruger seem to be the only ones to have addressed the complex issues of the show, and where one work after another—by whites, African-Americans (Hammons, Colescott, Edwards), and Hispanics (Azaceta)—is installed to look as good as each is. Through Aug. 18. The exhibition runs concurrently at the **NEW MUSEUM**, 583 Broadway (open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8); the **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART**, 584 Broadway (open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 8); and the **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 144 W. 125th St. (open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6). A free shuttle bus runs between SoHo and Harlem on each Saturday during the show. The museums will be closed on July 4.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed July 4.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—"The Late Figure Works," from between 1938 and 1943. Workers of the world unite in this show, as heroes, Christian martyrs, and lumberjack musclemen on Down East beaches. The political and homoerotic emotions of this American modernist are simultaneously deep and at the very surface of these works. A swarthy "Adelard the Drowned," against a Fauve-red background, and with a flower in his hair above the ear, is one highlight in this exhibition of paintings and drawings. Others include "Madawaska-Acadian Light-Heavy," a body beautiful painted with near-religious fervor so as to suggest a cathedral at dusk, as well as Hartley's sketchier but no less revealing portrait of an "intellectual niece." Through June 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

GROUP SHOW—In keeping with the Gagosian gallery's ongoing and often successful campaign to resemble a wing at the Modern, one now finds there a rotating group of textbook classics by Rothko, Newman, de Kooning, Gorky, Franz Klein, Warhol, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein. With no stylistic surprises to set off this drumroll, however, the gallery looks impressive but cold and even staid. Through Aug. 31. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SHORT LIST—**LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN**, Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 29); **A. R. PENCK**, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through July 20); **ANTONIO SEGUI**, Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through June 29); **MAX WEBER**, Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (closed Mondays and July 4-6, open Saturdays, through July 20).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DAVID LOWE—Indifferent, heavily glazed landscape paintings, some with a hint of ancient culture and "the sands of time." Through June 30. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.)

"OUTSIDERS"—A fine display of childlike drawings of dogs, cats, and other animals by Bill Traylor, a former slave; Justin McCarthy's succulent paintings of cantaloupes, yellow puffball dahlias, and camels in the desert, which stand comparison with works by the better-trained Malcolm Morley; and maniacally obsessive, phantasmagoric portrait drawings by Ted Gordon, who is so hard on his ballpoints that his patterned lines are literally carved into paperboard. Through June 29. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**FRANCIS BACON**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (through June 29); **PETER BRIGGS**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 13); **WILLIAM GARBE**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through July 13); **MARYANN HARMAN**, Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **HANS HOFMANN**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **RENÉ MAGRITTE**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **GABRIELE SCHNITZENBAUMER**, Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (closed Mondays, through July 13).

GALLERIES—SoHo

DAVID CHAMBARD—Aged-wood chairs, some deconstructed and framed, some flattened and placed on shelves or in shallow boxes of worn wood. They make one think of Margaret Wharton, of Bill Woodrow, and even a little of John Armleder, but they also express an ennui all their own. Through July 7. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JULIO GALAN—The artist's second one-man gallery show is as affecting as his first, and more knowing—if such a thing is possible. Galan, something of a professional enfant terrible, has been brushing up on his Francesco Clemente, it seems. Still, this show includes a split-mirror image in which the artist makes the best use of a diptych format seen in some time. And with another painting—a hilarious, hyper-Proustian, oblong portrait of the artist as a young invalid—he weighs in with an absolutely original classic. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GILBERT & GEORGE—In "The New Cosmological Pictures" (1989), we find our Fine Middle-Aged Cannibals taking their own photos again, in their more characteristically cinematic mode—out and about in London, looking variously stern, amused, and engaged. The Gilbert & George London is, of course, not the mid-industrial London of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is more the polyglot London of Hanif Kureishi's beautiful "Laundrette," and it's a sort of boy's version of the London many of us have seen in transition at that world-in-a-terminal called Heathrow. Through July 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays and July 2-4; open Saturdays.)

MARKUS LÜPERTZ—Paintings that explore complex spatial relationships, using images that are lifted from reproductions of paintings by Poussin and set against various grounds, primarily with Cubist forms floating in them. The works are so skillfully executed that they have the presence of instant masterpieces, but somehow they remain remote. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

TATSUO MIYAJIMA—A harsh, cold installation about information-age overload by a young Japanese artist. The piece consists of red and green LED signs flashing what appear to be intricately programmed, random numbers in an otherwise pitch-black room. Through June 29. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

TONY OURSLER—These peculiar video sculptures use surrealism and camp to comment on environmental and psychic pollution. In their rickety assemblage they hark back to the halcyon late-seventies days of Colab, and despite their unevenness they are among the most original attempts to incorporate video into art-object-making. One pungent work consists of a video text about workers' exposure to toxic chemicals, projected from a tipped-over oil drum onto a shiny, cast-glass spill on the floor, with the words bending psychedelically to the contours of the spill. Through the elimination of the TV rectangle, Oursler has created a most effective sculptural work. Through June 30. (Brown, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

RAYMOND PETTIBON / ROBERT FLACK—A scrappy and engrossing installation of drawings, cartoons, dirty jokes, and virtual novenas by an imaginative and rambunctious younger artist whose "attitude" recalls earlier expressions by Mike Kelley. / A group of photographs (of body closeups, for instance) with imagistic overlays à la Ross Bleckner. Through July 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays and July 3-4; open Saturdays.)

JULIAN SCHNABEL—The Pace gallery opens its new downtown outlet, in what had been Leo Castelli's Greene Street space, with the season's most ambitious exhibition, a Julian Schnabel Production of massive-scale sculptures, all in bronze. The walls are lined with nonfigurative "Tomb Panels," which are so resonant with emotion that they could be a postmodern version of the Medicis' final resting place. There's a funny piece called "Barbara Bush Skipping Down the Champs Élysées," and a history-of-art sculpture consisting of a Beuysian table with Indian dolls and a primitive sculpture of the sort favored by the early modernists, all supported by amphorae. Through June 29. (142 Greene St. . . . ¶ Another large Schnabel sculpture, "Ozymandias," has been installed in the Plaza at the Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

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ART–Cont'd

JEANNE SILVERTHORNE—An elegant and precisely edited first one-woman show of ten cast-rubber table and floor pieces by a talented young sculptor whose work can also be lusher and more variegated than is indicated here. Silverthorne is torn between the lavishness and sensuality of the baroque and the modesty and whimsy of more recent three-dimensional genres—at some shifting midpoint, say, between an Anthony Caro and a Richard Tuttle. It's a rich conflict, one that should prove interesting to follow. Through June 29. (Burgin, 130 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

"NEWER SCULPTURE"—Perhaps an analogue to the Whitney's recent "New Sculpture 1965-75" exhibition, this show features works by some fine artists, including Lynda Benglis, Keith Sonnier, Alan Saret, and Bruce Nauman, all represented at the Whitney. It contains a knockout work or two—a Nancy Graves bone sculpture is the most notable—but it lacks substance and coherence. Through July 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed July 2-4.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **GLADSTONE**, 99 Greene St.: A cool and moody summer exhibition, including a Robert Gober "sink," here looking very Standard, indeed; a big airy stretch of graphic wall scripture—"As If It Had Not"—by the cryptically wise Lawrence Weiner; and a group of large, velvety photographs, melancholic and terribly beautiful, by Craigie Horsfield, a public-schooled Englishman looking downward, leftward, and east. Horsfield's pictures have something in common—an erotics, perhaps, and a feeling of sensuous alienation—with the films of Alain Tanner. Through July 27. (Closed July 2-4.) . . . **GORNEY**, 100 Greene St.: A summerfest for artist strategists, including Sarah Charlesworth, whose work runs shallow but wears well. Also, assorted works of varying appeal by Michael Jenkins, Thomas Locher, Peter Nadin, and Haim Steinbach. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays and July 3-4; open Saturdays.) . . . **STUX**, 155 Spring St.: The tone here is as consistent as can be; the art is gray or brown, heavily constructed while shunning craft, distressed in surface if not in spirit, glib, pseudo-conceptual or pseudo-painting or pseudo-fill-in-the-blank. The work is emotionally remote, occasionally poignantly so. "Impregnation" (1967), by Gerhard Hoehme, is a funny, somewhat horrific, and somehow beautiful canvas being force-fed paint through plastic tubes. Vik Muniz's old Curity diapers stained with mock Rothko, Noland, and Malevich paintings are also extremely clever. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and July 3-4; open Saturdays.)

SHORT LIST—**ELAINE ANTHONY**, Haller, 415 West Broadway (through June 29); **GARY BANDY**, Fawbush, 568 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 19); **GEORG BASELITZ**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 20); **MOE BROOKER**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 20); **HARRISON BURNS**, Donahue, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through June 30); **DORIANA CHIARINI**, Ala, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through June 30); **KANG L. CHUNG**, Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (closed July 3-4, through July 13); **CLAES EKLUNDH**, Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St. (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through June 30); **MAX FERGUSON**, Henoch, 80 Wooster St. (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through June 30); **MICHEL GOULET**, Shainman, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 20); **JUSTINA HART**, Helio, 588 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 7); **DAVID HOCKNEY**, Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through July 27); **DMITRI KANTOROV**, Levy, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 20); **ELLSWORTH KELLY**, 65 Thompson Street Gallery (closed Mondays, through July 31); **WINIFRED LUTZ**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through June 29); **JACQUES ROCH**, Exit Art, 578 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through July 14); **ALAN SONFIST**, Protetch, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 27); **JOAN STOLZ**, Bace, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through July 14); **PAUL THEK**, Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through June 30); **MORIHIRO WADA**, Milliken, 98 Prince St. (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 20); **KARSTEN WITTKE**, Good, 532 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through July 13).

PHOTOGRAPHY

HELEN CHADWICK's work has always been odd, intriguing, and complex. Now she has created an installation, at the Burden gallery, made up of photographic objects and large Polaroids—most of them of raw meat products arranged on backgrounds of various fabrics. There are some additional touches, such as rococo mirrors, rococo candlesticks, and jars of pimento peppers, that make the gallery feel like a home environment. Apparently, the Polaroids were produced over a period of two days, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, with museum visitors watching. At first, we thought this very strange, but upon further reflection we decided that we would have liked to have witnessed the audience's reaction to her use of innards.

Chadwick's show is one of the many dramas of the flesh seen in New York lately. Francis Bacon, Sue Coe, David Mach, and Peter Greenaway are just a few of the artists who come to mind as purveyors of a spectacle of bodies and butchering. What each of them does is distinct, but it is notable that they are all, including Chadwick, British. If Chicago is the old capital of meat-packing, Britain may have become the new center for studies of fleshly passions, agonies, and decay.

SHORT LIST—**CECIL BEATON**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **MARILYN BRIDGES**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Sept. 2); **HELEN CHADWICK**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, through Aug. 11); **MARK COHEN** (through July 7) and **PASCAL KERN** (through June 30), Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; **MARGARET COURTNEY-CLARKE**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **JIM DOW**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through July 3); **DAVID GREENBERG**, Sorkin, 596 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **MAURICIO HERRADOR**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **LEON LEVINSTEIN**, Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through June 29); **BARBARA NORFLEET**, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (through June 30); **LINNAEUS TRIPE** and **SUZANNE OPTON**, Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through Aug. 18); **WOWE**, Vera Engelhorn, 591 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 14).

MUSIC

WE have been listening recently to a lot of old records made new through the miracle of the compact disk—the commercial miracle, that is. Sometimes the shiny little saucers improve on the old recordings and sometimes they don't, but they unquestionably make it possible to sell them again; and insofar as that means renewed and widened dissemination of performances that might (we hope) prove exemplary and inspirational, we applaud. We practically felt like applauding in our own living room for a couple of brand-new releases in EMI/Angel's "Références" series, and we recommend them for good summery listening during the concert lull. They bring back the great Spanish singers of two generations: Conchita Supervia (who died young in 1936) and Victoria de Los Angeles, who began her career in 1945 and still makes occasional special appearances in concert. The new CDs present them in opera arias (Supervia in Rossini and Bizet, de Los Angeles in a mixed program in Italian, French, and German). The singers are utterly different—Supervia all fire, laughter, vehemence, with lightning changes; de Los Angeles reticent, chaste, melancholy, full of reserves of quiet feeling—but both are passionate communicators and charmers. Each word, each line, leaps out with life and purpose. What was the source of all that expressiveness? Angel should revive the singers' Spanish songs next.

Spain, unlike France and (alas) Italy, has kept up its production of world-class singers in recent decades: a crop of tenors like Aragall, Kraus, Carreras, and Domingo is nothing to grumble about. But, without wanting to sound ungrateful, and indeed with some optimism that such a phenomenon is possible, may we hint to that great nation that it is time to find a successor to these irresistible ladies?

IN TOWN

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting Nai-Yuan Hu, violin; Christopher Costanza, cello; and William Tritt, piano. Performing an Ysaÿe sonata for unaccompanied violin, plus piano trios of Beethoven and Schumann. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn, 1-718 624-4061. June 28-29 at 7:30, and July 1 at 4.)

REIMANN OPERA THEATRE AT N.Y.U.—Douglas Moore's opera "Carry Nation" receives a fully staged production, directed by Patricia Heuermann and conducted by Robert Wallace. The 1966 score, not heard in New York for twenty-two years, combines American folk-music idioms with contemporary harmonies to relate the story of the fanatical crusader against the oppression of women, the exploitation of children, and—especially—"Demon Rum." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. June 28-30 at 8 and July 1 at 3.)

ANDREW BOLOTOWSKY—Flute and piccolo, performing a star-spangled recital of American pieces, including several based on "Yankee Doodle." With pianist Beverly Thomson Shea and assisting artists. (Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. July 4 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—June 29 at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble plays Mozart and Telemann works for wind ensemble, plus rarely performed concertos by Kurt Weill (for violin and wind orchestra) and Jacques Ibert (for cello and winds). . . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's, with flutist Elizabeth Mann and clarinettist William Blount. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5:30: Soprano Roberta Peters, accompanied by pianist Warren Jones. . . . ¶ July 4 at 5:30: A salute to Broadway, with vocal soloists joining conductor Joel Revzen and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Katonah, N.Y. Trains that leave Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:50 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:50, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-1252.)

TANGLEWOOD—*Opening concerts of the fifty-third season, which will run through Sept. 2.* June 29 at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with guest artists Carol Webber, soprano, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, perform a twentieth-century program in memory of the late singer Jan DeGaetani. . . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: The Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra and Chorus, with vocal soloists, directed by Andrew Parrott, in an all-Mozart program culminating in the "Requiem." . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: Schubert chamber music, including a violin sonata, a string trio, and the "Trout" Quintet. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

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NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Opening of the fiftieth-anniversary season of the festival, held at the expansive Ellen Battell Stoeckel Estate, which will run through Aug. 4. June 29 at 8:30: A chamber version of Weill's "Threepenny Opera Suite" shares the bill with cabaret songs by Schoenberg, Bolcom, and Noël Coward, performed by Korby Myrick, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; Richard Lalli, baritone; and accompanied by Joan Panetti, piano. Mr. Lalli, who recently recorded a CD of Tin Pan Alley classics, has made a specialty of Coward songs, gaining a following for soirées that combine classical repertoire with popular selections. In this program he presents five Coward songs, connected by excerpts from the English wit's autobiography and diaries, read by a narrator. . . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet plays Beethoven and Bartók, and teams up with the Alexander String Quartet for Mendelssohn's Octet in E-Flat Major. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets and travel, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Stan Getz at the JVC Jazz Festival

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

TRACY CHAPMAN—Tracy Chapman goes against the grain of the folk- or protest-singer stereotype—someone who shouts songs and strums a guitar violently. Instead, she balances her performances with a perfect blend of restraint and boldness that allows her words to crackle like embers in the still night air. She's written some stirring vignettes about poverty and injustice, and although the media made her a star before her fans did, she's remained true to herself. She frequently questions her fame and its rewards (she's done many benefits), and her songs, mostly about the struggle for self-definition, are sung in a deep, spiritual voice that's uncompromisingly honest. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 26 at 8.)

KISS—With Slaughter and Little Caesar. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. June 28 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-9000. June 30 at 8.)

"KLEZ-FEST '90"—A celebration of klezmer music, featuring New York's Klezmatics and Boston's Shirim Klezmer Orchestra. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 28 at 8.)

B-52's—With Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers. (Meadowlands Arena. June 29 at 8.)

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPP SHOW—The Skyliners, Earl Lewis & the Channels, the Elegants, and others. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 30 at 8.)

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—June 25: At 5, Marty Napoleon (Weill Recital Hall); and at 5, Iva Bittova and Pavil Fajt, and Evan Lurie (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 26: At 5, Mulgrew Miller (Weill Recital Hall); at 5, Andrew Cyrille and Vladimir Tarasov, and Brandon Ross (Equitable Auditorium); at 8, Mel Tormé, and Cleo Laine and John Dankworth (Carnegie Hall); at 8, Milton Nascimento and Wayne Shorter (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, "The Jim Hall Invitational," with Pat Metheny, Ron Carter, Gerry Mulligan, Peter Bernstein, and others (Town Hall). . . . ¶ June 27: At 5, John Lewis (Weill Recital Hall); at 5, Fred Frith and Ikue Mori, and the Gretchen Langheld band (Equitable Auditorium); at 7, Chick Corea and Bobby McFerrin (Carnegie Hall); at 8, Pearl Bailey, Louie Bellson, and Wynton Marsalis (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, "An Evening of American Song," with the Gerry Mulligan quartet, Ruby Braff, Dick Hyman, and Barbara Lea (Town Hall). . . . ¶ June 28: At 5, Abdullah Ibrahim; at 7, the Dave Brubeck quartet (World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City, free); and at 8, Regina Belle and the Harper Brothers (Carnegie Hall). . . . ¶ June 29: At 5, Benny Green (Weill Recital Hall); at 5, Diedre Murray and Fred Hopkins, and Graham Haynes and Amarcord (Equitable Auditorium); at 8, Stan Getz with his quartet and his sextet (Carnegie Hall); and at 8, Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Pass (Avery Fisher Hall). . . . ¶ June 30: At 5:30, Barbara Carroll (Weill Recital Hall); at 7:30 and 11:30, Pat Metheny, Herbie Hancock, Jack DeJohnette, and Dave Holland (Beacon Theatre); at 8 and 11:30, Eddie Palmieri, Gato Barbieri, the Ramsey Lewis quintet, and Papo Lucca (Carnegie Hall); and at 8, a benefit for Jazzmobile, with Nancy Wilson, the Ahmad Jamal trio, and the Terence Blanchard quintet (Avery Fisher Hall). (The phone number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; for Town Hall, 840-2824; and for the Beacon Theatre, 496-7070. Tickets for the concerts at the Equitable Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St., will be available at the door on the afternoons of the performances.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, June 28-29 at 7:35 and June 30-July 1 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Astros, July 3 at 7:35 and July 4 at 7:05.

YANKEES—Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, June 26-27 at 7:30, and June 28 at 1. (The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Suburban Handicap is on July 4. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays, except June 25, through Saturdays at 7:45.

YACHTS—The Liberty Cup races are from noon to 5, June 28-July 1, in New York Harbor.

CHAMPIONSHIP—TENNIS

WIMBLEDON—At Centre Court, young seedlings stage amazing upsets and veterans dig deep. This year, with the West Germans Becker and Graf off their strokes a bit, the Czech-Americans Lendl and Navratilova have the perfect chance for sweet, career-capping victories. Watch courtside on HBO and NBC. June 25-July 8.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—Cap your day of picnics and softball with a stroll along the F.D.R. Drive (closed that evening from 14th to 42nd Streets) to the banks of the East River. There, from the deck of a barge (at 9:20), the party-happy Macy's people will ignite more than ten thousand shells, with results shaped like butterflies, silver swallows, and peonies. For a preview, head down to the South Street Seaport on July 3, where fans of pyrotechnics will be given a treat at 9:30.

SWEEP—Clean freaks and the environmentally minded can lend a hand, starting at 10 A.M. on June 30, to help the people at the New York Aquarium and the National Park Service rid the beach at Dead Horse Bay, in Brooklyn, of bottles, cans, tires, and other unsightly debris. To volunteer, call 1-718 265-3426.

POETRY IN MOTION—The Central Park Rangers sponsor a lyrical afternoon walk, in which participants bring along their favorite nature poems to read aloud. June 30 at 2. Meets at Fifth Ave. and 105th St.

"DANCING IN THE STREETS"—The prospectus of free events features dancers and musicians. June 29 at noon: Retumba Con Pie, Kimati Dinizulu, and Christopher Janney, who makes music from the sound of people walking up and down stairs. (Bowling Green Park, near the Custom House.) . . . ¶ June 30 at 3: C. K. Ladzekpo and Seiichi Tanaka, the Pugliese Quartet, Women of the Calabash, David Van Tieghem, and Tan Dun. (New York Botanical Garden, the Bronx.) . . . ¶ July 1 from 2 until sunset: "Bongo Park," with David Van Tieghem, Retumba Con Pie, Glen Velez, and many others. (Socrates Sculpture Park, Queens.) . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: Mr. Janney's "Soundstair." (Metropolitan Museum steps, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.)

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING"—Evenings of swing dancing by the fountain in Lincoln Plaza. June 27: Raul Azpiazu y Los Maniseros. . . . ¶ June 28: Bill Conway and the Swing Express. . . . ¶ June 29: Buck Clayton. . . . ¶ June 30: Mario Bauza and Graciela. (Evenings at 9. Admission at the gate on the nights of the dances.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—The opening concerts of a summer series. June 27 at 8:30: The Mighty Sparrow, Rhythm Technician, Soh Daiko, and Sons of Thunder. . . . ¶ June 29 at 8:30: Tamar Rogoff and Alva Rogers. . . . ¶ June 30 at 3: Buddy Guy, and Sterling Magee and Adam Gussow. . . . ¶ July 1 at 3: Milton Cardona and David Byrne and the Rei Momo Orchestra. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For raindate information, call 860-1335.)

Pearl Bailey at the JVC Jazz Festival

JONES BEACH THEATRE—June 25 at 8: the B-52's. . . . ¶ June 28: Tracy Chapman, with Johnny Clegg and Savuka. . . . ¶ July 3 at 8: A staple of adult-oriented-rock stations, **CHICAGO**, after over twenty years on the pop charts, shows no signs of giving up. In the early to the middle seventies, their tunes—silly, bouncy, "horny" songs like "Saturday in the Park" and "Feelin' Stronger Every Day"—were perfect summer radio fodder. Now, however, the schmalz is over the top, their songs are written by others (Peter Cetera, who wrote and sang most of their seventies hits, left the band in 1985 for what he thinks is a solo career), and the generic nature of their sound has caught up with them. (1-516 221-1000.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	25	26	27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Jesus of Montreal" (directed by Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.
Theatre 6: "RoboCop 2."

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
A series of formerly banned Czech films. 1963-90.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Total Recall" (†). From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through June 26: "Total Recall" (†). From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 3: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 5: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 6: Through June 26: "RoboCop 2." From June 27: "Days of Thunder."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dick Tracy" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 28: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell. From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Longtime Companion" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 26: "My Left Foot" (†). From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 2: Through June 26: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†). From June 27: "Days of Thunder."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, William Atherton, and Reginald VelJohnson.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt" (Michael Tuchner), with Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones.
Theatre 3: "Imported Bridegroom" (Pamela Berger), with Greta Cowan and Avi Hoffman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 28: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Cadillac Man" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 26: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Another 48 Hrs." From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Monsieur Hire" (directed by Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.
Theatre 2: "My Uncle's Legacy" (Krsto Papic; a Yugoslav film).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Another 48 Hrs." From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Pretty Woman" (†). From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda. From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).
Theatre 7: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 9: Through July 3: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, William Atherton, and Reginald VelJohnson.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cadillac Man" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dick Tracy" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda. From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 3: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 4: "Bird on a Wire" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St. (765-7600)
Through June 26: Theatre closed.
From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jesus of Montreal" (Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Henry V" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cadillac Man" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "May Fools" (Louis Malle; in French), with Michel Piccoli and Miou-Miou.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 3: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 26: "Total Recall" (†). From June 27: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 6: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Back to the

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Future Part III" (†). From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Q & A" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "The Guardian" (directed by William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrave. From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 3: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 4: "Q & A" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Game."
Theatre 6: "Total Recall" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Dick Tracy" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2."
Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From June 29: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit), with Isaach De Bankolé.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
June 25: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935, directed by John Ford), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933, Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.
June 26-27: "The Gay Sisters" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "My Reputation" (1946, Curtis Bernhardt), with Stanwyck and Brent.
June 28-30: "Tales of Manhattan" (†); and "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.
July 1-3: "Ever in My Heart" (1933, Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Bellamy, and Otto Kruger; "Dark Hazard" (1934, Alfred E. Green), with Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin, and Glenda Farrell; and "Gambling Lady" (1936, Mayo), with Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien.
From July 4: "B. F.'s Daughter" (1948, Robert Z. Leonard), with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin; and "East Side, West Side" (1949, Mervyn Le Roy), with Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, Heflin, Nancy Davis, and Cyd Charisse.

Cinema Village, 22 W. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 26: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955, Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
June 27-28: "The Little Mermaid" (1989, John Musker and Ron Clements) and "The Secret of NIMH" (1982, Don Bluth), both animated films.
June 29-30: Two programs of cartoons.
July 1: "West Side Story" (†); and "Crowded Paradise" (1956, Fred Pressburger), with Hume Cronyn and Nancy Kelly.
July 2-3: "We the Living" (1942, Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.
From July 4: "Lolita" (1962, Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Kubrick), with Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through June 26: Film documentaries about Raoul Walsh, Alfred Hitchcock, and Pier Paolo Pasolini.
June 27-28: "Body and Soul" (1924) and "Border Line" (1925), both silent films, directed by Oscar Micheaux, with Paul Robeson.
June 29-30: "Sid and Nancy" (1986, Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb; and "The Rose" (†).
July 1: "Red Desert" (†) and "China Is Near" (†).
July 2-3: "The Grapes of Wrath" (†); and "Les Misérables" (1952, Lewis Milestone), with Michael Rennie, Debra Paget, Robert Newton, and Edmond Gwenn.
From July 4: "The French They Are a Funny Race" (†); "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 25: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
June 26: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.
June 27: "Gothic" (1987, Ken Russell); and "The Devils" (1971, Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.
June 28: "The Red House" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (See blurb at right.)
June 29-30: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
July 1: "Ordeal of Innocence" (1984, Desmond Davis), with Donald Sutherland, Faye Dunaway, Christopher Plummer, and Sarah Miles; and "Deathtrap" (†).
July 2: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "The Conformist" (†).
July 3: "Queen Bee" (1955, Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Crawford and Wendell Corey.
July 4: "It Happened One Night" (1934, Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (1934, Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Ralph Forbes, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, and Edgar Kennedy.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE 1: June 25 at 2:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, directed by Melvin Van Peebles), with Van Peebles, Simon Chuckster, and Hubert Scales. . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Identity Crisis" (1989, Van Peebles), with Mario Van Peebles, Ilan Mitchell-Smith, and Shelly Burch. Melvin and Mario Van Peebles will be present. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "Watermelon Man" (1969, Van Peebles), with Godfrey Cambridge and Estelle Parsons. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Don't Play Us Cheap" (1972, Van Peebles), with Esther Rolle, Avon Long, and Rhetta Hughes. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30: "Identity Crisis." . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: "Sophisticated Gents" (1981, Harry Falk), with Van Peebles, Paul Winfield, Bernie Casey, and Daniel Wilson. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (1967, Van Peebles), with Harry Baird and Nicole Berger. . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "Watermelon Man." . . . ¶ June 30 at 2: "Don't Play Us Cheap." . . . ¶ June 30 at 5: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song." . . . ¶ July 1 at noon: "Thanks a Million" (1935, Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, and Fred Allen. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "King of Burlesque" (1935, Sidney Lanfield), with Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5: "Banjo on My Knee" (1936, John Cromwell), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Walter Brennan. . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936, John Ford), with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Harry Carey. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "To Mary, with Love" (1936, John Cromwell), with Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, and Claire Trevor. . . . ¶ July 2 at 6: "Thanks a Million." . . . ¶ July 3 at noon: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Ethel Merman. . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "Wake Up and Live" (1937, Sidney Lanfield), with Alice Faye, Walter Winchell, Jack Haley, and Patsy Kelly. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "King of Burlesque."
THEATRE 2: June 25 at 3: "Woodcutters of the Deep South" (1973, Lionel Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Come Back Africa" (1960, Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 28 at 3 and 6: "The Forward: From Immigrants to Americans" (1988, Marlene Booth), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 29 at 3: "Pictures of the Old World" (1972, Dusan Hanak; in Slovak). . . . ¶ June 29 at 6 and June 30 at 2:30: Eight short films by Scott Bartlett. . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "Pictures of the Old World." . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "The Middle of the World" (1984, Alain Tanner; in French), with Juliet Berto, Olimpia Carlisi, and Philippe Léotard. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Aldo Fabrizi, Anna Magnani, and Marcello Pagliero. . . . ¶ July 2 at 3: "General Della Rovere" (1959, Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio Caprioli, Vittorio De Sica, and Hannes Messemer. . . . ¶ July 3 at 3: "The Middle of the World." . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "General Della Rovere."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on

In 1949, Rudolph Maté directed a B movie with more pungency than many an A—the unforgettably titled "D.O.A." (playing June 28 at Theatre 80 St. Marks). It was a high-concept movie before its time. You can describe it in a sentence: a murdered man finds his own killer. It's more awkward but also more appealing than most recent high-concept movies, because Maté doesn't diagram everything to fit the game plan. He allows some aberrant life to seep in. The melodrama gears up immediately, when the antihero, a Banning, California, accountant played by Edmond O'Brien, stumbles into a police station and announces a homicide—his own. He's dying on arrival. He's been poisoned with a "luminous" toxin that glows in the dark—a clever movie gimmick. O'Brien spills it all to the cops: how he was polluted during a giddy fling in San Francisco, and how he tracked the will-be murderers.

When he was a cinematographer, Maté shot a variety of masterworks, including Carl Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Vampyr," and William Wyler's "Dodsworth." Here, his clammy, unsettling images drive the movie. Even the gaffes are disconcerting, as when O'Brien grabs a cable car headed for Market Street only to arrive at Nob Hill. This film noir has more punch than either the 1969 remake, "Color Me Dead," or 1988's "D.O.A.," a garish variation that should have been called "Color Me Dead II." Shot by another vintage cinematographer, Ernest Laszlo (he went on to do "Stalag 17"), Maté's movie unfolds in gloriously grungy black-and-white. The look suits the story's lived-in, everyday cynicism—which in "D.O.A." is as American as day-old apple pie.

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television over the past thirty years. June 26-30: Anton Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" (1967, NET), with Michael Redgrave, Rosemary Harris, and Laurence Olivier. . . . From July 3: George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's "The Royal Family" (1977, PBS), with Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Ellis Raab. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." June 26-30: "Gesualdo the Prince" (1983, Colin Nears). Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . June 26-30: "Ralph Vaughan-Williams" (1984, Ken Russell), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From July 3: "Matisse" (1989, Didier Baussy), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Thursday through Saturday at 2. . . . From July 3: "The Shock of the New, Episode I" (1979), a documentary. Showings Tuesday and Thursday through Saturday at 3:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films showing in the Riklis Theatre. June 27-29 at 2:30 and June 30-July 1 at 2 and 4:30: Seven different programs of short comedies, 1925-35, featuring Robert Benchley, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Charlie Chase, Al St. John, and others.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 27 at 7: A program of short films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ June 27 at 9: Short films by George and Mike Kuchar and George Landow. . . . ¶ June 28-30 and July 1 at 7: "Speaking Parts" (1989, Atom Egoyan). . . . ¶ June 28-30 at 7 and July 1 at 5: "The Long Weekend (O'Despair)" (1988, Gregg Araki). . . . ¶ June 28-30 at 9 and July 1 at 3: "Family Viewing" (1987, Egoyan). . . . ¶ June 28-30 at 9 and July 1 at 7: "Desire: Sexuality in Germany, 1910-45" (1989, Stuart Marshall), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 30 and July 1 at 5: "Next of Kin" (1984, Egoyan).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of films on which Takeo Kimura worked as art director. June 25 at 6: "The Maid's Kid" (1955, Tomotaka Tasaka; in Japanese), and "Wild Geese" (1953, Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "The Go Masters" (1982, Junya Sato and Duan Ji-Shin; in Japanese) and "Zigeunerweisen" (1980, Seijun Suzuki; in Japanese).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 27 at 12:30 and 6: "French Cancan" (1954, Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Françoise Arnoul, Maria Felix, and Dora Doll. . . . ¶ June 27 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Moulin Rouge" (1952, John Huston), with José Ferrer, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Suzanne Flon, and Colette Marchand.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Two films by Bill Gunn: June 26 at 2: "Ganja and Hess" (1973). . . . ¶ June 29-30 and July 1 at 3: "Stop" (1970).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3939)—June 29 at 7: "Garbo Talks" (1984, Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver. . . . ¶ June 30 at 7: "Cannonball Run" (1980, Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds, Roger Moore, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Dom DeLuise.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—June 25 at noon and 8: "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary," a documentary; "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League; and "Black and Blue" (1987, Lamar Williams), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 30 at 1 and 5: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; "Malcolm X Speaks," a documentary; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door." . . . ¶ June 30 at 7: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971; Melvin Van Peebles), with Van Peebles, Simon Chuckster, and Hubert Scales; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door." . . . ¶ July 1 at 1 and 4: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond Gréville; in French) and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), both with Josephine Baker.

Stefania Sandrelli and Jean-Louis Trintignant in "The Conformist"

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Back to the Future III—The last installment of the "Back to the Future" series brings the story of the suburban kid Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) and the mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) to a graceful, almost leisurely conclusion. Most of the picture takes place in 1885, in the Old West, where the specially rigged DeLorean that has been whipping Marty and Doc back and forth in time runs out of gas. Stalled in a Western, these time travellers from the manic, jumped-up nineteen-eighties adjust their internal clocks and do what characters in Westerns do: they wait. The movie settles into a deliberate and rather soothing rhythm, as if the filmmakers—director Robert Zemeckis and writer Bob Gale—knew there was no point in getting themselves, and us, all het up. The relaxing light-vaudeville mood is a welcome break from the strenuous time-hopping of the first two installments. (It's poky, and it's also a touch boring.) While Zemeckis and Gale are biding their time, setting things up for their frantic grand finale, they keep us amused with an eccentric romance between Doc and a schoolmarm played by Mary Steenburgen. Lloyd and Steenburgen are hilariously well matched—they have perfectly compatible styles of celestial goofiness—and their moonbeam love story is the movie's one true inspiration. Also with Thomas F. Wilson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/18/90.) (Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Baronet, Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through June 26.)

Bird on a Wire—Goldie Hawn being crushingly cute.—P.K. (Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Beekman; through June 28.)

Cadillac Man—This shaggy comedy about a Queens auto salesman is full of small, accidental-seeming pleasures—the joys of resourcefulness. It's a movie of bits and pieces, a patchwork of motions and wayward inspirations, and it probably shouldn't work at all. But it's more than funny enough to wear down our resistance. The screenwriter, Ken Friedman, has peopled his story with more than a dozen vivid characters, and the director, Roger Donaldson, has given the actors plenty of room; everyone in this movie makes an impression. As the salesman, Joey O'Brien, Robin Williams is brilliant throughout, and he's surrounded by strong actors in sharply written roles—each one gives him something different to react to. Joey, whose passions are sex and selling, has an ex-wife, a teen-age daughter, and two girlfriends; he owes twenty thousand dollars to a mobster; and he's in danger of losing his job. Fran Drescher is hilarious as one of the girlfriends, Joy: she combines sexy wheedling and flat-out nagging in a completely original way. And Pamela Reed, as Joey's ex-wife, is splendid. Funniest of all is Tim Robbins, who plays Larry, the jealous husband of the dealership's receptionist (Annabella Sciorra); halfway through the picture, he drives his motorcycle through the showroom's plate-glass window and takes everyone hostage. Robbins' acting is explosive—totally unpredictable; watching the way he moves and listening to how he reads his lines, we keep asking ourselves, "Where did *that* come from?" Wherever this performance comes from, it's sensational.—T.R. (6/4/90) (Loews Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount.)

China Is Near (1968)—A witty, subtly freakish modern comedy about sex and politics, directed by the prodigiously talented twenty-seven-year-old Marco Bellocchio in a fluid style that is full of surprises. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals, who are so awful they're funny, use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. (It has the intricacy and the boudoir complications.) Among the five are a pair of working-class lovers—a secretary and a Socialist functionary—who scheme to marry into the rich landed gentry. Their targets are a potbellied professor (Glauco Mauri), who is running for municipal office on the Socialist ticket, and his sister (Elda Tattoli), a great lady who lets every man in town climb on top of her but won't marry because socially they're all beneath her. The fifth is the younger brother in the rich household—a prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist (who provides the title when he scrawls "China Is Near" on the walls of his brother's campaign headquarters). As the pairs of lovers combine and recombine and the five become one big, ghastly family (with a yapping little house pet as an emblem of domesticity), Bellocchio makes it all rhyme. The camera glides in and out and around the action; it moves as simply and with as much apparent ease as if it were attached to the director's forehead. The script is by Bellocchio and Elda Tattoli (she was also the art director); cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli; music by Ennio Morricone. In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 1.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it; the film cost only $750,000—Bertolucci brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Ezno

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE & HER LOVER—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook).—T.R. (5/7/90) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

DEATHTRAP (1982)—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which was a hit on Broadway, is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and, at the end, the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become de rigueur in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

DICK TRACY—With Warren Beatty, Charles Korsmo, Glenne Headly, Madonna, and Al Pacino; directed by Beatty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

THE FRENCH THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE (1957)—This film based on a collection of minor essays has, at the outset, a certain skittishness; the essays themselves formed "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," which was written not by Major Thompson but by Pierre Daninos, and it was a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman's account of French life. The American writer-director Preston Sturges, an expatriate in the late fifties, turned all this into an amusing series of wheezes—a kind of literate vaudeville. Maybe you can no longer laugh at anecdotes like the British mother's wedding-night advice to her daughter ("My dear, it's utterly unbearable, but just close your eyes and think of England"), but, acted out, this sort of thing acquires a fresh insanity. There is one routine that is Sturges at his best—an English courtship on horseback—and there are divertissements on French bureaucracy, English body-fitness, and so on. Jack Buchanan is the Major, Catherine Boyl his English wife, Martine Carol his French wife, Noël-Noël his French friend.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting July 4.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and come to the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "They can't keep us down, we're the people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film deals with is blurred by its gross sentimentality. This famous film, high on most lists of the great films of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the directing, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. In some externals, the production is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, and Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene with Ma burning her old postcards. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 2-3.)

George Chakiris, Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, and dancers in "West Side Story"

GREMLINS 2 THE NEW BATCH—With Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and John Glover; directed by Joe Dante. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

HENRY V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN—A reverent, lugubrious adaptation of the famous 1965 book by Hubert Selby, Jr. Selby's stories about dead-end lives in a working-class Brooklyn neighborhood were presented in the book as discrete vignettes of urban alienation, linked only by their common air of desperation and the nervous bebop rhythms of the prose. The screenwriter, Desmond Nakano, and the director, Uli Edel, have done a cut-and-paste job on the material, so all the sad tales now unfold simultaneously. The movie jumps from one unhappy character to another as they proceed toward their climactic martyrdoms, low-life Christ figures racing each other up Calvary. And although the picture uses Brooklyn locations, it rarely looks as if it were taking place in America: the filmmakers seem to have missed their exit and wound up in some never-never land of romanticized wretchedness—a disenchanted forest. Most of the actors are ground down by the film's maudlin, heavy spirit; only Jennifer Jason Leigh, as a young streetwalker, and Jerry Orbach, in the small role of a union leader, manage to resemble actual human beings. Also with Stephen Lang, Burt Young, and Alexis Arquette.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through June 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; through July 3.)

LONGTIME COMPANION—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90) (Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

MY LEFT FOOT—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through June 26.)

PRETTY WOMAN—The lovers in this romantic

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comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex, Festival, 62nd & Broadway, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through June 28.)

Q & A—Sidney Lumet has made some exciting, dramatic New York movies ("Serpico," "Dog Day Afternoon"). He also made the hard-to-sit-through "Prince of the City," a murky indictment of big-city graft, which he co-scripted. This is in the same mode: it's about the city's ethnic humor and anger, and about police corruption. Lumet wrote the script alone, and he's so busy laying on the rancorous, bantering atmosphere that he waits too long to get to the plot: the movie becomes torpid. (You have to concentrate to figure out what's supposed to be going on—that's the only suspense.) Nick Nolte, in dark hair that makes him look like a vampire, is a big, bulky Irish cop with a vicious streak; a repressed homosexual, he especially enjoys intimidating and murdering transvestites. The co-star is Timothy Hutton as an assistant D.A., also Irish, who's expected to cover up one of the cop's killings. But the standout performance is given by Luis Guzman as a Hispanic police detective who's pressured to be "dirty." Also with Patrick O'Neal, Armand Assante, Lee Richardson, Charles Dutton, and Jenny Lumet. Based on the book by Edwin Torres.—P.K. (Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Red Desert (1964)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so ethereal that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 1.)

The Rose (1979)—Bette Midler makes her starring début as an orgiastic rock 'n' roll singer in the last stages of burning herself out. This musical is set in the smoky, psychedelic night world of a young star who has leapt into the big money. Her story is told in hot Day-Glo pinks and reds and lavenders, with orange for her frizzy halo. (The cinematography is by Vilmos Zsigmond.) She sings frenziedly, trying to reach her emotional limits; she lives in planes, and when she lands she totters on high heels and blinks, bleary-eyed, at the sunshine. Directed by Mark Rydell and written by Bill Kerby and Bo Goldman, the picture is shaped to tear you up, and as one of the Dionysian stars (such as Janis Joplin) who ascended to fame in the sixties and OD'd, all within a few years, Midler gives a paroxysm of a performance—it's scabrous yet delicate, and altogether amazing. The movie is hyper and lurid, yet it's also a very strong emotional experience, with an exciting visual and musical flow, and there are sharply written, beautifully played dialogue scenes. Its largest weakness is in the conception of the bullying manager (Alan Bates); he simply isn't convincing—he seems to be in the movie for melodramatic purposes. But there's a scarily effective scene with Harry Dean Stanton as a stern, self-righteous country-music man, and Frederic Forrest is original and likable as the singer's Army-deserter lover. Also with Barry Primus, David Keith, and four female impersonators—Claude Sacha, Michael St. Laurent, Sylvester, and Pearl Heart—who do a wonderfully loose, ribald number with Midler. She has eight others that she does virtually alone—"Midnight in Memphis," "Whose Side Are You On?," "When a Man Loves a Woman," "Love Me with a Feeling," "Stay with Me," "Sold My Soul to Rock and Roll," "The Rose," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," which she never finishes. She's a great performer. —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 29-30.)

Tales of Manhattan (1942)—This five-episode film was planned by its producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle (Sam Spiegel), as a flamboyant, star-filled, gimmicky package. Ten top screenwriters, including Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ferenc Molnar, concocted the script (which resembles a series of O. Henry rejects), and the performers who were hired include Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, Thomas Mitchell, James Gleason, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Elsa Lanchester, Victor Francen, Eddie Anderson, Eugene Pallette, George Sanders, Harry Davenport, Christian Rub, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The story is about the jacket of a full-dress suit; as this tailcoat, cursed by its cutter, passes from one owner to the next, it changes the luck of those who handle it. One director, Julien Duvivier, wrestled with the hyperactive, overextended vignettes, bringing the film a gaudy unity, but not a single episode is convincing on any level. The Edward G. Robinson portion has, at least, a little suspense and irony; in competition for the most embarrassing section are the ones with Laughton as a symphony conductor and a heaven-sent miracle featuring Robeson and Waters.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; June 28-30.)

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stuntmen in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (23rd St. West Triplex. Matinées only.)

Gizmo of "Gremlins 2 The New Batch"

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every close-up of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. He's awfully good at staging scenes in which people scream "Arrrgggh!" as they're being impaled or dismembered. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 26.)

West Side Story (1961)—The film begins with a blast of stereophonic music, and everything about it is supposed to stun you with its newness, its size. The impressive, widely admired opening shots of New York from the air overload the story with values and importance—technological and sociological. And the dance movements are so sudden and huge, so portentously "alive," that they're always near the explosion point. Consider the feat: first you take Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and remove all that cumbersome poetry; then you make the Montagues and Capulets modern by turning them into rival street gangs of native-born and Puerto Ricans. (You get rid of the parents, of course; America is a *young* country—and who wants to be bothered by the squabbles of older people?) There is the choreographer and co-director Jerome Robbins (who conceived the stage musical) to convert the street rumbles into modern ballet—though he turns out to be too painstaking for high-powered moviemaking, and the other co-director, Robert Wise, takes over. The writers include Ernest Lehman, who did the script, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the Broadway show, and, for the lyrics, Stephen Sondheim. The music is by Leonard Bernstein. The irony of this hyped-up, slam-bang production is that those involved apparently don't really believe that beauty and romance *can* be expressed in modern rhythms, because whenever their Romeo and Juliet enter the scene, the dialogue becomes painfully old-fashioned and mawkish, the dancing turns to simpering, sickly romantic ballet, and sugary old stars hover in the sky. When true love enters the film, Bernstein abandons Gershwin and begins to echo Richard Rodgers, Rudolf Friml, and Victor Herbert. There's even a heavenly choir. When Romeo-Tony meets his Juliet-Maria, everything becomes gauzy and dreamy and he murmurs, "Have we met before?" When Tony, floating on the clouds of romance, is asked, "What have you been taking tonight?" he answers, "A trip to the moon." Match *that* for lyric eloquence! (You'd have to go back to Odets.) With Natalie Wood as Maria, Richard Beymer as Tony, and Rita Moreno, George Chakiris, Russ Tamblyn, Eliot Feld, Gus Trikonis, Ned Glass, John Astin, Bill Bramley, and Simon Oakland. Natalie Wood's songs were dubbed by Marni Nixon, Richard Beymer's by Jim Bryant, and Rita Moreno's by Betty Wand. —P.K. (Cinema Village; July 1.)

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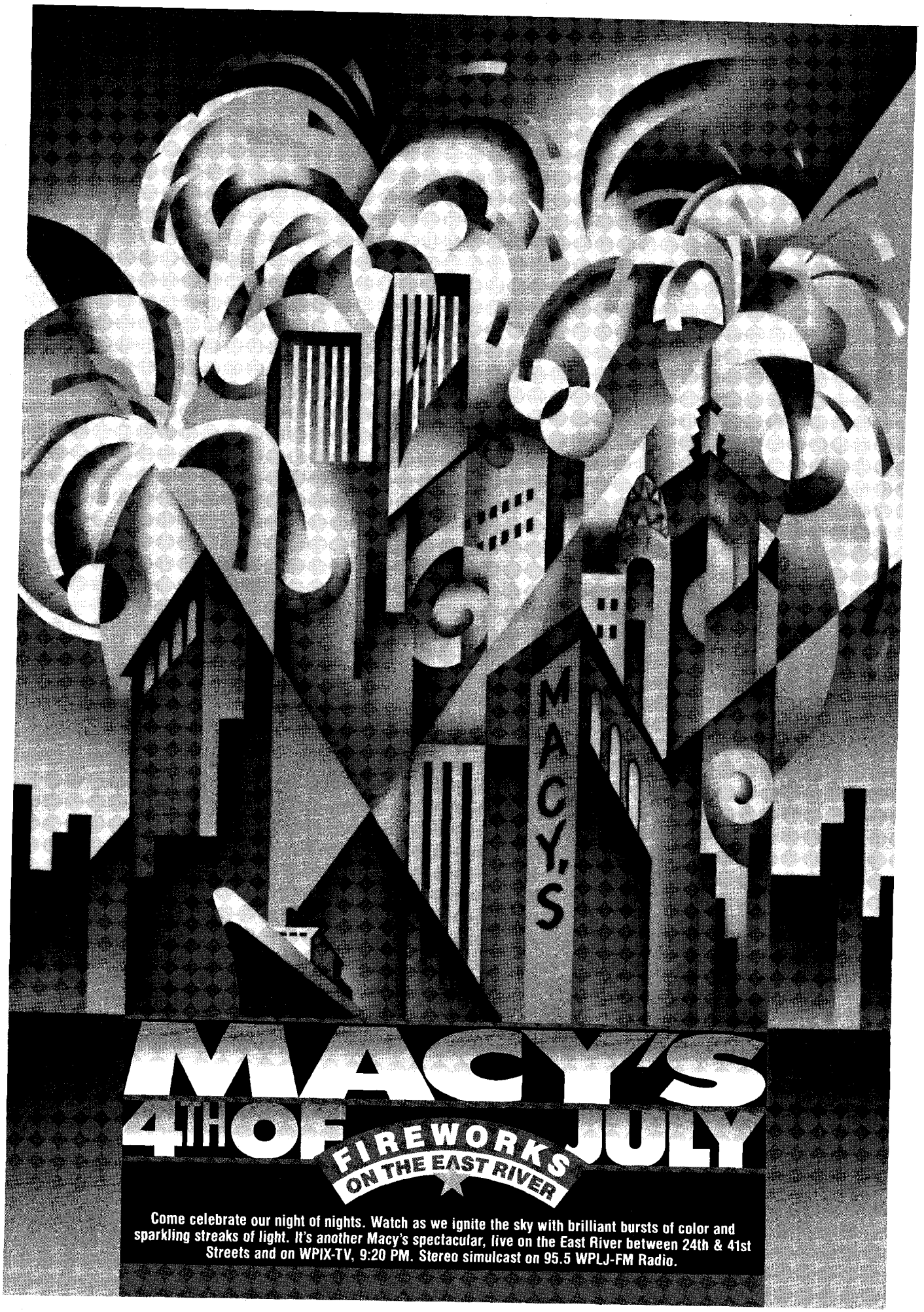
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THE NEW YORKER

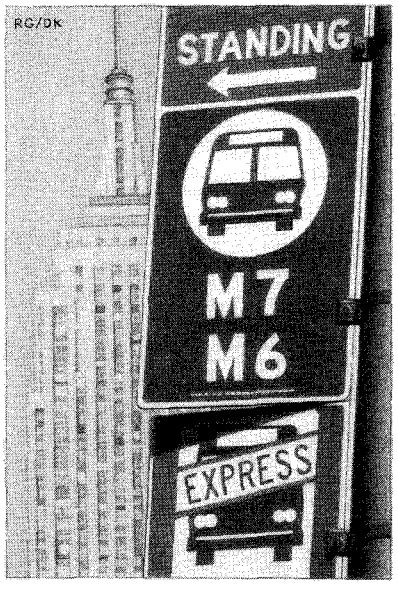
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON October 23, 1989, several weeks before the fall of the Berlin Wall, Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze publicly apologized to the world for the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. He said that the war his nation had waged there "violated norms of behavior" and "ignored universal human values." His statement was reported on the front page of the *Times*, yet the story died away quickly, without generating any noticeable comment or reaction in this country. The silence was remarkable. Max Frankel, the executive editor of the *Times*, said later, in explaining why he judged Shevardnadze's statement worthy of being the paper's lead story, "How many times has a major government—not to mention any government—admitted that kind of illegality and immorality? We've never even really done that about Vietnam. I thought that was major news."

We were reminded of Shevardnadze's apology the other day while reading a piece of investigative reporting about what the Central Intelligence Agency has called "one of the worst mass murders of the twentieth century"—the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Indonesians in 1965 following the attempted coup against Indonesia's President Sukarno. The article was the work of Kathy Kadane, who writes for the States News Service. The Spartanburg, South Carolina, *Herald-Journal* broke the story on May 19th, and the States News Service distributed it to such major dailies as the Boston *Globe*, the Miami *Herald*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and the Washington *Post*. Kadane, who had interviewed numerous former American officials, concluded that "the U.S. government played a significant role in one of the worst massacres of the century by supplying the names of thousands of Communist Party leaders to the Indonesian army, which hunted down the leftists and killed them." The American official who assembled the hit lists, Robert Martens, told her, "I probably have a lot of blood on my hands, but that's not all bad. There's a time when you have to strike hard at a decisive moment." (Martens later dissociated himself from this quote, claiming, in an odd choice of words, that if he did say anything like that, "it could only have been a wry remark.")

In 1964 and 1965, Kadane says, Martens headed a team of State Department and C.I.A. officers who compiled lists of the key leaders and organizers of the Partai Komunis Indonesia, or P.K.I. Then, with the blessing of three of the top officials of the United States Embassy, including the Ambassador, Marshall Green, Martens gave the lists to Adam Malik, a minister of the Indonesian government, and Malik passed them on to the Army. As many as five thousand names were furnished. United States officials were quite aware that Major General Suharto, the Army officer who later emerged as Indonesia's new President—and who for more than twenty years has exercised dictatorial control over the country while enjoying unwavering American support—was simply exterminating the people on the lists, ignoring formalities like a fair trial in a court of law. "The infrastructure was zapped almost immediately," Joseph Lazarsky, who was the C.I.A.'s deputy station chief in Jakarta in 1965, said to Kadane. "We knew what they were doing. We knew they would keep a few and save them for the kangaroo courts, but Suharto and his advisers said, 'If you keep them alive, you have to feed them.' " The C.I.A. estimated that at least a quarter of a million people had been murdered by the time the bloodletting in Indonesia was over; other credible estimates put the death toll at more than a million. And the carnage and disorder that swept the country accomplished what the coup had failed to do: it so weakened Sukarno that he eventually had to step down.



In a telephone interview, Ms. Kadane told us that one reason she pursued this story was that "the people of Indonesia deserve to have their history back." She has also exhumed *our* history. Her report is powerful evidence against the thesis, which has long been widely accepted in policy-making circles and in much of academe, that the United States played no role in the events leading to the overthrow of President Sukarno—a neutralist, whose relations with Washington were chilly at best. Twenty-five years later, that overthrow still ranks as a watershed event in the modern history of

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Asia, for it resulted in lasting American influence over a nation that is not only the fifth most populous in the world but also one of its fifteen largest oil producers and, because it is situated between Australia and the Philippines, is of enormous geopolitical importance.

Of more immediate relevance is the disquieting similarity between the intervention in Indonesia and subsequent American actions in Vietnam, Central America, and elsewhere in the Third World. "I believe there may be a direct connection between what happened in Indonesia and the strategy the United States has used to deal with leftist movements around the world these past twenty-five years," Ms. Kadane told us, and she added that this pattern had been brought to her attention by none other than William Colby, the former director of the C.I.A. Colby told Kadane that the hit-list campaign in Indonesia was "exactly" like the Phoenix program he himself organized in Vietnam two years later. In 1967, President Nixon told Ambassador Green that because "things had gone well in Indonesia" it should serve as a model for future American policy, and, indeed, the massacre in Indonesia bears a chilling resemblance to the killings in Chile that accompanied the overthrow of President Allende, in 1973, and, more recently, to the death-squad murders of leftists in Central America.

In late May, Representative Ted Weiss, of New York, and the nongovernmental group Human Rights Watch asked the House Intelligence Committee to undertake an official investigation of the Indonesian massacre. The policy question raised is whether Congress should impose tighter restrictions on the sharing of American intelligence information with our client states, but a full and public investigation of the Indonesian events would have broader implications. There has been much rejoicing in Washington in recent months over the collapse of the Soviet empire and the journey toward freedom and democracy now under way in its former colonies, but this rejoicing has at times included an element of smugness—a suggestion that Soviet surrender in the Cold War is somehow proof of the untarnished morality of the United States. The unhappy truth is that in the history of the Cold War there is more than enough shame for both sides; the graveyards of Indonesia as well as Afghanistan, of El Salvador as well as Romania, are evidence of that.

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The Pie

RUSSIAN, we are told, may be the next trendy cuisine in New York. "Trendy," however, is not exactly the word that comes to mind when you meet Simon and Anya Kublanov. "Resolute," perhaps. "Resourceful," certainly. Maybe even "stubborn." The Kublanovs run a Russian restaurant on East Eighty-sixth Street called The Pie—a tiny place, seating thirty people and serving fifty-five different dishes plus the traditional Russian tea with homemade berry preserves. The food is cooked to order on a six-burner stove by Simon Kublanov, a stocky man with an easy smile, who once ran a chain of restaurants (including a bakery, a doughnut shop, and a shashlik emporium) in Leningrad.

For patrons who don't know Veal Pskov from Veal Pushkin, a handsome hand-lettered menu describes each dish in a Slavic-flavored English that blends culinary information with a pinch of poetry. This is the entry for blini:

> Spring (real Spring) comes late to Northern Russia, but people are saying goodbye to winter with "Maslenitza"—a happy pre-Lenten festival, enchanted with blini—famous Russian non sweet crepes, rounded and golden as the sun. Served with salmon or caviar, blini make the most famous and very best of Russian cuisine.

The Pie's menu is the work of Simon's wife, Anya. A slim, attractive woman with long strawberry-blond hair, she greets customers and is not at all shy about instructing them in the dos and don'ts of Russian cuisine, as in this brief menu essay on "How to Drink Russian Tea":

> First pour a little of tea essence into a glass. Then draw hot water until tea will be "regular" strong. Sweeten it with sugar to your liking to appreciate the tea flavor. Never, ever spoon the berry preserve into the tea glass, enjoy a bite of it, followed by tea for contrast.

Anya, who studied art and architecture in Moscow, is also responsible for little ink sketches that embellish the menu, and for colorful paintings, done in various "folk" styles, that adorn the walls of The Pie. She met Simon in 1979, when both were passing through a center for Russian-Jewish émigrés in Vienna. She was nineteen at the time; he was thirty-eight. Both had left the Soviet Union because they felt that the future there offered only a dead end, and because friends had warned them that the Brezhnev government was about to reimpose severe restrictions on Jewish emigration. Neither spoke a word of English, but both were determined to settle in the United States and try their hand at post-Marxist entrepreneurship.

Simon came to New York and got a job in an Italian restaurant; Anya went to California, where her family had friends. They exchanged letters, in which Anya kept telling Simon how lonely and unhappy she was, and Simon kept telling her to join him in New York. After nine months, she did, and they were married in 1981; a daughter, Katya, was born in 1982; two years later, they opened their first restaurant —a take-out place called K's, at First Avenue and Ninety-second Street, specializing in fried chicken.

Why fried chicken? "Because it was the only way to start our own business," Simon says, shaking his head at the memory. "No employees, just the two of us. Not much equipment. We could borrow a little money from friends, a little from the bank, use our credit cards to the limit."

Anya says, "Also, he had a drop-dead recipe."

The recipe (which involved marination with paprika) proved to be a hit, but Simon's years of experience in Leningrad's restaurants, where the state owned everything and set prices by fiat, left much to be desired as training for American-style capitalism. In an effort to get up to speed, he quizzed friends, pored over the monthly trade paper *Restaurant Exchange News*, and studied many books, none of which prepared him for the reality of restaurant ownership.

Simon: "For the first four months, we nearly starved."

Anya: "We ate fried chicken for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We worked twelve, fourteen hours a day. Katya toddled around the store, she slept there. When we took her to the

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park, neighbors called her the chicken baby."

As business began to improve, the Kublanovs took in a partner, then another, and began looking for ways to expand. They agreed on pizza.

Simon: "It looked like the easiest to do. All you need is dough, a dough mixer, a refrigerator, an oven, cheese, and tomatoes. So we took out a loan and bought the equipment on time. For recipes, I went to seminars at food shows, ate pizza all around town, and went home to practice. This was hard. In Russia, you had one kind of flour, one kind of cheese, one kind of yeast, and for spices you had salt and pepper. Here it was hard to figure out even what kind of flour was best—high gluten, low gluten, bleached, unbleached. I tried many combinations."

Anya: "I was the guinea pig. You can't imagine how many pizzas I ate."

The Kublanovs decided to concentrate on Chicago-style deep-dish pizza, because it reminded them of a staple of Russian cooking, baked meat pie, and their decision led them to concoct a plan that, Anya says, "seemed very logical at the time." The customers would come in for a slice of pizza, then be seduced into tasting an authentic Russian meat pie cooked in the same oven. In the name of economy, Anya designed an all-purpose sign for the front of the new store: against a background of shiny red plastic, big yellow letters spelled out "The Pie," with the "P" in the shape of a mustachioed chef wearing a white toque.

The Pie opened in the summer of 1987. Business was so slow at first that the Kublanovs' partners chose to cut their losses and get out. But the Kublanovs hung on.

Anya: "Simon is not the person to take defeat."

Simon: "I say to myself, I make it or I die. It was clear the pies were not popular. So we tried a short Russian menu—beef stroganoff and a few other dishes—for take-out. Customers started to order, and they wanted more. We knew we had to convert from pizza. But it was hard, because we still had payments to make on the equipment. As soon as we could, we auctioned everything off and changed the store over."

The Kublanovs redecorated from top to bottom in ten days. Anya swiftly turned out seven large paintings and covered a wall of white tiles with vines and flowers in acrylic paint and gold lacquer on a black background (in the decorative style known as Palekh, after a Russian village of that name), and also created the menu. The sign remained, and that meant retaining the name. But, with the pizza oven and the dough mixer gone, Simon could no longer bake meat pies in bulk, and, since it was embarrassing for a restaurant called The Pie to have no pie on the menu, he consulted a collection of nineteenth-century Russian cookbooks he had brought with him from the Soviet Union, and came up with a house special: layers of sautéed chicken, mushrooms, and onions in white sauce alternating with layers of blini. On the menu this dish is known simply as "The Pie."

Simon's friends in the restaurant business tell him that he is crazy to offer so many different dishes for lunch and dinner. "They say this is not a menu, it's a cooking book," he says. "But we have neighborhood customers who come in two, three times a week. They need variety."

Anya's paintings are also popular with The Pie's clientele. "People want to buy them off the walls," she says. "But what would we put in their place? When you work twelve, fourteen hours a day, who has time to paint?"

Finally

Jimmy Montana and his friends Joey Gubalini and Vinny Bumbats, three stalwart masters of irony, were in excellent spirits when we ran across them the other morning at the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. "We meet here every day just waiting for this to happen," Jimmy Montana said. "Finally, today, it happened."

Their attention was fixed on a steel-mesh wastebasket on the sidewalk a couple of doors away from the recently shuttered Dream Donut & Coffee Shop. Inside the wastebasket were a cup, a Burger King bag, the spokes of an umbrella, a copy of the travel section of the Sunday *Times*, and a rat. Actually, the rat—on the evidence, the least street-smart rodent in the five boroughs—was only partly inside the basket. The rat had squeezed through one of the diamond-shaped holes of the mesh and then, as if following a yoga manual with some missing chapters, had done a U-turn and squeezed through the adjoining hole, incarcerating itself.

We happened to be negotiating with a vender on the opposite side of Sixth Avenue—buying a couple of bananas, which, along with a cranberry muf-

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fin from Balducci's, we planned to call breakfast—when we noticed an unusually high level of police activity in the vicinity of the basket. By the time we joined the Messrs. Montana, Gubalini, and Bumbats, and a crowd of twenty or so other deeply curious citizens, Sergeant William Gorta and Officer Enno Peters, of the Manhattan South Borough Command, had been on the case for ten minutes. Their patrol car was parked at the curb, as was a cruiser from the Thirteenth Precinct manned by Officers John Horvath and Matt Hoenninger. Officer Gerald Cox, of the New York Transit Police Department, District Two, and Officer Robert Berl, of the Sixth Precinct, had also stopped by.

"What am I doing here?" said Officer Horvath. "I just had to see this one."

"I tell you. I would not believe this—only that I saw it," said Officer Berl. Right after he said that, he and Officer Cox had to dash off to answer a man-with-a-gun-in-the-subway call.

Gorta and Peters, it turned out, would not be going anywhere until the guys from Emergency Services showed up. "They were doing an emotionally disturbed person downtown and then they're coming here," Gorta said.

For the next forty-five minutes, Gorta and Peters did a beautiful job of securing the wastebasket while simultaneously managing not to look directly *at* the basket. Only once, when Gorta was busy gazing at the Crossland Savings Bank across the street while Peters was checking out the sky, did they let their guard slip. "*No! Don't stick your hand in there!*" Gorta yelled at a passerby who coveted the *Times* travel section. After that, there were no close calls.

Sergeant Gorta said that, as urban animal situations go, the rat-stuck-in-the-basket compared not unfavorably with the episode in the Bronx in which he had to sort through the contents of twenty plastic bags. "We believe it was dead sheep," he said. "Remember, near J.F.K. High School, at 230th Street? We had to go through all twenty bags. Just to make sure it was only sheep."

Peters said he was enjoying himself *much* more than he did "the time my K-9 dog decided to eat me for lunch."

An ambulance with its siren screaming passed by. Gorta and Peters would have felt better if it had been Emergency Services.

A dorky individual wearing a Rolling Stones T-shirt, a Mets cap, a Walkman, and a waist pouch filled with batteries said to us, "See, this rat tried to mug somebody on Seventh Avenue. These cops couldn't fit the cuffs on him so they wedged him in the garbage can. Let me tell you something: Mickey had *nothing* to do with this. He's down in Orlando—there's no way they can stick him as an accomplice."

Barbara Burnett was there, along with her friend Myra. They were discussing some interior-decorating changes in Myra's apartment. "What do you think of aqua and taupe with salmon accents?" Myra was asking.

"I used to live in this neighborhood, but I live in Syracuse now," Barbara Burnett told us. "I teach copyright law at Syracuse University. I'm in town for a meeting of the executive committee of the Association for Voluntary Surgical Contraception. And I think this rat should volunteer."

At last, Jim Aanonsen and Andy Nugent, two Emergency Services officers with the Special Operations Division, pulled up.

"Rat stuck in wire," Gorta said to Aanonsen.

"Stuck?"

"Stuck. He wrapped himself around."

"Is he yours?" Aanonsen asked.

It took Aanonsen and Nugent very little time to size up the situation and proceed with appropriate action. First, they removed an oblong plastic valise from the storage compartment of their truck. It contained a rifle for shooting tranquillizers at pit bulls, and also some syringes and some bottles of ketamine hydrochloride.

"I've done this to a raccoon before but never to a rat," said Nugent. "How do I know the dosage? It's half a cc. per kilogram."

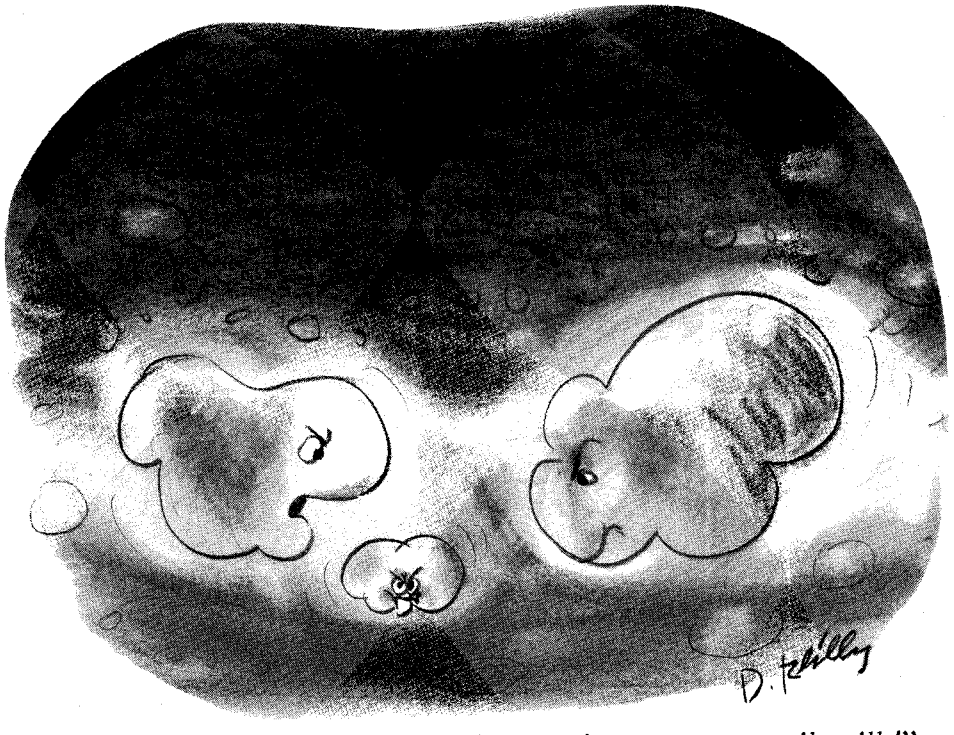
Nugent put on a pair of canvas gloves and then a pair of surgical gloves, positioned himself next to the basket—the crowd had grown much bigger by now—and skillfully medicated the rat.

"Careful, you might hit a vein," we heard ourself say.

Officer Nugent looked dismayed. "Now, let's use a little common sense here," he said. "You aim for the fleshy part of the animal, right? Am I supposed to know the vasculature of a rat? Yeah, I might hit a vein—obviously there are going to be microcapillaries in a rat. Of course he's going to bleed. If I stick you, are you going to bleed?"

"Andy, he's starting to nod now," said Aanonsen. "He's starting to nod."

With bolt cutters, Aanonsen severed



"You talk to him—he says he doesn't want to eat oil spills!"

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the steel mesh around the comatose rat while deftly preserving the structural integrity of the wastebasket. Meanwhile, Nugent had fetched from the truck a hooked snare—the kind you might use to handle a timber rattler that had wandered into your broom closet—and, to the sound of applause, he nudged the rat into a cardboard box that Gorta and Peters had found in the trunk of their car.

"Where am I taking him?" Gorta said. "We're thinking of the A.S.P.C.A. on Ninety-second Street. Let's face it—for this perpetrator, I would say, destiny is a fairly close eventuality."

"If I fall asleep, promise not to bury me."

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His Stuff

A WOMAN we know writes:

During the forty years I've loved him, I've heard Frank Sinatra several times; one notable time was at his comeback concert "The Main Event," in Madison Square Garden in 1974, pretty much a spiritual nadir, when he blasted in wearing a tuxedo and with bodyguards clinging to him, and hurt our feelings with typical uncalled-for remarks about women, several ethnic groups, and Australia, and by yelling, when people cheered too much, "*Shaddup!*" Now, sixteen years later, here I was at Radio City Music Hall for the concert that Frank had had to cancel last month, when Sammy died. Dim rosy light filled the vast dome, and a cool artificial breeze swirled. The space darkened like night coming on, and Al Hirt played against a silver curtain with blue light shining on it, the curtain rippling like water being crossed by wind. Soft carpeting, cunning little illuminated letters marking the rows of seats. I couldn't get over the unanimity of the audience—the serenity of our shared mood. We were all calm in our seats, genially applauding, all the time in the world, waiting.

Finally, Frank came on. He was bodyguardless, in a business suit, and opened with a gentle, remarkably ragged "Come Fly with Me," to gentle, supportive response. From a distance he looked like an old man with unaccountable lifts in his boots, but in my opera glasses, even with his silver-white hair, he looked like Frank Sinatra.

Amazingly, he did all his stuff. Did the physical moves, which the audience—all six thousand of us—found fairly ravishing: Upper arm pinched against his body, bent elbow, drooping hand. The rhythmic wince. Twirling, dismissive left hand. Pained, sudden, loud stamp, on the beat. Biting the air. The verbal stuff is the greatest, and, astounding everybody, he said it all: Groovy. Chick. Cat. Dig. Weatherwise, it's such a groovy day. Doesn't dig crap games with barons and earls. He also did my favorites, the Damon Runyon–David Mamet locutions: Wait till our lips, they have met. And then my heart, it stood still. These little town blues, they have melted away.

Frank reverently mentioned the composers and arrangers of the songs. Mentioned Frank, Jr., who was conducting with seemingly exquisite attunement to Dad's orchestral needs. Mentioned Jilly, owner of a supper club famous for having Frank Sinatra as a customer. Sang "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry" accompanied by classic barstool, cigarette, plumes of smoke, pool of lavender light. Finally, sang "My Way" before a starry black night sky.

We called "Happy Father's Day!" We called "We love you!" We booed Frank's cigarette, and when he said he doesn't light up until the cocktail hour a guy called, speaking for many, "No excuse! No excuse! No good for you!" We gave him standing ovations, rising easily to our feet, calm, urgent, genuinely rapt. Frank blinking in white light. Us, too. By then, most of us in the audience were linked in more than simple fandom: we were joined in poignant awareness of the years so quickly flown. The video, had there been one, would have shown an elderly guy just kind of standing there with a mike, alluding to our earlier days. In December, Frank will be seventy-five. Frank said, "Hope you live to be five hundred years old and the last voice you hear is mine."

Too soon, before a blazing backdrop of Manhattan at night, he swung into the climactic number, "New York, New York." Our nerves, they settled down and stopped twanging. Our philosophy, it broadened and deepened. Our heart, it stood still.

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COUSIN

Cousin, you're a rough diamond—you're diamond-hard, hard to follow. Even for me it's not easy to keep up. Sometimes you go slow, so you don't lose me completely; sometimes when I act like I almost want to get lost, you drop back to get me; and even though you're always letting me know, again and again, that I'm closest to you, and most like you—Cousin, even with all that, I barely understand what you say and do.

How did it go last night when I came over to your house and wanted to watch the news on TV? You said, "Maybe not tonight. Come on, I'll show you a good place to watch the sun set." So we got in my car and I drove where you told me, up one paved road, and one dirt one, and then, because my car was too low to get through, we got out and walked up an old logging road until we came to a clearing where there was a stand of trees, mostly birch.

"Now, Cousin," you said. "I heard somewhere that on the night of the full moon in July the birch trees give up their bark. It's just like the tides." You talked about how it all comes together—the time of the year, the pull of the moon, the warmth in the air, the wet in the trees—and said that when the moon was high, if I just touched the bark it would fall into my hands. And then you said, "I'd stay here myself, Cousin, but my son wants something to drive tonight—and you know those trucks. I'd give him my car, but the wife should have that. So you stay here, and then he can use your car."

"You want me to stay here all night?" I said.

"Besides, my wife wouldn't sleep well if I were out in the woods," you said. "You, Cousin, you're perfect for this. You, no one will miss."

Cousin, you're like life, you are *rough*. Then, as you walked away, though all I could think of was your son with my car, what I yelled after you was "I'm supposed to spend the night out here doing that? And how can removing the bark be good for the trees?"

And you, still walking, said, "It is not so much that you *remove* as . . ."

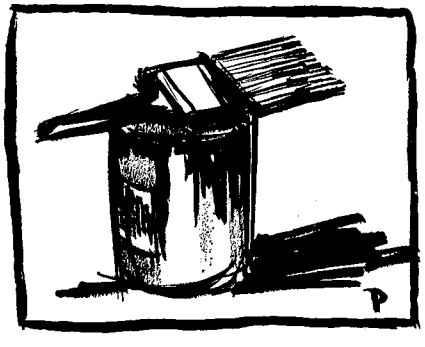
And then I couldn't tell what you said, so I called out, "What did you say?" And I guess you said it again, but you were farther away, so I still couldn't make out that last word.

You must have stopped and turned around long enough to shout back one more thing, because I did hear you say, "And not now. You have to wait for the moon."

SIX trucks, Cousin, and not one of them working right. The Chev with no muffler. The red Dodge that won't start and the blue one that won't stop. The Japanese thing you can see through. The Ford—all right, I found you that Ford, but you agreed, so we both can be wrong on old Fords. And that jeep-style heap—good engine, but not much of a transmission left to get power to the wheels, so, because the tires were good, we put the wheels on the Chev.

Cousin, you want what you want from me and you know how to get it. Like last night, you must have known that hearing about tides in the trees would be something I'd like. But that other time, when I really wanted something from you—I'm not saying I didn't get it, but, since you have your own ways, you weren't easy to follow.

"Just because you want to talk about her doesn't mean we're going to," you said. And I would have left it at that, for a while, anyway, but then you said, "We could go see her stone." Somehow I'd never seen it. It was a hundred miles inland and I'd always stayed around home whenever anyone else went. So we got in one of the trucks that were working then, but at the end of the driveway did you turn left to go inland? You didn't say anything, and did I say one word as you turned right to drive the other way, toward the shore? First down a paved road, then a dirt one, and then, where I was sure that all the roads ended, we took



an old hauling road the fishermen used.

When we stopped and got out, I noticed that, although there wasn't much of a beach, there were some big, sharp, dark rocks at the high-water mark that sheltered some larger, light, rounded, smooth ones on the land. Even with a storm out at sea those sharp rocks would take all the force of the waves that came in, and keep the smooth ones mostly dry. I saw right away that if you wanted to you could lean into those smooth rocks, or up against them, and be held half standing as you slept in the sun. Those smooth rocks there, surrounded by sparse grass growing up through the sand, were the ones you walked toward and around, Cousin, looking at each of them until one stopped you. You ran your hand over it and said, "Here it is. This is it. This is the one." Then you showed me a heart shape that had been carved into it, with your sister's initials and someone else's and the year inside.

"O.K., Cousin, I get it," I said. "A rock is a stone. But that year is before my time and kind of early in yours—whose initials are those with hers?"

"Just some local guy she was seeing."

"So they'd come here, like on picnics?"

"Cousin. Cousin. They'd come at night."

And then, as I looked at that large smooth rock and its angle, I was wondering whether she'd been heaven or earth, her back against the sky or the rock; either way, it must have been nice. Maybe there'd been the spray from the waves hitting those sheltering rocks, and the heat of the day must have been deep underfoot in the sand. Pretty, on a clear night with the stars and the moon; even if the fog rolled in, it would still be nice.

Heaven or earth, Cousin? And the guy? Anyway, he was there. And since she was there, it must have been, had to be, nice.

Cousin, thank you for taking me there. I don't think I said anything then. I just walked around that rock and listened while you talked about her, talked and talked as you sat on that sparse grass that grew in the sand.

AS you said then, she wouldn't have adopted those two kids if she had expected to die. First the girl, then a

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few years later the boy. I wonder if she was planning to take another one or two, or more and more. Right up to when it happened, everyone said wasn't it something how happy she was, and how good she was at raising those kids. Because whatever it is in people that wants to shelter and care for, in her it was something those surgeons could never cut out.

She always looked so good on the outside, and while we all knew, even me, that she wasn't all right inside, we always thought that between her husband and those kids and the doctors, between all those hands outside and inside, she'd find a way to steal another year every year.

It wasn't so common then, Cousin, but with the inside taking the outside like that, cremation made sense. As she'd said once, if her body was going to give her so much trouble, it was the only way to give it some back, to someday get rid of it for good. And they say that from the time you returned until the burial, and even though her husband was also around, you kept that urn with her ashes with you; you wouldn't let it out of your sight.

So you and her husband had flown back with the two kids and the urn. And, first thing, you'd decided to go and get the kids haircuts and one for yourself. In the barbershop, you lifted the boy up into one of the big green waiting chairs. You put him all the way back into it, and his feet hardly came over the seat. The girl climbed into the next chair, but even though she sat on the edge as she swung her legs, the leather soles of her blue-and-white oxfords barely scraped the floor.

You put the urn up on a shelf, next to the bottles of hair tonic. Now, not everyone knew yet—you'd just got home, and the obituary wouldn't appear until the next day. The barber looks at the kids and says to you, "Sister in town?"

And you nodded at the urn and said low, right into his ear so the kids couldn't hear, "She's in the jar." The guy nearly fainted! But I know that the joke was not really on him but was one just for her. And she would have laughed, Cousin—she loved to laugh. And, young as I was, I'd made her laugh.

"I don't believe it. That's my ex-wife."

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Now, the boy, no, there's no way he'd remember anything of her, just as he'd remember nothing of his first mother. But the girl—do you think there are things she might recall? Even one thing, or a little bit of one thing?

And then there's the husband. It's true that it was hard for us when they first got married, because it meant her moving away. But we'd liked him because he was special to her. Cousin, the day when I went to see him, long after, I think he was looking for something of her in me. And I think I was a disappointment to him. Not because there wasn't anything of her but because there was, and, of course, it could only be some little thing.

Yes, he's remarried and all, and has more family. Still, it must not be easy for him, being the only one there who really knew her. To know something people around you don't know can put you outside of them. And then you can't get back in.

IT wasn't so bad walking down that logging road this morning. And the minute I got to the dirt road a guy on his way to work gave me a ride into town. He went out of his way and drove me right to your house. And I saw your son there, washing my car. He said to go on inside, that his mother had left me some coffee. Anyone miss me? Anyone come by looking for me? Any mail for me? Any calls?

Cousin, if somebody leaves you out all night in the woods, don't lie face up. Not if you're alone. There are only so many stars you can stand, and even with all of them you don't get enough light. Even with the full moon in July, there's just not enough light. So it's really a time to let gravity take you. Turn yourself over, and gravity makes it feel as if the earth presses back.

Cousin, I see you, and, rough or not, you are a diamond. I see you and see through you. And just as with the bark that fell into my hands last night, it's not that I want to remove. I want to receive. But do I ever get the urge to put my hands into something—like dough, or like clay? I never do, do I? And do you ever?

IT was last night when I thought about it, Cousin, and now there's something I want to know. A hundred miles inland, where you didn't take me, where the stone with her full name and full years are, and where you finally had to let it go, what's buried there? What's in the jar? A fifty-fifty mix? Sand and ashes? Or is she, all of her, outside and inside, at the base of that rock near the beach? Where we went with one of the trucks. Where I saw you—I saw you!—dig your hands deep into warm sand. —Rick Rofihe

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GETTING OVER GLENN

"YOUR hair is pure white," Janet said. "Pure white." Paula's hair was attractive, Janet thought, although it looked artificial. It had a dense gloss to it, like the inside of a shell.

Up the beach from the patio where they sat on Janet's mother's new plastic chairs, some men jogged south in their direction. All three men had buzz-cut hair, and wore drab-green T-shirts and cutoff fatigues. One of them waved and did a jig.

"There goes old Rod," Paula said.

Janet turned her face away, toward the sliding glass doors that led into the house. She'd been wrestling with Rod at the wheel of her father's Pontiac the week before, and had backed the car into the wall of the N.C.O. Club.

Paula examined her arms and puffed on the cigarette that stuck to her bottom lip. Her tanned skin looked reddish and glistened with baby-oil-and-iodine. "Do you have any idea how strong the sun is down there?" she said. "Your hair would turn white in a day." She had just come back from Barbados after spending two weeks camping on a beach with her boyfriend, Willy.

"I doubt that," Janet said. She could see a thin band of orange at Paula's part. "It's pretty, but it's bleached, Paula. Admit it, for Christ's sake. It's not a crime."

Paula had put her sunglasses on, and she scraped her chair around to face the sun.

The Atlantic swells were breaking steady and small a few yards in front of them. Janet's father, a colonel stationed at Patrick Air Force Base, had bought this big house on Cocoa Beach a month before, and the novelty of living on the ocean was still strong for her. The area was secluded residentially, but the beach was always crowded with joggers, surfers, and sunbathers, who found access a quarter mile north, down a sand trail identical to the trail that led to Janet's house from Highway A1A.

"What else did you do down there, besides fight with Willy?" Janet said, changing radio stations on her small transistor. She couldn't see Paula's eyes through the black glasses.

"Nothing," Paula said. "Drank rum and bodysurfed. What happened to your old man's car?"

Janet told her about the wall. "N.C.O. is off limits again," she said. Her father sporadically insisted she follow his rules about military hierarchy, which meant no fraternizing with any rank below second lieutenant. She and Paula went almost every night to the Noncommissioned Officers' Club; there was just about nothing else to do that summer. While Paula was gone, Janet often went alone. The men they knew there were twenty-nine or thirty years old, and vets of Korea. A lot of them lived in the base barracks; some of them had apartments in Cocoa, or down on Satellite Beach.

Janet took the empty goblets into the house. Her parents were gone for the day and night, up the coast to Jacksonville with another couple, and she and Paula were hitting the liquor cabinet. They had started with Martinis, and now Janet was trying to remember how to make B-17s. The drink was two liqueurs and a cognac layered in some order, but she couldn't remember one of the liqueurs and wasn't sure about the order. A bartender named Brad at the N.C.O. made perfect B-17s, but she couldn't call him—it was noon and he wouldn't be at work for another hour.

She clunked ice into the goblets and took bottles of Kahlúa and Courvoisier from the wet bar, then stared at the remaining bottles in the cabinet. Finally she grabbed the vodka. She poured a jigger of each into the glasses and carried them out to the patio.

Paula's nose made a small bump in the white hand towel over her face. She had turned the radio down for the news, and Janet could hear a faint spiel from Kennedy's press conference.

"Here," Janet said.

"This isn't another banana experiment, right?" Paula said, uncovering her face.

Janet collapsed into the chair. She sipped the muddy drink. "What did Willy do, force-feed them to you?" she said.

"It's an association thing. I told you, I want to forget my wonderful vacation," Paula said. She took a sip, then spat on the concrete. "Barf," she said.

"Give it some time," Janet said. "You just got back, Paula. He'll come around."

"I doubt it," Paula said. "He's mad."

"How nice of you to call me out of the blue, young man. It so happens I have forty-five million just sitting in my piggy bank, and maybe having a broker wouldn't be such a bad idea."

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A gust blew off the waves, whipping sand across the patio. The clothesline Janet's mother had stuck in the sand next to the patio swayed. Her father's white boxers flapped up and wound around the line.

Janet watched two boys surfing in front of them. One boy stood up, lost his balance, and vanished behind the swells. She thought about the small Florida college where she would start in two months. She had graduated three hundred and thirtieth, and Paula three hundred and twenty-eighth, out of a class of three hundred and forty at Cocoa High School. Her father had hoped she'd get into a good Northern college. Her guidance counsellor, Mr. Keane, had said, "You're lucky to have been accepted anywhere." She had asked him about Cornell, where her mother had gone. "You're not remarkable enough, with grades like that," he said. She wanted to wring his leathery old neck.

Her college was two hours away, in the center of the state. She wasn't interested in any of the programs they'd written her about.

"It's twelve-thirty," Janet said. Paula had a babysitting job at one. She had fallen asleep, and another cigarette had dropped to the concrete.

JANET drove her home in the dented black Pontiac. They passed the N.C.O. Club, on the beach side of the highway. The parking lot was empty except for two cars they didn't recognize and some bicycles. The canvas flaps were up on the big screened windows.

Across the highway from the beach was Patrick Air Force Base, fenced off, the dull-brown buildings with corrugated roofs a backdrop to missiles arranged in a circle on the grassy stretch in front of the Missile Test Center. Janet had looked at the display hundreds of times, and she looked as they drove past.

"Later alligator," Paula said, getting out of the car. She stuck her head in the window. "They're launching the big rocket tomorrow. You want to drive up to Titusville and have a Martini picnic and watch it blow up?"

"Call me," Janet said. Paula and Willy kept up with all the launches, the way the whole town did. Janet had read about the Mercury Program in the newspaper, and had seen the astronauts on television, but outer space didn't interest her.

She took a back way home, through the military-housing development, South Wherry, and drove past Tom's duplex. His jeep was in the driveway. She hadn't seen him or talked to him all summer. They had dated during her junior year and the first half of her senior year. Then, at her father's suggestion—it would look good on her scholastic record—she had spent her last semester in a base-exchange program on Guam. In late May, the day she returned, she went directly to Tom's. While waiting for him in the living room, she saw on an end table a small pile of snapshots, all of Playalinda Beach, where she and Tom always picnicked. In a few photos he had his arm around a smiling blond girl in a multicolored flowered bathing suit. He had the same expression on his face that Janet had seen in photos of him with herself. She crumpled the picture she was holding as Tom came out of the bedroom. "You've been gone for months," he said. "I couldn't help it."

She had slept with five men since Tom, all of them from the N.C.O. After the fourth, she had a dream that she cut Tom out of a framed snapshot of Tom and her kissing in the public belvedere on the bank of the Banana River. Another man's picture, cut from a magazine advertisement, she taped over the hole.

She'd thought it an unusual dream, until she told Paula.

"So what?" Paula said.

JANET filled the bathtub with hot water. Wearing her new bluejeans and a pair of rubber gloves, she sank into the tub slowly. She splashed water over her legs until the oven timer buzzed. Her feet were calloused from barefooting and not sensitive to the hot water.

She stripped out of the jeans, put her two-piece bathing suit back on, and took the wet pants outside and clipped them to the clothesline. Red blotches covered her legs. She sat on a chair with one of her mother's home-improvement magazines in her lap and stared at the water.

He was jogging south toward Satellite Beach, smoked-green aviators low on the bridge of his nose, and Janet could see his eyes. His head was shaved —buzzed, like the N.C.O. guys'— and he wore tight khaki shorts and a white T-shirt. His arms and legs were pink with sunburn, and he pounded by her patio, his calf muscles looking like twisted ropes. She remembered all the hoopla in town when he and the others had arrived at Orlando and were chauffeured to Cape Ca-

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naveral, ten miles north of her house.

Paula rode her bicycle over around five.

"He ran right by here," Janet said.

"How do you know it was John Glenn?" Paula said.

"It was Glenn."

Paula insisted they sit out on the beach until it grew dark. "It could have been a different one," she said, flicking her lighter to repel mosquitoes.

IN the morning Janet went right out to the patio in her new red bathing suit, and didn't rub zinc oxide on her face. She sat on a lawn chair and positioned herself so that she could watch the beach north and south and the front door of her house through the glass patio doors. Her parents would be home anytime.

She sipped a beer and flipped through a magazine, trying to read an article, but she couldn't concentrate. The woven plastic bands of the chair cut into her thighs and back. The waves were bright blue and getting bigger as the tide came in.

She heard a car motor and the high whirr of tires spinning in sand. Watching the front door, she put her beer under the chair and made a tent of the magazine to cover it. When the door didn't open, she walked to the front yard in time to see a VW Bug, surfboards sticking out of its sunroof, race around the sand driveway and disappear beyond the palmetto bushes and pines.

Janet picked up the newspaper from under the white rope hammock and took it back to the patio. She scanned it for news of the astronauts. There was only a reference to the rocket launch, which had been cancelled, and a story about problem birds nesting at the tip of the Cape.

It was just past eleven, and Janet could see people up the beach, a southbound advance of blankets and coolers. A group of men played football in the water. Rod jogged by, two of his Air Force friends flanking him. He was wearing dark glasses, and he waved. Janet put her sunglasses on and looked back at the Brazilian peppertree next to her bedroom window.

Rod was the fifth. They had done it the week before on the beach, and sand had got inside her. When she thought of him, she thought only of scratchy pain and bulky, crushing pressure. "You're not remarkable enough" kept coming into her head as they rolled around on the shells.

The telephone was ringing in the Florida room, and on the fifth ring Janet answered. Since the launch was cancelled, Paula said, could they go shopping in Fort Pierce? She had just seen Willy at the commissary. Could she come over?

"I'm kind of busy right now," Janet said. "Why don't you come over in about three hours?"

"Three hours!"

"I'm trying to get the house in order before Mom and Dad get home."

Janet went back to her chair on the patio. Her shoulders had started to burn, so she broke off a shoot from a giant aloe plant her mother had in a pot on the concrete. She squeezed the shoot, splitting its horned skin open, and rubbed the sap across her chest and shoulders and down her arms.

He wore a Reds cap pulled low, and the same aviators, but she almost didn't recognize him because of the shirt: an

WHITE NOISE

The faces are lifted up into the jumpy light,
the blue electric glow
buzzing them forward into closeup
until the foreground is their eyes, and the fear that is their eyes,
and tangled hair,
and mouths that grief has torn, clawed open.

(I am lying on a couch in a city that is shadows and glass
and shadows of skyscrapered glass,
that is steel and more steel and billboards
where tall white legs are splayed against white sand, blue surf,
and the red mouths, presiding high above the moving crowds,
are lipsticked, smiling, smooth, and waiting for a cigarette.)

The TV flickers, grays, the faces are gone now
into the undertow
of hunger for the next thing and the next.

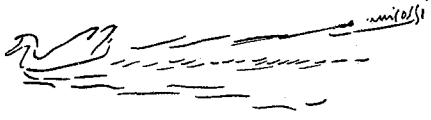
(I am lying in a city that is a text unwriting itself,
that is a coffin of glass and a statue of glass,
and the words *why hast thou*, and the words *how many* and *what number*,
and *thy Father which is in secret*, and *thy Father*
which seeth in secret.)

And after the news is over the jokes start up,
the studio audience clapping on cue, prerecorded, the theme music rising,
the wait right there we'll be back in a minute,
the screen swallowing, swallowing, until there's an anthem,
a test pattern, darkness, and only a pinprick of light breaking through.

And somewhere outside of all that are overhead lights and the shutting
of lights,
there are rows of windows stacked like crates
in the darkness, good night and good night,
and the loneliness that is what's left of the dream of beauty
in which the eyes come back to haunt the empty screen,
the eyes and the hands beneath them
and the mouth saying,

"When I suffer, I cannot forget that I am, nor fail to know
that I am nothing."

—LAURIE SHECK



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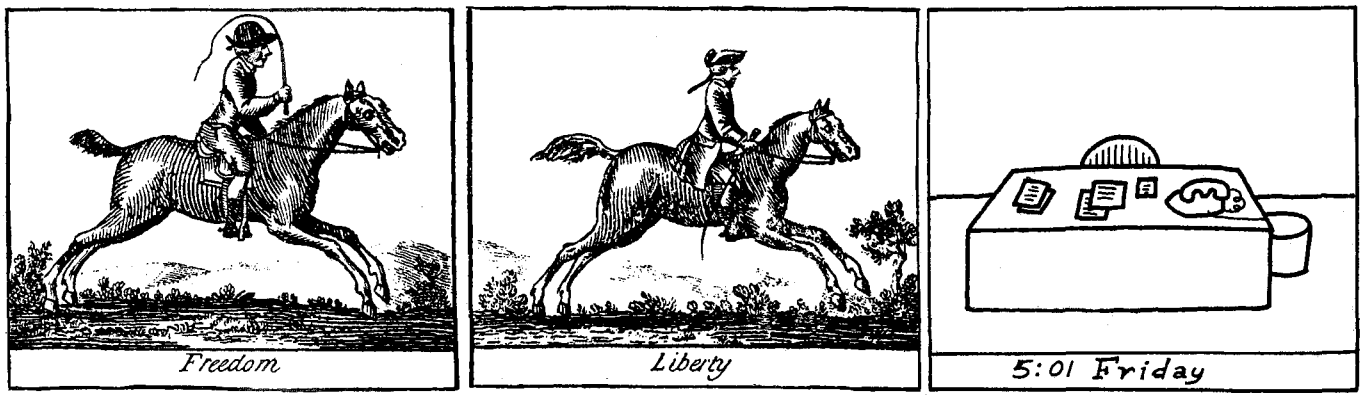

orange tropical thing splashed with blue peacocks, unbuttoned and flapping behind him as he ran, southward again. When he passed, she could see the drenched hollow between his shoulder blades. She followed him with her eyes until he had run past the rock jetties and out of sight.

"THANKS for calling me," Paula said. She was all dressed up, her hair teased and flipped, held in place by a black-and-blue zebra-striped hair band. "You might answer the phone once in a damn blue moon." Janet lay on the couch in the Florida room, watching TV with the sound turned down and the radio on. Her parents had returned and then gone out to dinner.

"Sorry I didn't call," Janet said, eating from a bag of potato chips. The blinds were up, revealing a black beach.

"So what's he like?"

"He's nice, but controlled," Janet said.

"What do you mean?" Paula admired herself in the window.

"Oh, you know what I mean. Do you want me to make them or not? We don't have all night. The Colonel will be home soon."

Paula had brought over frozen bananas and a pint of dark rum. "Yes, I want you to make them. I'm officially over him."

Janet threw the bananas into a big bowl and mashed them with a serving fork, pouring rum in to liquefy them. When the mixture was mushy, she sloshed it into parfait glasses.

"How long did you talk to him?" Paula said, stirring her drink with her finger. "You didn't meet him."

"It was just for a minute. I called him over as he ran by." Janet rinsed the bowl in the sink.

"I don't get what you mean by this 'controlled' thing." Paula sipped the thick drink. "This is great."

"In command of himself," Janet said.

"He'd better be, if he's going to outer space." Paula finished her drink. "Want to hit the N.C.O. tonight?"

JANET spent every day of the next three weeks out on the patio. She had made a fuss about not going to the family's cabin in the Smoky Mountains, and had become surly and quiet, so that finally her parents left without her.

Her skin was in a chronic burn: peeling and then burning again. She was tired of the constantly recoiling ocean and the overexcited people who churned the beach in front of her. She had taken the telephone off the hook, covering it with her mother's Japanese floor cushions; she used it only to call the recorded weather report. Paula would sometimes show up at the door, but would leave within an hour. Janet always led her out to the patio, and kept their talk minimal.

Janet had seen John Glenn eighteen times. Each time he ran by—sometimes so close she could have said something in a conversational tone and he would have heard her—her tongue seemed to dry and crumble in her mouth. She wouldn't move from her chair, hating the other men wearing shorts and crewcuts who jogged by, smiling and waving.

ONE afternoon, a week before Janet would leave for college, she found Paula lying in the hammock. "Can I come in for a second?" Paula said. "I need to talk to you."

Janet was in her red bathing suit. Her body was deeply tanned. Her face and chest were reddish, burned-looking, and her parched hair fell in sun-whitened knotty waves over her face. She leaned her arm on the doorjamb and stared at Paula through dark-green aviator glasses. "All right," she said finally. "Come on in. Do you want a soda?"

"Something stronger," Paula said.

They went into the Florida room. Janet had the blinds down, and the room was dark. She went into the kitchen and returned with a fifth of rum and a bag of potato chips.

Paula sat on the couch. She took little swigs from the bottle. Janet stood at the window, making a crack between the venetian slats with her fingers. The waves sparkled. The beach was wide and hot, and people played in the sand or in the water. She could see in the blue sky white tracks of the jets from Patrick as they flew out over the ocean.

"I've tried," Paula said, crying. "I even had an affair with somebody—remember the cute married major? Bub Schmidt?"

"I remember him," Janet said, still standing at the window. "Friend of Rod's." She pushed her aviators down the bridge of her nose and peered at Paula. "You knew Bub Schmidt would be no go, Paula. He's been fooling around for ages."

"It's not even that he was married," Paula said. "But you know how somebody does something and it reminds you of somebody else?" Her eyeliner was smudged, and black tears ran down her cheeks. "Bub has a smile exactly like Willy's." She put her hand over her eyes.

"Here he comes," Janet said. She bent the blind and a triangle of sunlight cut the room. "There he goes!"

—MARY FERRARO

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MAN OF GAMALIYA

CROSSING Tahrir Square each morning for my visit with the Egyptian novelist Naguib Mahfouz was not easy. Tahrir—the word means "liberation"—is the hub of modern Cairo, a short walk from the east bank of the Nile. The city's principal hotels, the major government ministries, and the Egyptian Museum are all on its periphery, and the busiest shopping streets radiate from it. At its southern end stands a sprawling thirteen-story eyesore called the Mugamma, which is the central workplace of the state bureaucracy; Cairenes say that more bodies are at rest in the Mugamma than in all the tombs of ancient Egypt. A few steps to the west is the former headquarters of the Arab League, vacant since the Camp David agreement, when Egypt was expelled and the office was moved to Tunis. In May of 1989, Egypt was welcomed back, which was the League's way of endorsing Egypt's policy of promoting peace with Israel, and in November, at the time of my visit, workmen were renovating the building in the expectation that the League would return. The peace process having since stalled, the move is now on indefinite hold.

When I first saw Tahrir, seventeen years ago, the smiling face of Anwar Sadat, who had recently triumphed in the October War, beamed down on the streaming traffic from a huge painted panel. His popularity eventually faded, and in 1981 he was gunned down by Islamic terrorists. But he is not entirely absent from these precincts: the Tahrir station of Cairo's new subway bears his name. Hosni Mubarak, who succeeded him as President of the Egyptian Republic, lacks the flamboyance of Sadat—or, for that matter, of Gamal Abdel Nasser, Sadat's predecessor. Mubarak is said to be more like the protagonist of a Mahfouz novel—banal, bumbling, a bit smaller than life. But then the Egypt over which he presides is a bit Mahfouzian, too: its achievements fewer than its hopes, its nervous energy reined in, and its taste for glory subsumed in a search for equanimity. Crossing Tahrir Square, though, is no less harrowing than it used to be.

On leaving my hotel, I would run a gantlet of hucksters of Pharaonic-style papyruses, exotic native perfumes, and guided tours of the pyramids, and then make my way through an open-air bus terminal, where hordes of dark-eyed men from the countryside, clad in galabias, debouched from battered buses to begin their morning's work at various menial jobs. All around me were the pleasant odors of roasted lamb and rice, newly baked bread, and grayish-looking hot cereals offered for sale by elderly women, some of them tattooed, who were seated cross-legged on the pavement. Finally, I would reach the busy boulevards ringing Tahrir, over which a Y-shaped iron footbridge, never painted and rarely swept, once crossed; no doubt it was removed in order to encourage pedestrians to use the network of underground passages in the subway. Though these passages are safe, and surprisingly clean, the effort has been only partly successful. Cairenes clearly enjoy the game of defying oncoming traffic, some of it horse- or donkey-drawn but most of it moving at remarkably high speed. Under the indifferent gaze of shabbily uniformed policemen, pedestrians even leap the picket fences designed to keep them on the sidewalk. The first few mornings, I took the underground route, but I found it boring, and soon joined the crowds dashing mindlessly across the street.

As I approached the Ali Baba Café, I would see Mahfouz sitting at a table next to the upstairs window. On my arrival in Cairo, I had turned to intermediaries to introduce me, and the word came back that this would not be easy, because the huge numbers of journalists who descended on him after he was awarded the 1988 Nobel Prize in Literature had exhausted him. I decided to approach him directly, having learned that each Thursday evening he meets with young writers at the Kasr el-Nil, a fashionable café on the upper-income island of Zamalek which overlooks the Nile. I found him there, surrounded by disciples, who looked at me with some suspicion while I engaged the Master in talk. After hearing me out, Mahfouz invited me to join him at the Ali Baba, where he was accustomed to take his morning coffee.

"And here I am at two years of age. Remember? Mom? Pop? No? Or how about this one. My first day of school. Anyone?"

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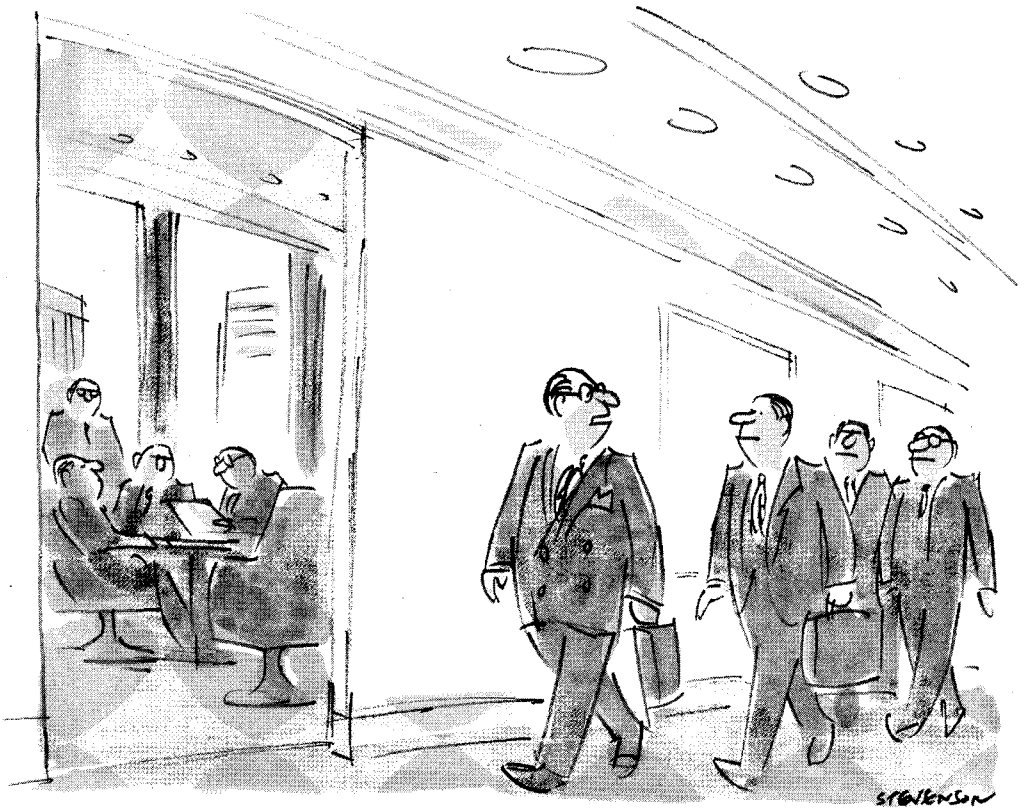
He had written a few short stories recently, he told me, but the only regular writing he did now was a weekly column, usually on politics, for *Al-Ahram*, Egypt's principal daily newspaper. "The prize disturbed my life," he said. He expressed some regret over the curtailment of the rigorous schedule of writing which had dominated his life for so many decades. But when I knew him better I could see that this warm and sociable man, so long unknown outside the Arabic-speaking world, enjoyed the international attention he was getting and was not particularly eager—perhaps even reluctant—to return to the lonely discipline of composing novels.



"Kingsley—sing backup."

The Ali Baba, in contrast with the glittering Kasr el-Nil, is a dimly lit recess flanked by cheap shops facing the square. It is one of a handful of cafés in Cairo where writers gather. Though Mahfouz had forgotten, I met him in 1982 at just such a literary café, shortly after an Egyptian friend acquainted me with his work. I had wanted to talk to Tawfiq al-Hakim, who was then Egypt's first man of letters, about the popular response to Sadat's death. My friend told me I would find Hakim at a café in the Champs-Élysées, a seaside hotel in Alexandria. With some difficulty, I located the hotel, a small, weathered structure on the boulevard that ran along the sea. Across from it was the beach, crowded with vacationing Egyptians, the suntanned men strutting about in their bikinis, the women seated fully dressed beneath umbrellas. The café, furnished with worn wooden tables and chairs, was the haunt in the summer season of a group of writers known for their democratic and secularist views. Hakim was their leader. An urbane, blue-eyed octogenarian with a white walrus mustache, he spoke elegant French, and habitually wore a beret, an emblem of the years he spent as a student at the Sorbonne. That morning, he graciously orchestrated an exchange between me and the half-dozen men sitting around him. As the hour for the midday meal approached, most of them drifted off, and I struck up a conversation with a man in dark glasses who had not said a word during the entire meeting. This was Naguib Mahfouz; he introduced himself and offered me his phone number in Cairo. I still have the slip of paper on which it was written. Later, when I reminded him of the encounter and asked why he had been silent, he replied that he had always found it difficult to express himself around Hakim, who was his professor and his literary idol.

The deference Mahfouz showed to Hakim says something about his perception of himself. Unlike his mentor, Mahfouz was not educated abroad. He was born in 1911, the last of seven children, in a run-down quarter called Gamaliya, in the old part of Cairo, behind the bustling souk known as the Khan el-Khalili. He attended Islamic elementary schools, a secular high school, and, finally, Cairo University (then called King Fuad I University), where in 1934 he earned a degree in philosophy. He then entered the civil service, where he remained until 1971, when he retired and became a full-time writer. Like most men of his generation, he lived with his parents until his marriage, which he undertook at the unusually late age of forty-three. He has been abroad only twice—on three-day government-sponsored trips to Yugoslavia and to Yemen. He has never seen Upper Egypt, the site of the great Pharaonic monuments, though the Pharaohs were ostensibly the subject of his early novels. (The real subject, veiled in symbolism, was Egypt's struggle against colonialism.) "I didn't travel, because I was poor," he said to me in one of our talks. "If I had travelled, like Hemingway, I'm sure that my work would have been different. My work was shaped by my being so Egyptian." Since the nineteen-thirties, Mahfouz has written almost exclusively about life in Cairo, with occasional scenes set in Alexandria. As opposed to the Europeanized Hakim, he is considered a pure Egyptian and a quintessential Cairene.

Scholars of Middle East literature say that as a stylist Mahfouz writes with remarkable precision (Arabic, an imprecise language, requires most writers to choose between poetry and clarity), and that this makes his prose easy to translate. He is also a tireless experimenter with fresh literary forms. Though he is sympathetic toward his characters, most of whom are everyday Egyptians, he is unrelenting in dissect-

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ing their flaws; he has frequently been called Egypt's conscience. It is characteristic of Mahfouz to say of himself that on the international scale he is third-rate; still, the consensus is that even if he is not the peer of Dickens or Balzac, to whom he has been compared, he has earned the prize because of the unremitting honesty in his work—an honesty that sets a standard for writers throughout the Third World. I have never succeeded in persuading my friends at home to love Mahfouz's novels as I do, but that disappointment has not dispelled my gratitude to him for revealing to me an Egypt that I could never have hoped to find on my own. His books have offered me a clear look at the dynamics of the social and personal relations of his countrymen—an area that in any country is often impenetrable to foreign observers.

Mahfouz declined to go to Stockholm to accept the Nobel Prize. His friends told me that he could not deal with the prospect of travelling so far, or of putting on white tie and tails to be received by the Swedish king. "I'm very introverted," he told me. "I don't enjoy leaving my milieu." His refusal created consternation in Egypt's literary establishment until he gave in to his wife's urging and agreed to send his two daughters—Um Kalthum, then thirty, and Fatma, twenty-seven—to represent him. To chaperon them and to deliver his Nobel lecture, he chose the playwright Muhammad Salmawy, one of his acolytes. In the lecture Mahfouz expressed pride at being the first to address the Nobel assembly in the Arabic language, which he called "the real winner of the prize."

Extremely jealous of his privacy, Mahfouz reveals little of his personal life even to longtime friends, and he resisted all my efforts to visit him in his home or to meet his family. He would wave when he saw me outside the Ali Baba, and emit a smile that was generally still on his face when I reached him. Then he would rise in courtly fashion, extending a hand in greeting. He seemed fragile to me; he is slim, and his thinning hair is brushed straight back from a high forehead. His face is remarkably narrow, and he wears tinted glasses so thick as to appear opaque. On most days, he would be dressed in a wool suit cut in the leisure style, and a turtleneck shirt. An untouched cup of coffee would be sitting on the table, and next to it would be several newspapers, of which, he said, he reads only the headlines, because his eyesight is failing. He would order a coffee for me and light a cigarette, and we would exchange a few words, but his English is halting and his hearing poor, so our conversations had to await the arrival of Samira Amar, a translator provided by the American University in Cairo Press, which has been Mahfouz's English-language publisher for many years. She is a handsome and intelligent woman in her early forties, and Mahfouz was always delighted to see her. In his youth he was known as a ladies' man, and his fires have obviously not been damped. Talking with her, he would relax visibly, sometimes making jokes—many of them mocking his private life, which was his way of avoiding the subject—at which the two laughed together. He seemed to enjoy having her lean into his hearing aid to make herself understood. I often thought that his patience in submitting to our lengthy talks had more to do with the presence of Samira Amar than it did with me.

Mahfouz walks to the Ali Baba each morning from his apartment in the middle-class quarter called Agouza, about two miles away, on the west bank of the Nile. This is an experience offering hazards that go well beyond the cars racing around Tahrir Square. For most of his life, one of his joys has been to roam Cairo's streets on foot. The habit has made him a familiar figure to many Cairenes, who would otherwise know him only from his books—or (more likely) the movies that have been made from them. It is also a habit that made him vulnerable when the terrorist wing of Egypt's Islamic fundamentalist movement—the same people who assassinated Sadat—responded to his winning the Nobel Prize by threatening to kill him.

"May I speak to the kid of the house?"

MAHFOUZ's falling-out with orthodox Islam goes back to 1959, when he published the novel called, in English, "The Children of Gebelawi"—Gebelawi being a symbolic representation of a rather unpleasant God. The novel is a departure from his normal preoccupations, which are worldly; it is a metaphysical allegory dealing with the social codes practiced in the name of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, and finding all of them profoundly wanting. That he was evenhanded in examining the three faiths brought him no indulgence in the Islamic community. The novel, serialized in *Al-Ahram* prior to publication, scandalized

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devout Muslims, and before it appeared in book form it was banned by the authorities of the Al-Azhar Mosque, which is the official seat of Islam in Egypt. A Beirut publisher soon began smuggling in a bootleg version, slightly expurgated, which is available in a plain brown wrapper at a few downtown bookshops. I obtained a copy after spending an hour persuading a shop owner—who pretended at first never to have heard of such a thing—that I needed it for my research. Most Cairo intellectuals got their copies in the same way. When the Nobel award was announced, the fundamentalists feared that "Gebelawi" would be removed from the proscribed list, but their concern was not limited to keeping the novel off the market. They have still not forgiven Mahfouz for writing it, and they decried his selection by the Nobel committee as evidence of a Western plot to discredit Islam.

The controversy took on more serious dimensions a few months later, when Ayatollah Khomeini pronounced a death sentence on Salman Rushdie for the sacrilegious content of his novel "The Satanic Verses." Mahfouz acted promptly to defend Rushdie's right of expression, calling Khomeini a terrorist; predictably, his position further inflamed the fundamentalists. Denunciations circumspect enough to stay within the law but fiery enough to permit the faithful to reach their own conclusions became standard fare in the Friday sermons delivered in the nation's mosques. The Islamic press gave out ominous warnings—though it, too, took care not to step over the line. Death threats raced through the Cairo grapevine, and a writer for a Muslim newspaper published in London declared, "If only we had behaved in the proper Islamic manner with Naguib Mahfouz, we would not have been assailed by the appearance of Salman Rushdie. Had we killed Naguib Mahfouz, Salman Rushdie would not have appeared." A high-ranking Egyptian cleric linked to Muslim terrorists told a Kuwaiti paper that according to Islamic law Mahfouz should have been done in when "Gebelawi" appeared, on the ground that he had abandoned his religion—though by the time these words were reported in the Cairo papers they had been softened with a proviso that execution could be waived if Mahfouz was willing to repent.

"9:30: Pledge allegiance. 10: Wave flag. 10:30: Sing 'Yankee Doodle.' 11: Show true colors. 11:30: Sing 'God Bless America.' 12: Picnic lunch. 1:30: Wave flag again. . . ."

• •

In fact, Mahfouz *was* willing to repent—or, at least, to distance himself from Rushdie in the interests of prudence. In a press conference at the Kasr el-Nil a few weeks after Khomeini's pronouncement, he rejected any comparison between "The Satanic Verses" and "The Children of Gebelawi," which he called "my illegitimate son" and the product of a phase in his life which had ended thirty years before. His defense of Rushdie, he said, had been quoted out of context, and, furthermore, had been made before he read Rushdie's book, which, he said, as a Muslim he found disgusting. He subsequently gave an interview to a magazine in Cairo in which he declared that while he might defend an author's right to misinterpret Islam he could not tolerate Rushdie's "insults and calumny against Islam and the Prophet."

In the course of our talks at the Ali Baba, I asked Mahfouz if he considered himself a good Muslim, and he said that he did. But when I asked whether he prayed he declined to reply. He acknowledged shifting, after the threats on his life, to what has become the standard position of Muslim "liberals" on the Rushdie case. It holds that Islam has no special immunity from criticism, and that Khomeini certainly had no power to impose a death sentence, but it concedes that Rushdie might quite appropriately be tried in a court of law for slandering Islam or the Prophet, much as any citizen would be tried for slandering a fellow-Egyptian.

"I had to take the threats on my life very seriously," Mahfouz told me. "These people killed the President of the Republic, and they have tried to kill others. They could kill me." Though the Egyptian government took no official position on Khomeini's pronouncement against Rushdie, the Mufti of the Republic—the state religious official who is responsible for interpreting Islamic law—declared that any Muslim who sought to assassinate Mahfouz was insane. On a more practical level, the government offered bodyguards to Mahfouz and asked him to refrain from his long walks alone through the city. A guard was stationed outside his apartment. "I could

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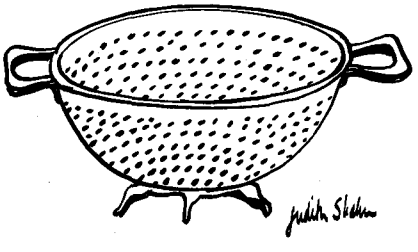
not change my routine," Mahfouz said. "I just try not to think about the danger." At that very moment, he said, there might be a guard outside the Ali Baba, although from the window we never saw anyone who met the description.

I asked Mahfouz if he was disappointed that, after he had been recognized worldwide for his literary achievement, the Al-Azhar Mosque refused to lift its ban on "The Children of Gebelawi." He simply shrugged. I knew that some of his friends had hoped that Egypt's politico-religious establishment would be loath to appear medieval and, in response to the Nobel Prize, would restore Mahfouz's Islamic credentials. The Rushdie fuss, however, has apparently made it impossible for either the government or Al-Azhar to risk such an action.

LIKE all Egyptians, Mahfouz often talks of being shaped by a history that goes back seven thousand years. (A less inflated assessment is five thousand, since historians know little about what was happening along the Nile before the establishment of the first Pharaonic dynasty, around 3100 B.C.) In his Nobel address he cited the importance to contemporary Egyptian culture of Pharaonic civilization—its art, its literature, its architectural miracles. His novels, too, make clear his belief that today's Egyptians are the same people who inhabited the Nile Valley in the time of the Pharaohs —that their nature was not transformed by the Muslim conquest. In his talks with me, he noted with obvious delight that the Islam practiced by Egyptians contains Pharaonic elements —for instance, elaborate burials and the veneration of saints—which offend such Islamic purists as the Saudis. He also pointed out that, more important, Egypt had inherited from the ancients a sense of nationhood unknown to other Arab peoples. Isolated by desert from neighbors to the east and west, endowed with the Nile as a source of agricultural wealth and a channel of communication, Egypt became a cohesive society, with one religion, one artistic style, and one government. Egyptians note with a mixture of conceit and bemusement that their bureaucracy is the oldest in the world, having begun to spin red tape three or four thousand years before the Arabs arrived in the seventh century with the sword and the Koran.

The Arab conquest made the Egyptians Muslim, but did it make them Arabs? The early Arab dynasties succeeded in imposing their language in place of the old Pharaonic tongue and the widely spoken Greek; however, after three hundred years of Arab rule, Egypt fell to the Fatimids (who founded Cairo and Al-Azhar), then to the Ayyubids, the Mamluks, and the Ottomans—all of them Islamic but none of them Arab. Today, Egypt is indisputably a part of the Arab world, but its culture is not strictly Arabic. The spoken language, for example, is a dialect notably different from the colloquial speech of other Arabs. (In his work, Mahfouz, like most Egyptian writers, avoids the dialect in favor of classical Arabic.) Physically, most Egyptians look more like the figures on the walls of their ancient temples than like the descendants of the Semites who came out of the desert. And though, under Nasser, they were swept into the campaign for Arab unity, their enthusiasm seemed to come not from the heart but from a calculation that begs to be called imperial. It is interesting that Anwar Sadat entitled his autobiography "In Search of Identity." As Mahfouz's words to the Nobel assembly suggest, Egypt's thousands of years of civilization imbue it with a feeling if not of superiority then of uniqueness in the Arab world. Other Arabs resent this attitude but know that they must live with it.



Given the Egyptians' deep-seated sense of nationhood, it is hard to explain why they tolerated foreign domination for so many centuries. From the advent of Alexander the Great, in 332 B.C., to the abdication of King Farouk, in 1952, the country was ruled without interruption by non-Egyptians. Most historians hold that the Muslim identity the Egyptians adopted suppressed the yearnings associated in

CITIES

Left at last
The islands melt in the mist

And the copper of the air
Fogs the sail

As the myrtle drifts
Vast and resolute

And we follow other days

The sun
Like a spent flamingo

The sea
Steel blue or ebony crystal

And the moon
So many hands high

Remnants we face the whole

But think of the spiral nebula
The shell of one star

Taste the confetti
Of the ossuary

Think of the astronomers of China
A shroud of eyes

Now we follow other days

Poppy and catkin and willow seeds
Babylonian herds and arrowheads

The delphiniums
In the night ruins

Where you are yet
Though in the past

Trust the jutting boundary

The two
Lost gulls twining below the parallel

It's there we'll veer to the gathering shore
A trembling spar

Castaways
Our routes shall lift and break over the maze

—Robert Mazzocco

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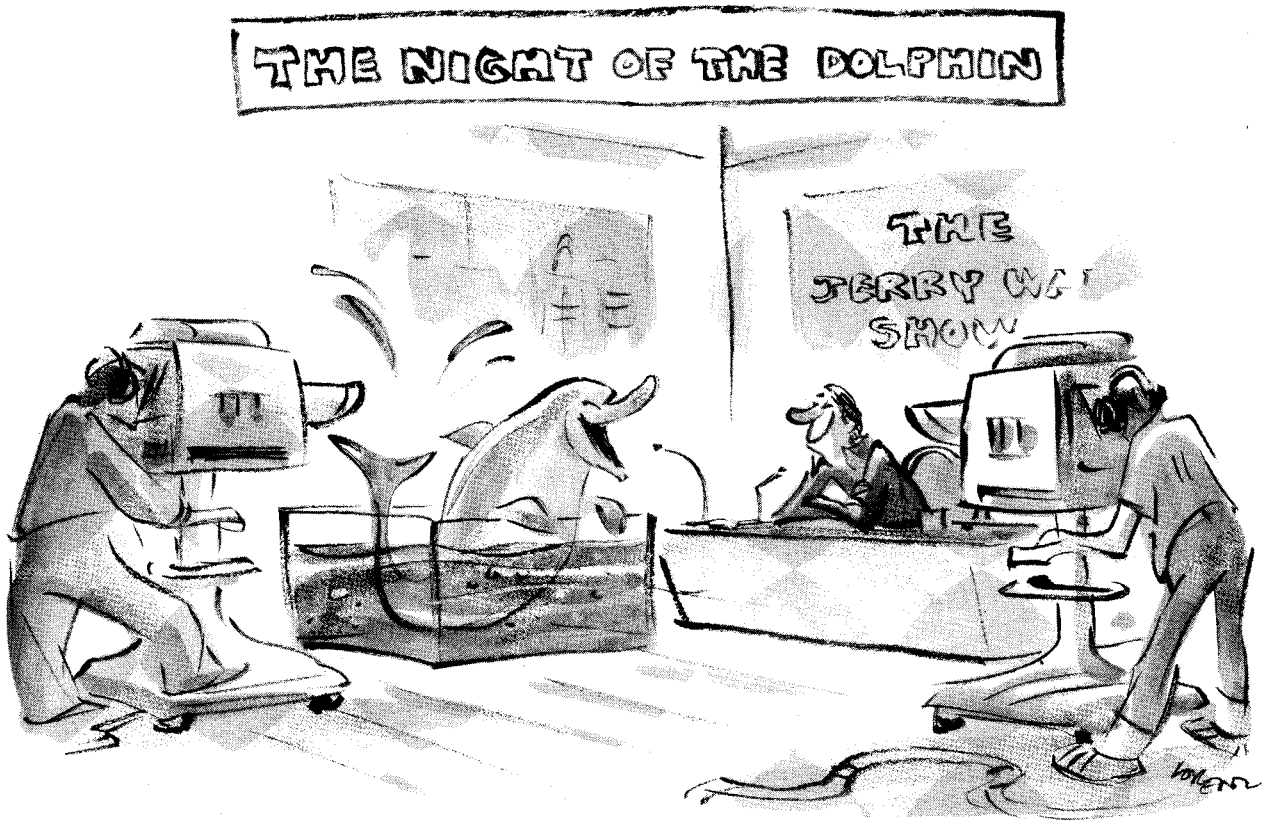

"So I said to Cousteau, 'Look, pal, you're not the only frog in the sea.' But, seriously, Jerry . . ."

• •

modern times with nationalism. But Egyptians have been docile even by Islamic standards. The gentle, bounteous Nile may well have bred rebelliousness out of them; one expert suggests that there was no indulging a taste for insurrection in the flat, narrow Nile Valley, which was easy to police, or in the merciless desert immediately beyond, where no sanctuary was to be found. This political passivity is a factor that Egypt's rulers take for granted. Its other face is that Egyptians, having been alienated for so long from their rulers, do not have very high expectations of their government.

Western values began merging with the Pharaonic-Muslim mixture in 1798, when Napoleon landed at Alexandria and easily defeated the Mamluks, a fraternity of emancipated slaves who were ruling Egypt then in the name of the Ottoman sultans. The French, in their three years of occupation, introduced Egypt to new concepts in law, administration, technology, and public health, and left a strong hunger for Western knowledge behind them, particularly in urban circles. In the vacuum created by their departure, an Albanian freebooter named Muhammad Ali, who had been dispatched to Egypt at the head of an Ottoman force to fight the French, maneuvered his way into power after brutally exterminating his Mamluk rivals. He ruled for four decades, founding a dynasty that, though nominally Ottoman, was free of Ottoman control and lasted a hundred and fifty years. Muhammad Ali resolved to bring Egypt into the modern world. Relying on French advisers, he nationalized agriculture and established state industrial enterprises, applying European technology to both. He broke the Islamic monopoly on education by instituting a system of state schools, and he sent students to Europe, and particularly to France, to bring back a modern curriculum. His policies produced a Westernized intellectual élite, from which there emerged, in time, the likes of Naguib Mahfouz and the restless society he chronicles.

Under Ismail, Muhammad Ali's French-educated grandson, Egypt made a huge leap toward the status of a first-class state. On acceding to power, in 1863, Ismail declared, "My country is no longer in Africa, it is in Europe," and embarked on a grandiose program designed not only to Europeanize Egypt but to make Cairo the rival of Paris. Most celebrated for presiding over the construction of the Suez Canal, Ismail also dug irrigation networks, brought clean water to the cities, built bridges across the Nile, and laid out a telegraph and postal network. He encouraged the founding of newspapers, introduced theatre to Cairo, and built an elegant opera house. To aid him in these enterprises, hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians took up residence, and in Cairo and Alexandria new, European-style quarters were constructed. Throughout the eighteen-sixties, the high prices paid for Egypt's cotton in international markets—a consequence of shortages produced by the American Civil War—fuelled Ismail's ambitions. But when the war ended the market collapsed, and by the mid-eighteen-seventies Egypt was bankrupt. This being the heyday of colonialism, the European powers, which once vied to finance Ismail, now used his indebtedness as a lever for

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"All my dirndls are at the dry cleaner's."

• •

domination. In 1879, they forced Ismail to abandon his throne and seek refuge abroad. Three years later, British troops took possession of the Suez Canal, seized Cairo, and confirmed the accession of Ismail's son, Tawfiq, the first of a line of weak khedives who identified with the occupiers rather than with the rising tide of Egyptian nationalism. Yet Britain never formally asserted sovereignty in Egypt; it authorized the establishment of a parliament without substantive powers, and consistently promised Egyptians independence. But decade after decade passed, and Britain's army—and its corps of civil servants—stayed on. The British deferred to the fiction of Ottoman rule until the First World War, when they declared Egypt a protectorate.

For Egypt these were years of deepening resentment of foreigners—not just those who governed but the privileged European communities, largely exempt from local law, that were changing the face of Cairo and Alexandria. Yet hand in hand with this resentment went a growing attraction to such Western concepts as elected government, free expression, political parties, and popular suffrage. Egyptian intellectuals were comfortable substituting secularist European ideals for the political teachings of Islam. They continued to cultivate Ismail's dream of creating a first-class state, convinced that democracy would somehow emancipate them from colonial oppression. This was Egypt's Liberal Age, and its high point was the so-called Revolution of 1919, a short-lived series of anti-British demonstrations touched off by Britain's adamant refusal, even after the war was won, to negotiate Egypt's independence.

Mahfouz's "Cairo Trilogy," generally considered his masterwork, chronicles the latter part of the Liberal Age, through the experiences of the Jawad family, who live in one of the alleys of Gamaliya, where Mahfouz was born. The "Trilogy" is probably the most autobiographical of his works, and Mahfouz has acknowledged that he modelled the family's youngest son, whose growing up is threaded through the twelve-hundred-page text, on himself. The Jawad family is traditional in structure, middle-class in income, and jealous of its status in the community. The father, the tyrannical Al-Sayyid Ahmad, and Amina, his submissive wife, try valiantly to keep the old lines of authority intact, but the family is increasingly riven by currents of modern thinking, and the parents inevitably fail. The "Trilogy" went virtually unnoticed in the West until Mahfouz won the Nobel Prize; Doubleday later acquired the American rights, and the first volume, "Palace Walk" (the Arabic title means "Between the Two Palaces" and refers to what was once a ceremonial ground linking mansions of the Fatimid caliphs; it is now a thoroughfare in Gamaliya), was published in February. It is vintage Mahfouz, in that he describes the Revolution of 1919 without a trace of romanticism, reminding us that it was ambivalent in conception and irresolute in execution. Fahmy, the oldest son and the only Jawad to join in the protests, dies at the end, not in an act of heroism but "by mistake": he is shot during a student demonstration held to celebrate what Egypt took to be a victory. Mahfouz writes movingly of Fahmy's futile efforts to persuade his parents to sanction his involvement in the nationalist movement. "How can you expose yourself to danger when you're such an intelligent person?" Fahmy's mother asks. Fahmy has no answer:

> He was closer to the heavens than he was to convincing her that he had a duty to expose himself to danger for the sake of the nation. In her eyes, the nation was not worth the clippings from his fingernail. . . . Whenever the subject came up in a conversation she would remark quite simply, "Why do you despise them, son? Aren't they people like us with sons and mothers?" Fahmy would reply sharply, "But they're occupying our country." She would sense the bitter anger in his voice and fall silent. There would be a veiled look of concern in her eyes. . . . Once when he was exasperated by her reasoning, he had told her, "A people ruled by foreigners has no life." She had replied in astonishment, "But we're still alive, even though they've been ruling us for a long time. I bore all of you under their rule. Son, they don't kill us and they don't interfere with the mosques. The community of Muhammad is still thriving."

The other members of the family are scarcely more patriotic, and, unfortunately for Egypt, their pragmatism was vindicated. After the uprising, the Wafd Party, which had directed it, could not reach agreement with the British on a formula that satisfied British security concerns, so Britain ended by issuing a unilateral declaration acknowledging the principle of Egyptian sovereignty while reserving to itself the ultimate power over foreign and military policy, and much of domestic security as well. Ahmad Fuad, the great-grandson of Muhammad Ali, endorsed the British terms and in 1922 named himself King Fuad I, proclaiming a new constitution that established a parliamentary system tilted heavily in favor of the monarchy. In the years that followed—a time of worldwide economic depression—the struggle be-

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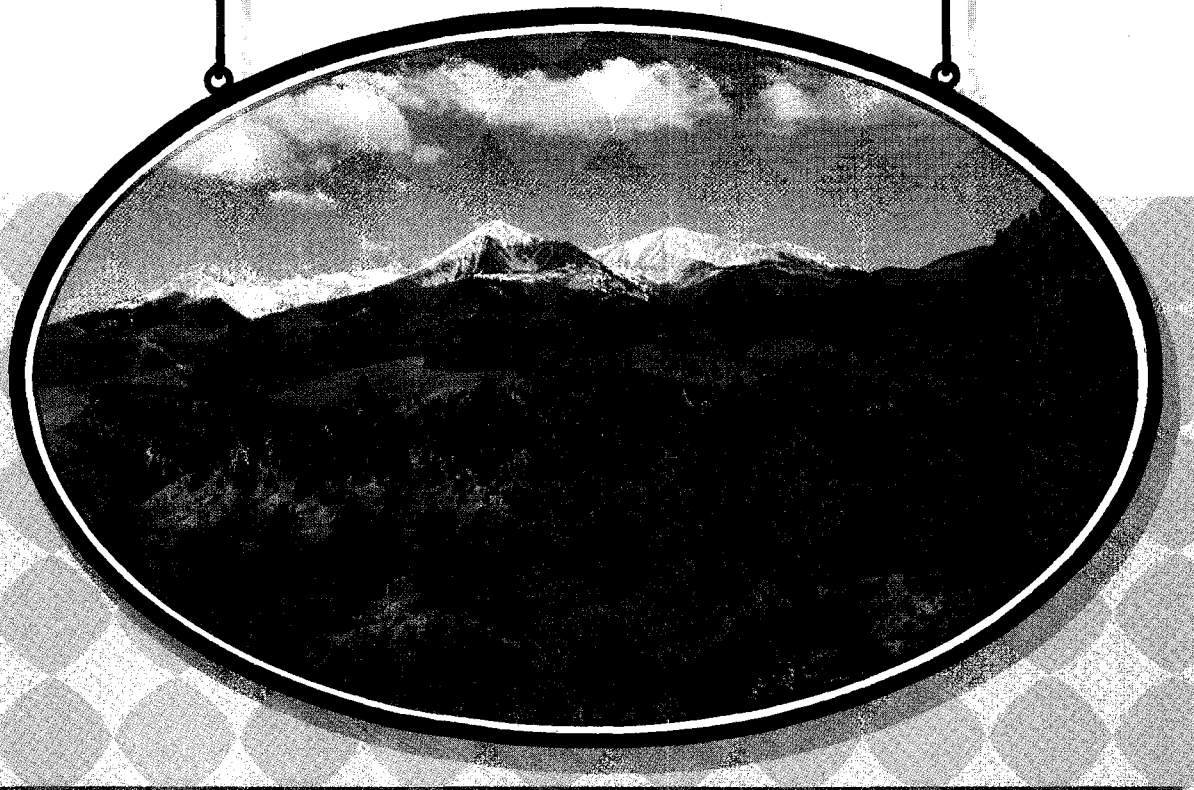

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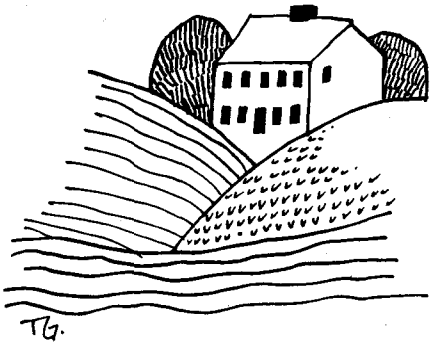
tween the monarchy and the nationalists dominated Egyptian politics, with corruption and violence becoming increasingly common on both sides. In 1936, Fuad I was succeeded by his son Farouk, whose ideas were no more democratic than his father's, and whose habits were even more dissolute than those of the members of the parliament.

"Maybe my generation of intellectuals was the last one that really believed in democracy," Mahfouz said in one of our morning talks. "I was proud of our 1919 revolution and proud to be a Wafdist. But the top priority of the revolution was not democracy; it was to get rid of foreign rule. Egypt was the first country in our century to rise up against European occupation. The people, led by the Wafd, ended the protectorate but failed to gain real independence, and, in any case, the Wafd did not know how to govern in a democracy. Democracy is not deeply rooted in our culture. Egyptians would make sacrifices for independence, but they did not value democracy, and so, step by step, our system fell apart. The generation that came after mine blamed democracy for the corruption of the monarchy and the privileges of the rich. I believe that the blame really belongs to Britain's colonialism and Egypt's kings. But, whoever was responsible, most Egyptians had concluded by the start of the Second World War that democracy offered nothing—not social justice, not freedom, not even full independence. They laughed at democracy."

WHILE the Liberal Age wound down to an ignominious end, life in Cairo's alleys, resistant to the advances of modern times, became both more difficult and less rewarding. Few Westerners have ever seen much charm in the alleys. An English traveller in the eighteen-twenties, when Cairo was nothing but alleys, noted, "In a city containing three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, there is not one tolerable street. Splendid mosques, some of which surpass, in my estimation, those of Constantinople, are built in . . . filthy lanes; the public thoroughfares are hardly twelve feet wide, darkened by mats to impede the rays of the sun, and choked with putrid vegetables and reeking offals, from the various stalls which line the streets. The first thing that astonishes a stranger in Cairo is the squalid wretchedness." Yet, eternal as they seemed, the alleys could not hold off change forever. The modernization of Cairo, which began with Khedive Ismail, brought electricity, sewers, running water, and, most notably, schools; but it also brought inflated social expectations, which became the raw material for Mahfouz's novels. Today's alley-dwellers, particularly the young, almost invariably end up disappointed, victims of Egypt's perpetually stagnant economy. A few, with talent and ambition, may break free of the trap. Many go into the state bureaucracy, where they can at least count on a regular income, a little power, a retirement pension, and (important in a status-conscious society) a measure of prestige commensurate with their educational attainment. But the rest, unless they turn to crime, find only subsistence work, and spend their lives at the economic and social margins.

In an earlier era, the alleys were socially integrated: the rich had bigger, nicer homes, but they lived next door to the poor. The Europeans, in establishing new quarters near the Nile, introduced the notion of good and bad neighborhoods to the Egyptians. Well-to-do families, like the Jawads, began moving away from the alleys, leaving behind a culture increasingly defined by poverty. During the Second World War, peasants from the countryside, responding to a demand for labor, began to occupy the space that the rich had vacated. When no more of it remained, they subdivided, built additions on roofs, doubled up in tiny rooms, and then doubled up again. Even the gracious courtyards of traditional houses were colonized, giving to the narrow streets the recreational and social role the courtyard had played. Privacy, cherished in a community that hides its women, steadily diminished, and women became an accepted part of the street scene. The personal interdependence that had historically softened physical hardship gave way to more distant relationships. Meanwhile, rent freezes discouraged building maintenance; roofs were left to leak, and trash went uncollected.



Clearly, population growth and displacement—Cairo's population has risen from two million to fourteen million in the postwar years—severely strained the social controls that came with knowing everyone in the neighborhood; what is astonishing, from the Western perspective, is that the bonds did not break. It helped that old and new residents shared the values and traditions of Islam. The structure of the extended family generally remained strong. The shopkeepers of the alleys maintained tight surveillance over suspicious strangers. Mahfouz makes clear in his work that alcohol was always present in the alleys—notwithstanding Islamic strictures—and so were prostitution and drugs; nor were the alleys ever free of violent crime. But, somehow, the vices were not allowed to devour the society, and daily life, in the streets no less than in the homes, did not come to be pervaded by physical fear. If, externally, the alleys came to resemble Western slums, their inhabitants seem not to have acquired the self-destructive slum mentality that Americans associate with their own worst urban neighborhoods.

For me Mahfouz's Gamaliya was a fascinating place to visit, chiefly because of its gorgeous old mosques and madrasahs. Some of them date back to the Mamluks of the thirteenth century, some to the Fatimids a century earlier, but almost all are in serious disrepair. A few wear the sagging scaffolding of decades-old restoration work, performed lackadaisically by Egyptians and financed, as likely as not, by a Western foundation. In the courtyards of the mosques, old men in rags lie on the pavement, taking the afternoon sun; in the madrasahs, students cluster around their imam, absorbing the Koran. The government has restored several handsome houses, built by long-departed merchants. Their lush gardens are blooming, and their upper windows are covered with latticed *mashribiyas*—the shutters through which sequestered women once looked out upon the street. But the reminders of vanished riches cannot veil the evidence of poverty. You walk in Gamaliya along crowded streets with beguiling names—Street of the Judge's

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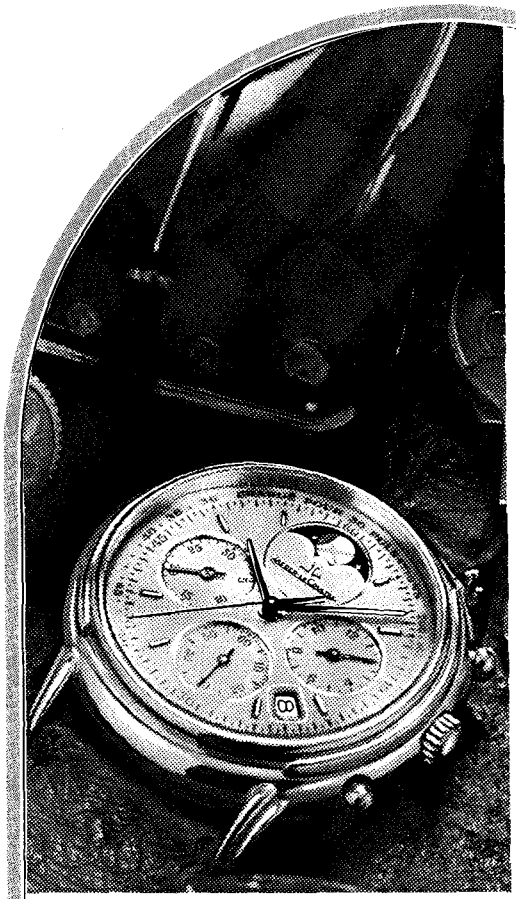
House, Sugar Bowl Street (the title of the final volume of the "Trilogy"), Street of the Tobacco Merchants—and you do not feel threatened. But the pavement is muddied with water running from unrepaired sewers, and trash heaps require frequent detours. A building whose ground floor is graced by pointed arches rises three or four stories in unsightly concrete blocks. A man stops to wash at an Ottoman-era *sabil*, a public fountain decorated in richly colored marble; behind him stands a heavy middle-aged woman waiting her turn to fill a pitcher for the evening's cooking. A dark-eyed mother shrouded in a black abaya sits on a doorstep feeding bits of bread to her unwashed babies. Persistent young boys hustle souvenirs or postcards in accomplished English. One small shop offers coal for sale by the chunk, weighed on a primitive scale, while in another a tailor presses pants with an iron he heats in an open fire.

"There are moments in a man's life when he feels a certain spiritual dryness," Mahfouz told me. "When I go to Gamaliya, all sorts of images rush to my mind, and I feel full again. A man must have some place to hold on to, something that can move him emotionally." Indeed, it is said that every Cairene, wherever in the city he has been reared, has—for better or worse—something of the alley within him.

One morning, I asked Mahfouz why, given his deep attachment to the alleys, he portrays its male inhabitants so negatively. The women of his novels are generally not only dutiful but strong, whereas the men are almost invariably self-centered, exploitative, weak, ready to abandon substance for appearance. Few of them are even likable. Mahfouz's best-known male is probably Al-Sayyid Ahmad al-Jawad, who has become an archetype—as Hamlet or Scrooge, say, has in our own culture. He is the paterfamilias who is hail-fellow-well-met among his friends and a tyrant and hypocrite at home. Mahfouz's other male characters are no more engaging. In the novel "Respected Sir," Othman Bayyumi, a lifelong functionary (some say that here Mahfouz was satirizing his own career as a civil servant), focusses his attention on promotions, sacrificing love and his own integrity to position and recognizing only on the eve of his death that all has been a waste. In "Autumn Quail," two promising



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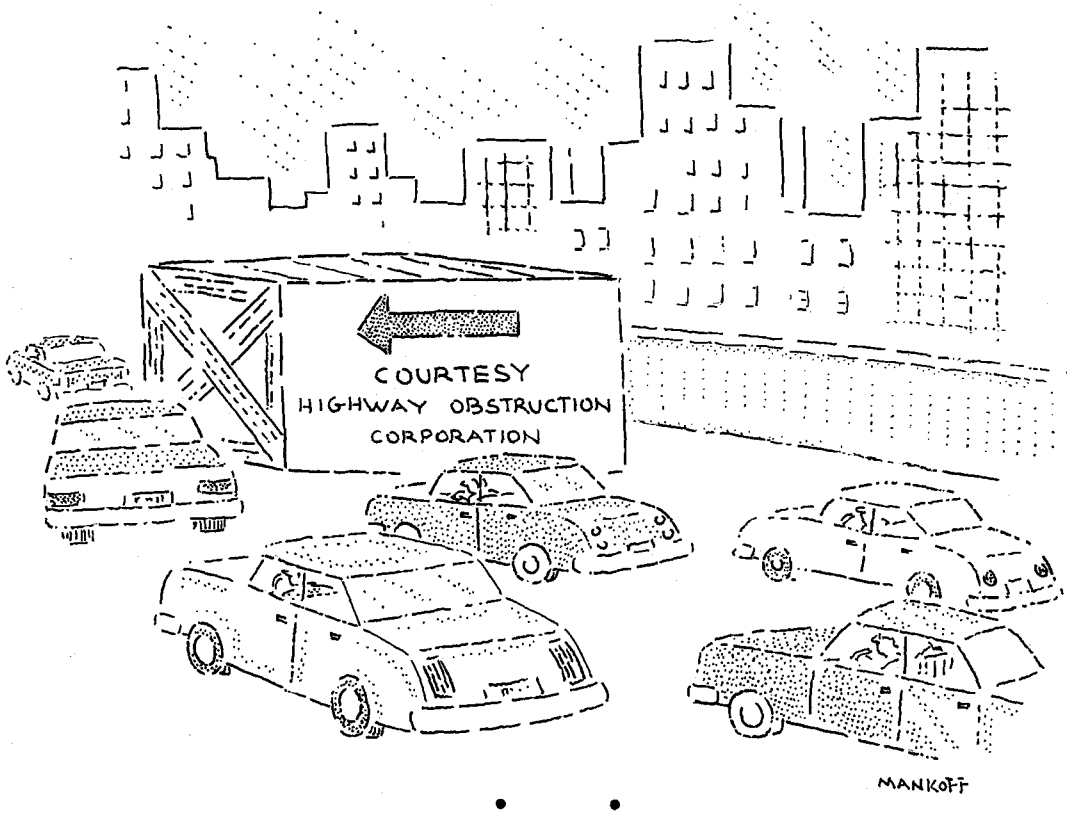

young government officials, paralyzed by a shift in political winds, are destroyed, one for lack of adaptability, the other for lack of honesty. Perhaps Mahfouz's most contemptible character is Hassanein Kamel Ali, the impoverished protagonist of "The Beginning and the End," whose hunger for respectability strips him of qualms about abusing anyone, even his own family. When his black-sheep brother, whose crimes financed Hassanein's education, is brought home wounded after a gang battle, Hassanein muses, "I'm the one who's really injured. . . . As for him, he's sound asleep in a happy state of unconsciousness. . . . Recovery would be more serious than death. If his condition becomes worse, the police will be informed. And if it improves, his existence will continue to weigh heavily upon me until his enemies inform the police. So scandal is inevitable. Is there no escape? I loathe this wounded man, I loathe myself and even life itself." The book ends with Hassanein forcing his sister, who has become a prostitute, to commit suicide, after which, in a fit of hopelessness, he kills himself.

The anxiety of Egyptian men about appearances was exemplified for me in a talk I had with a prominent Western-trained Egyptian intellectual, who complained that he was about to go deep into debt to buy an apartment for his newlywed daughter, although her husband was a professional with a lucrative position. When I asked why he was doing this, he explained that it was his traditional responsibility as a father. Not only his children but his relatives and his friends expected it of him, he said, and, as an Egyptian, he would be forever shamed if he failed to carry out his paternal duty.

The system of values that produces such attitudes was explained to me by Dr. Nawal el-Messiri Nadim, an Egyptian anthropologist who wrote a dissertation for Indiana University based on two years of living among the people of Sugar Bowl Street. In the culture of the alleys, she said, what others think of you is more important than any individual achievement, since an alley-dweller is not just a person but part of a social network. Mahfouz's Hassanein knew that if his brother was exposed as a criminal or his sister was known as a prostitute it made no difference what he did himself: his career would be ruined, and he would have no prospect of marrying into a good family. "This is real," Dr. Nadim said. "This is not imagined. Mahfouz's characters are very true to life. The quality of the furniture that your friend buys for his daughter's apartment is considered the community's business. Relatives and friends come to visit, and they check up on the fabric. Everybody knows. Your friend's accomplishment in life is measured by how well he meets the obligation." Though it began in the alleys, Dr. Nadim said, the value system that determines this conduct is recognized by all Cairenes. In spite of the huge demographic transformation, the system has neither changed nor softened, she said, and shores up the social structure of the city.

When I pressed Mahfouz on the deficiencies of his male characters, he smiled enigmatically and was slow to respond. He insisted that the traits he sketched would not neutralize Egypt's efforts to become a first-class country. "I guess I did much of my writing during an era when Egypt felt defeated," he said. "That has been the case through most of my life. Ours has not been an era of heroism. My characters were poor. The economic system did not give them much hope. I have no doubt that Hassanein would have been a better man under better conditions. Yet it is true that I admire Egyptian women more. Jawad's wife, Amina, may have been mousy. She was kept by her husband in a permanent state of terror, but it was because of her that in crisis the family stayed together. It may be the women who save Egypt."

READERS of "Palace Walk" will remember the yearning of Amina, who was sequestered in the house, to visit the famous Al-Hussein Mosque, the minarets of which she could see from her window. The mosque, at the edge of the labyrinthine Khan el-Khalili bazaar, is dedicated to Al-Hussein, the grandson of the Prophet Muhammad, who was killed at the Battle of Karbala, in Iraq, in 680. Five hundred years after the battle, a head said to be his was brought to Cairo and placed in a shrine where the mosque stands now. One of Cairo's largest mosques, it was built during Ismail's reign. Every year, hundreds of thousands of fellahin flock to Cairo to spend a few days at a *moulid*, or religious street festival, held to celebrate the anniversary of the head's arrival. The *moulid* is a favorite gathering for

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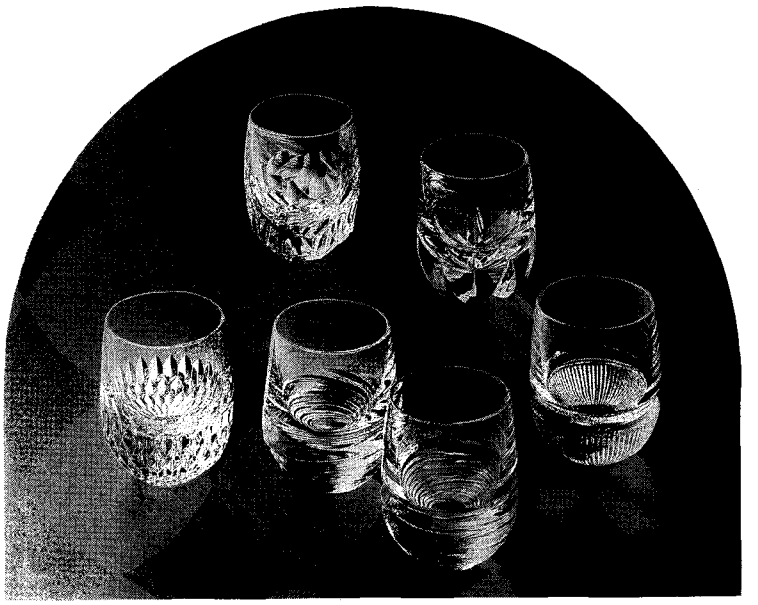
brotherhoods of Sufis, Muslims whose worship consists of inducing in themselves a mystical trance. Few sophisticated Cairenes will go anywhere near the Al-Hussein Mosque at *moulid* time.

I arranged to attend the *moulid* with my friend Ali Darwish, a poet, who admitted to being something of a Sufi himself. We arrived at the square in front of the mosque in the early evening, before the festivities were under way, and Ali suggested that we pass some time at Fishawi, a celebrated café in the Khan el-Khalili. Fishawi is a fixture in Mahfouz's stories; in his younger days, he told me, he often went there to smoke a narghile and ruminate on his life and work. Ali and I sat at a long outdoor table, in an alley brightly lit by strings of colored bulbs that hung overhead, and drank tiny glasses of sugary mint tea. The foot traffic through the alley was heavy; diversity of dress announced the presence of Egyptians of every station, the men in turbans, scarves, skullcaps, and woollen hats, and the women ranging from citified teen-agers in bluejeans to veiled grandmothers. Near us at the table, her legs tucked under her on the bench, was a copiously tattooed and made-up woman of eighty or so chain-smoking cigarettes. Ali said she was one of the characters of the quarter and was known as the Queen of Sufi. A man in a galabia walked by leading a cow; young boys, presumably en route to nearby restaurants, hurried past with great wooden trays of steaming bread on their heads; a little girl approached the table, swinging an incense pot, to ask for coins; a handsome woman wearing a man's tattered jacket over a flowered dress stopped to serenade us in a monotone with songs in praise of Al-Hussein, and a man playing a trombone accompanied her. Mixing with the smoke of the narghiles (for which a waiter every few minutes brought hot coals and fresh tobacco) was the pervasive odor of unwashed bodies and cooked garlic.

After an hour or two, Ali announced that it was time for the *moulid*, and we left Fishawi. By then, the square in front of the mosque was overrun—mostly by bearded men wearing galabias of rough peasant fabric. A few had women with them; some carried children on their shoulders. Decorated stands at the edges of the square sold souvenirs, candy, cheap jewelry,



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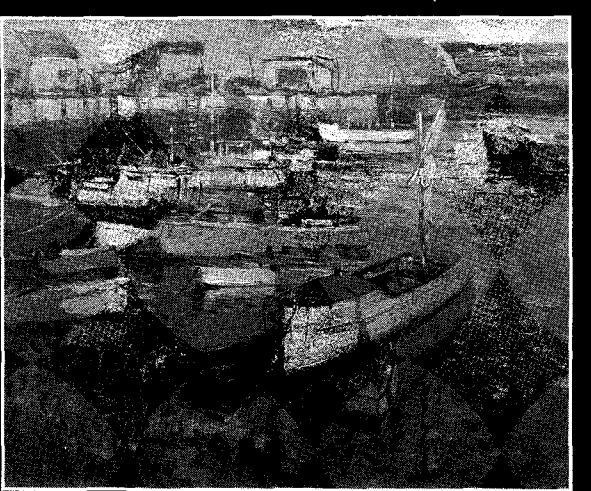

"Boats Moored-Inner Harbor"
Oil on canvas, SLR, 20½" × 24", circa 1940.

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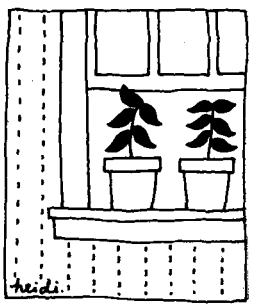
photographs of Egyptian movie stars, and little cone-shaped party hats. Ali and I circled the exterior of the mosque, two of whose sides were partitioned by giant draperies into compartments ten or twelve feet wide. Each of these, Ali told me, was the meeting place of a different *tariqa*, or Sufi lay order. In some of them, men were playing an instrument that sounded like a bagpipe while other men danced slowly to the music. Later that night, all the space around the mosque would be alive with Sufi ceremonies, Ali said, but now the compartments seemed to be there chiefly to provide bed and board to the visiting families.



The huge interior of the mosque was stuffy, noisy, disorderly, and dazzlingly lit. Various sheikhs were conducting separate services for audiences seated on the stone floor before them. Here and there, an armed soldier stood silently, presumably to enforce order, though no one in the sweaty, pushing throng seemed at all quarrelsome. With some difficulty, Ali and I made our way into the shrine of Al-Hussein's head, a narrow side room that had at its center a large glass sarcophagus decorated in hammered silver. Moving with the crowd, and occasionally stumbling over the feet of worshippers seated against the walls, we shuffled around this structure, and then Ali led me down a long corridor, past dingy rooms where men sat on their haunches eating, to a small, smoke-filled chamber that looked like a storeroom for documents. There a dozen men—neighborhood dignitaries, it turned out—were seated around a table finishing off plates of rice and meat. Ali greeted them warmly, and told me that as part of the tradition of the *moulid* the mosque officials offer food to all travellers. I was welcome to partake, Ali said, and a bearded man in a white turban confirmed the invitation with a gracious wave of his hand toward the table. But the heat, the smoke, and the smells of the evening had taken their toll of my appetite, and I declined as politely as I could. As soon as it seemed decent to do so, I nodded to the company and headed for the fresh air. When I last saw him, Ali was deep in conversation, waiting for the next sitting of dinner.

In a report on the *moulid* the following morning the *Egyptian Gazette*, the local English-language newspaper, estimated the crowd at the mosque at a million believers. At the Ali Baba, I told Mahfouz about my experiences, which led us back to an earlier discussion about whether this profoundly Islamic people was ready for secular democracy. Mahfouz made the argument, which I have also heard from other Muslims, that democracy is embedded in Islamic doctrine. The early successors of the Prophet Muhammad, he said, were chosen by a consultative body called the *shura*—a kind of proto-parliamentary assembly. It was, in fact, over the selection process that the great schism in Islam, between Shiites (the word means "partisans" and refers to the supporters of Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law) and the Sunni majority, occurred. The Shiites, contending that the succession should remain in the immediate family, held that the *shura* was too political for a religious community. Though Islam does not recognize the distinction between Caesar's realm and God's, Mahfouz said, only the Shiites are interested in a theocratic state; Sunni states have always had secular governments. Islam contains no concept that, like Europe's "divine right," might be used to sanctify hereditary despotism. "The autocrats who have ruled the Arabs over the centuries have not drawn from our Islamic heritage," he said, adding that though democracy had become an idea associated with the West, it might have been identified with Islam but for the cruel tricks of history.

EGYPT came out of the Second World War with both the monarchy and the nationalist movement discredited. Britain, while in retreat elsewhere in its empire, insisted on staying in Egypt, if only to keep watch over the Suez Canal, and this encouraged the rise of anti-democratic groups on both the left and the right—Communists, the fascistic Young Egypt, and, most notably, the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood, all of which exhibited far more energy than the Wafd. The Brotherhood used terror to undermine the political system and, more than any other group, fanned the fervor that brought the decision in 1948 to go to war against Israel. Egypt's subsequent defeat exposed the government's incompetence, irresolution, and corruption, weakening its ability to maintain order. By the early nineteen-fifties, industrial strikes, political assassinations, and student demonstrations followed on one another, with violence increasingly directed against the British forces. On January 25, 1952, British soldiers at the canal bombarded an administrative compound of the local police, killing fifty Egyptians. The next day, mobs set fire to Cairo.

Egypt's monarchic-parliamentary regime was overthrown a few months later—not by any of the known extremist groups but by the Free Officers, a secret association of young Army officers led by Gamal Abdel Nasser. Anwar Sadat, who at various times had flirted with the Brotherhood, Young Egypt, and even the Marxists, had been a key organizer of the group, but he gave up its leadership when the British imprisoned him in 1942 for making contact with German intelligence. Nasser succeeded him. Both men were of lower-middle-class origin, and both had turned eighteen in 1936, the year that the British, mindful of the approaching war, authorized the expansion of the Egyptian Army. The Royal Military Academy offered Sadat and Nasser a career never before available to young men of their class. But at the academy they became avid nationalists, who certainly did not see the Army as a way to serve Britain or King Farouk; for them it was an instrument of political and social revolution. Nasser, who had seen combat in 1948 against Israel (Sadat was once more in prison), bore personal witness to the depravity of the regime. Neither he nor his co-conspirators, however, had crafted a political philosophy that went beyond a desire to expel Britain and overthrow the monarchy. Few Egyptians had regarded the Army as a candidate for power. Egypt's thinking had been shaped by a century of parliamentarism; if there was an alternative, it appeared to come from traditional Islam. The country had not had a military regime since the Mamluks. Yet the Free Officers took over without firing a shot.

"For years, we asked ourselves what the way was out of the monarchy and the corruption of the regime," Mahfouz said to me. "We asked,

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'When will the people revolt?' Then one morning we woke up and our entire past was gone."

At the time, no one knew much about Nasser. In the first days after the coup, both the old-style politicians and the Muslim Brothers talked about using the Free Officers—whose ruling organ was called the Revolutionary Command Council—to serve their own political ends. Their illusions vanished with the onset of authoritarianism. In its first three weeks, the R.C.C. executed the leaders of a strike. Then it purged the officers' corps and the higher ranks of the civil service. After briefly jailing the old political leaders, it barred them from office, and it cracked down on municipal councils, the bar association, and the press. It organized a huge security apparatus and dissolved the Muslim Brotherhood, its principal enemy, whose leadership went underground. Following an attempt on Nasser's life in 1954, the R.C.C. tried more than a thousand people for high treason, targeting Communists as well as Muslim Brothers and routinely torturing prisoners. In 1955, the regime executed six Muslim Brothers; by then, it held more than three thousand political prisoners. Meanwhile, the collective responsibility of the R.C.C. had given way to the dictatorship of the charismatic Nasser, who ruled through the pervasive Arab Socialist Union, a party modelled on the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. To their astonishment, and with mixed feelings, Egyptians found that their revolution had produced despotism.

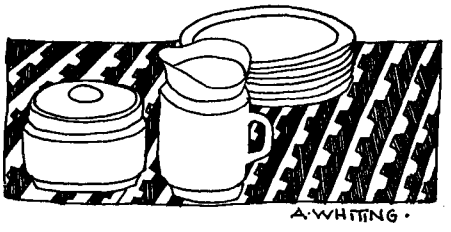
While their liberty was slipping away, however, Egyptians also found grounds for applauding the regime. On the domestic side, it decreed a major land reform, which dramatically improved the conditions of life for most of the peasantry. It nationalized almost the entire economy (a policy that ultimately proved disastrous), and it established a structure of state enterprises whose aim—at least partly successful—was to transform Egypt into an industrial society. It also heavily taxed the rich. In foreign affairs, the regime reached an agreement that removed Britain's troops from Egyptian territory. (Eighty thousand British soldiers had been at the canal in 1952.) In 1955, Egypt became a founder of the Non-Aligned Movement, then signed an arms-purchase agreement with the Soviet Union, which ended its dependency on the Western powers. In 1956, Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal, and, after President Eisenhower reversed the results of the Israeli-British-French victory in the brief Suez War, he claimed a victory over imperialism, vowed a rematch with Israel, and launched a campaign to assert his leadership of the Arab world. Nasser's overreaching was paving the way for what were to be devastating military defeats—one in Yemen, the other in the Sinai—in the nineteen-sixties, but the vision of national glory, so long denied to Egyptians, was like dust in their eyes.

"The generation of intellectuals that came after me was thrilled by Nasser," Mahfouz told me. "They didn't like the dictatorship, but they were excited by his heroism in the fight against imperialism and by the social justice that the revolution had brought. I had a serious break with my mentor, Hakim, over the revolution. Having long before lost his patience with Egyptian democracy, he was lenient toward Nasser. Frankly, I was surprised at how easily Egyptians accepted the dictatorship. But Nasser gave them what they wanted—free education, land, jobs—and dictatorship was a price they willingly paid. The people who gained from the revolution quickly forgot everything else. I, too, was impressed by the achievements of the revolution, but, unlike Hakim, I was frightened of the dictatorship from the very first day. My friends and I would meet in the Café Riche. We were angry, yet we were very careful in our conversations. We knew that the walls had ears, that spies were listening to us. What we saw all around us persuaded us to keep our opinions to ourselves. We kept democracy in our hearts, but we didn't even dream of opposing the regime."

Not until Nasser was safely buried did Tawfiq al-Hakim make a public confession. "Where were the thinkers in this country?" he wrote. "And where was I who loved freedom of thought? The fact is that we . . . felt no constraint. On the contrary, I was happy with the coming of these young men and dazzled by what they had undertaken in throwing out the king. . . . I welcomed this revolution and did not grieve for the loss of the constitution. This, then, is my responsibility." Hakim's confession—the English translation is entitled "The Return of Consciousness"—was not received with much sympathy, his critics noting how little courage it took to attack Nasser after he was dead, but Mahfouz, in our talks, made no claims about his own courage during the era. He wrote the final draft of the "Trilogy" in 1952, the year of the coup, and did not produce another novel until "The Children of Gebelawi," in 1959. An Israeli specialist (the top experts on Mahfouz, interestingly, are Israelis) has cited passages that he says show Mahfouz to have regularly used allegory during the Nasser years to condemn the regime. Were the Nasserites fooled? Unlike many of his fellow-writers, Mahfouz never went to jail. He was in trouble with the police once, he said, for a 1966 novel (not yet translated into English) called "Chit-chat on the Nile," in which there are critical allusions to the political system, but he paid no penalty. As a novel, "Gebelawi" is itself a strong statement against authority, but with that exception Mahfouz's work during the period consisted, as it always had, of stories of everyday life, and if they contain allegorical references these are not particularly apparent.

"It is true that when I attacked the dictatorship I was symbolic," he told me. "What saved me, I suppose, was that I had no impact on the masses. Since I belonged to no party and had no connection with any foreign embassy, I was not a threat to Nasser. Still, I never felt secure during the Nasser era. My wife used to say that when she went out shopping she was sure that someone was watching her. I always worried that one night someone would come knocking at the door. I was lucky."

The Nasser era ended in a few bloody days in 1967, when Israel decimated the Egyptian Army and positioned units at the Suez Canal, some sixty miles from Cairo. Mahfouz, like nearly all Egyptians, still displays humiliation and anger when he talks about the Six-Day War. It demonstrated, he said, that Nasser's regime was scarcely less corrupt than the monarchy had been. The Army was under the command of incompetent men, favor-



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ites of Nasser; the troops themselves were poorly motivated and lacked discipline. No one fought, he said; everybody ran. The war was over so fast that those of his friends at the Café Riche who were in the reserves did not even get a chance to put on their uniforms. The defeat took the wind out of the regime and the will out of its leader. Nevertheless, when Nasser died, three years later, Egyptians recalled the grandeur, forgave the blunders, and cried over his bier.

Anwar Sadat dramatically reversed Nasser's course, moving away from the Soviet Union and the Arab world and closer to the West. In 1972, he expelled the fifteen-thousand-man Soviet military contingent that Nasser had invited to Egypt. In 1973, he won Egypt's heart by successfully sending its Army across the Suez to recapture a segment of the Sinai which Nasser had lost. Building on Egypt's recovered self-esteem, he then initiated the process of peacemaking with Israel, which culminated in his trip to Jerusalem, in 1977, and the Camp David agreement, a year later. Meanwhile, he undertook a process of liberalization, which he hoped would revive the economy. Though he did not substantially depart from Nasser's practice of one-man rule, he restored many of the attributes of a free society, authorizing electoral challenges to the ruling party, lifting censorship, renewing the integrity of the courts, and diminishing the presence of the secret police in Egyptian daily life.

"Sadat moved us back toward democracy, though I don't know whether he believed in it or not," Mahfouz told me. "What he gave us, however, was far from real democracy—it contained many traces of authoritarianism. But it was a change of direction which, with some setbacks, has continued. And for a while we felt relieved. Sadat's great contribution was to turn the country to constructive goals and values. The most important was to bring Egypt peace."

Mahfouz told me that he began thinking of peace with Israel after the defeat of 1967, while Nasser was still in office. Peacemaking was not a course that he could explore openly, though he talked about it with Hakim, and the two agreed that it was senseless for Egypt to remain indefinitely in the posture adopted by Nasser—of no war, no peace. "I witnessed five wars in my generation," Mahfouz said. "After every one, we had to start over from scratch to build our country. That's why I was against war. Sadat knew we could not wage another war, and so did Nasser. So why not peace? To my way of thinking, the pride of the Arabs would not be destroyed by peace."

Discussions about peace intensified in the cafés after Nasser died. In the Ministry of Culture, where Mahfouz worked, quasi-official meetings among the senior civil servants were occasionally held to explore political alternatives. Mahfouz was even bold enough to convey his thinking privately to Sadat, who answered with public mockery: "Mahfouz and Hakim want me to negotiate peace. God forbid!" But in 1973, after the canal crossing, Sadat himself took the initiative in peacemaking, and began looking for allies among Egypt's intellectuals. A month after the ceasefire, Mahfouz, in his column in *Al-Ahram*, called on Arabs everywhere to concentrate on developing their countries instead of waging war. "The Arab East has to be transformed into a land of civilization before its natural resources are depleted," he wrote. "Otherwise it will wake up . . . to find itself back in the stage of hunters and herders." Not long afterward, he gave an interview to a Kuwaiti paper in which he scandalized the Arab world by advocating peace with Israel. "The Arabs didn't like it when I told them to spend their money on culture rather than on arms," he told me. When Sadat made his journey to Jerusalem, the Arab world severed relations with Egypt, and Mahfouz's works were blacklisted in many Arab countries as a result of his outspokenness. He was also personally ostracized by Cairo's left-wing and Nasserite intelligentsia, still largely beholden to Moscow, who saw peace as equivalent to a rapprochement with the Western powers.

Sadat's belief that Egyptian leftists were the chief obstacle to his peace initiative led him to his biggest blunder. He had long had a quiet admiration for the austerity and dedication of

WHO WE ARE NOW

The man who runs the parking lot at St. Hubert and Duluth
holds our keys in one closed hand, curses this country
with the other. *In Soviet Union, I am doctor, like Chekhov*—
his fifth identity in the last six months. *Here I clean hospital*
after midnight. You must pick up your keys by eleven.

My friends plan their lives in a nearby Greek restaurant:
plans subject to jobs, lovers, children or lack of same—
most of all, this constant gnawing at who we are,
exactly what we're supposed to be doing here.
After the meal, the wine, strong Greek coffee,
a ballpoint meanders on the paper tablecloth, variations
on the same story—each year, less embellishment.

I have seen him wave off customers he didn't like the look of:
In Greece, I am anthropologist—he barks, shaking his fist
at a blue Chevette that has backed out in search of a meter.
Quebec people are racist—Canadians are worse. I do not think,
he says, squinting at us, *that you are pure Canadian.*

When we finally head home in our reclaimed vehicles,
it is always early April, always snowing, always unseasonal.
We huddle in the glow of the car's dials and gauges, stare
into the red light at Cherrier like some kind of second sun,
longing for sleep, for dreams to redeem us.

I am Armenian, he states proudly, *and this place is dead.*
In Moscow, my cousin has fourteen fruit stores.
He thrusts the wrong keys at us, I point to the correct hook.
East Europe is living. Next year, I sell antibiotics in Bucharest.
Good business, he says, releasing our keys. *Good night.*

—Julie Bruck

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the Muslim Brothers, and, believing that he could exploit their zealotry, he tacitly lifted the ban on political activity which Nasser had imposed on them. Though he did not underestimate their fanaticism or their seditious appeal to Egyptian soldiers, a large majority of whom were practicing Muslims from the countryside, he thought he knew how to keep them focussed on religion rather than politics—a belief that events proved grievously wrong. Confident of government endorsement, gangs of Muslim Brothers did indeed begin terrorizing Marxists on campuses and in union halls, but they also broke up dances and rock concerts, and nearly provoked a sectarian civil war by putting the torch to Christian churches. Their publications angrily denounced Sadat's policy of economic liberalization, Westernization, and peace with Israel. By 1980, the Brotherhood was out of control, and in September of 1981 Sadat cracked down in a manner that would have put Nasser to shame, arresting sixteen hundred dissidents in a single night. Most of them were Muslim fanatics, but the roundup also included politicians, professors, and journalists of all political hues—every real or illusory foe he could find. Egyptians wondered whether their President had lost his senses. On October 6th, military members of an extremist Muslim group called Jihad shot and killed Sadat while he was watching a parade commemorating the eighth anniversary of the canal crossing.

"Unfortunately for Sadat," Mahfouz said, "the last deeds he performed are the ones for which he is remembered." In contrast with the grieving for Nasser, almost no Egyptians shed tears for the slain Sadat. It was to examine why he was unmourned that I made my journey to see Hakim and his friends in Alexandria nearly a decade ago. The Egyptians I spoke with then were themselves puzzled, but they put forward a number of speculations. Sadat, they said, made much of his humble, peasant origins while wearing ostentatious uniforms and living in unconcealed luxury. He extolled liberty but brutally suppressed dissent. Nasser was direct; Sadat was deceitful and hypocritical. Nasser abolished entrenched privilege; Sadat's policy of liberalization granted special favors to the rich, encouraged high living, and tolerated corruption, from which members of his family benefitted. He professed a deep dedication to Islam but radiated a non-Islamic worldliness. He allowed his wife to conduct herself arrogantly, even immodestly, in the manner of Western women. Why, they said, she even kissed Jimmy Carter on the cheek at the Cairo airport, on television!

"What I utterly reject," Mahfouz said, "is the notion that the assassination was a popular repudiation of Sadat's policy of peace. I was there the day Sadat returned from Jerusalem, in 1977. Five million people poured into the streets to greet him, and their enthusiasm was genuine. There was no doubt that they were ready for peace. Egyptians are deeply disappointed that what the peace promised it failed to deliver—a settlement for the Palestinians and prosperity at home. But I know of no one who regrets that we are at peace. Sadat's killers were the exception. They were unquestionably opposed to peace, and they knew that his popularity had collapsed. They killed him thinking that it was Islam's chance to seize power."

THE rise of the Muslim Brotherhood was a reaction to the Liberal Age. The Muslim thinkers of that era had distanced themselves from Islamic traditions and practices, and the distance increased with the victory of the Western democracies over the Ottoman Empire in the First World War. With Egyptian society unmoored, the Muslim Brotherhood became, according to one historian, "the first mass-supported and organized, essentially urban-oriented effort to cope with the plight of Islam in the modern world." The movement's founder was Hassan al-Banna, who was born in the Nile Delta in 1906 and raised in a religious family. While still a young man, he went to Cairo to pursue his studies, became a Sufi, and acquired a teaching post in Ismailia, the capital of the British-occupied Suez Canal region. He began proselytizing among the workers there in the late nineteen-twenties, and within a decade the Brotherhood had five hundred branches. By 1949, it had two thousand, with adherents estimated at half a million. It also spread throughout the Arab world, supporting Muslim groups dedicated to the overthrow of secular regimes.

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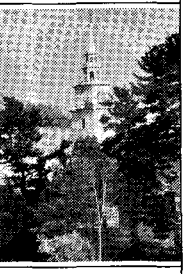

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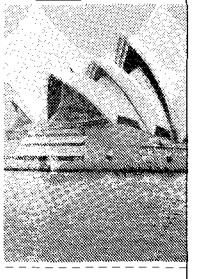

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and social issues, the Brotherhood became increasingly political, but in Egypt it was more a mass movement organized around a charismatic leader than it was a political party. In fact, the Brotherhood opposed political parties (along with democracy itself), on the ground that they would divide the Islamic community. Though the bulk of its membership came from the urban working class, it also attracted a large number of Western-educated professionals. It denounced foreign control of the economy, and it took the lead in agitating against the British occupation and in favor of the Arabs in Palestine. In 1948, Farouk's government dissolved the Brotherhood for the first time. Three weeks later, a Muslim Brother assassinated Egypt's Prime Minister. Shortly after that, Banna was himself murdered, presumably by the Egyptian secret police.

Nasser, a practicing Muslim, actually enlisted the Brotherhood's help in his coup of 1952, but in the end he did not need it, so he had no debts to repay. The regime's motto was "Religion Is for God, and the Nation Is for All," a clear expression of church-state separation that traditionalists considered heresy. Nasser proceeded to suppress the Brotherhood, and he relied on the submissive clergy of the Al-Azhar Mosque to place Islam at the service of the state.

But Nasser's secular policies disintegrated along with his Army in the Six-Day War, and suddenly Islam was again a dynamic force in Egypt. The Brotherhood proclaimed that the defeat was God's will, and demanded a national religious resurgence. (In Israel, Orthodox rabbis said the same thing about the victory.) On the campuses, young women put on the abaya and head scarf as a sign of their rediscovered faith, and young men adopted neatly clipped, Islamic-style beards. What Sadat failed to appreciate in turning the Brotherhood loose against his leftist foes was how aggressive it had become. Within the movement was a body—probably a majority—that was not violent, but there were also fanatics who rejected all restraint. In 1974 and again in 1977, the government faced fundamentalist insurrections serious enough to require the use of force; these were followed by mass arrests and a number of executions. It was the movement's fanatics—drawing courage from Khomeini's victory in Iran, in 1979—who killed Sadat and threatened the life of Naguib Mahfouz after he won the Nobel Prize.

"This is part of a general revulsion against Westernization—a movement in the last few years throughout the Arab world to go back to the Sharia, the Islamic law," Mahfouz said. "It is particularly strong among young people. They feel that the system has failed them. Democracy failed them, Nasser failed them, Sadat failed them, and the Brotherhood has come along to give them another way, which is to go back to their ancestors. The Sharia is just a symbol of what the Brotherhood wants, however. The Sharia can be applied by secular governments, and it *has* been, throughout history. In fact, ninety per cent of the laws we live under in Egypt overlap the Sharia, and if the remaining ten per cent were added the country would not be ruined. The true battle is over power. When the Brothers say 'Islam is the solution' or 'Apply Sharia,' what they really mean is 'We want to make the rules.' They want the power to take us backward. If we had a Berlin Wall across our minds, I think most Egyptians would be tearing it down; the Brotherhood would be building it back up. They're getting stronger every day."

One evening, I went to discuss the Brotherhood with Ahmad Baha al-Din, a well-known secular columnist for *Al-Ahram*. Baha al-Din lives in a high-rent quarter called Dokki, just west of the Nile, near the new opera house that the Japanese built. (The Japanese have been generous to Egypt when it comes to paying for highly visible, splashy projects; American aid buys sewers, agricultural and medical research, and village schools.) Many diplomats and business executives live nearby. So does Jihan Sadat, the unpopular widow of the late President. The high rents notwithstanding, I found the streets muddy and covered with rubble; the halls of Baha al-Din's apartment building were unlit and difficult to negotiate. The Egyptians—and Arabs generally—are very bad about public space; no one takes care of what is everyone's responsibility. I am often astonished, when my host opens the door in the dingy hallway of some seedy-looking building, at the beauty of the apartment I see inside.

Baha al-Din, a stooped man in a stylish blue blazer and heavy spectacles, showed me into a huge, brightly lit living room with polished wood floors, modern paintings, and many linear feet of books. "The fundamentalists are furious with me," he said. "I fight the battle every day, arguing that the Koran is liberal, that Islamic values are consistent with modern life. But even if the Koran gives women full rights, what of it? Our societies have never permitted them to enjoy those rights. The Koran talks of democratic rule, which was applied in the first two or three decades after the Prophet but hasn't been in the thirteen centuries since.

"When you hold me like this, you make me feel I can do anything."

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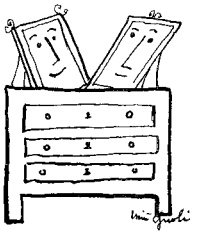
We all recognize that Islam requires respect for human rights, but no Arab regime cares about them. The Prophet commanded his followers to make this a better world. The fundamentalists have distorted the meaning to justify taking the law into their own hands, attacking Christian churches and coed parties at the university, threatening the life of Mahfouz.

"But I think it is important to make a distinction within the Islamic community. The Brotherhood itself has come a long way since Banna's time. It has accepted and is willing to work through the political system. It is now more than a half century old, and it has mellowed. It is no longer secret. Its writers make their arguments in the press. It is deeply involved in parliamentary politics. It has become respectable. But the extremists, generally grouped under the name Jihad, are disciples of Sayyid Qutb, a Muslim absolutist who was arrested and executed in connection with a plot to kill Nasser in 1965. His writing did for contemporary Islam what Vladimir Jabotinsky's did for Zionism—that is, he made it much more militant, intolerant, and bloody. Sadat's indulgence of the Brotherhood in the nineteen-seventies encouraged the fanatics. He did not perceive their rise, and, unfortunately, neither did the rest of us. It's not clear now what the relationship is between the two branches. Jihad sneers at the Brotherhood for being collaborationist, and the Brotherhood is angry at having to pay for Jihad's extremism. Ostensibly, they hate each other. But some say that the Brotherhood is the civilian branch and Jihad the military branch of the same organization. Clearly, Jihad's recruiting is made a lot easier by the grass-roots organizing of the Brotherhood.



"I have no doubt that the moderates of the Brotherhood are afraid they will be swept away by the extremists. The problem is that even the moderates will not call for what I believe is necessary—a basic overhaul of Islam. Islamic thinkers even in the Liberal Age were, at best, tinkerers. If Islam is to go anywhere, it must take a revisionist view of its history and its roots. Muslim writers today express a diversity of views, but none are discussing the need for reform courageously. When I write a column critical of Islam, the sheikhs in Al-Azhar call me to say that they are with me, though they won't say so publicly. They consider it too dangerous. What happened to Islam's freedom of speech? My reading of history is that Christianity did not come out of the Dark Ages until it undertook a full reëxamination of its own thought. That's what the Renaissance was all about. Khomeini was a Savonarola, when what we need is a Jan Hus, or a Luther. We need a Reformation if Islam is to lead the Muslim peoples into the modern world."

Baha al-Din's words inspired me to pay a visit to the Mufti of the Republic, whose name is Muhammad Tantawi. He was born in 1928 in a village in Upper Egypt and is said to have memorized the Koran by the age of twelve. The Mufti's official duty is to provide interpretations of Islamic law. He was a dean and professor of religion at Al-Azhar before President Mubarak appointed him to his present post, in 1986. He and the principal sheikh of Al-Azhar, who is more conservative, are the pillars of Egypt's religious establishment, but they differ openly on such questions as Islam's attitude toward family planning and the issuing of government bonds. (Islam forbids the payment of interest on loans.) The Mufti, being the more liberal, is more popular with the government. He tours the country for Mubarak denouncing Jihad, of which he is a bitter foe. I found him—surprisingly—in a shabby tenth-floor office in a run-down section of Cairo near the railroad station. He had sleepy eyes and Arafat-style unshaven cheeks, and on his head he wore a white turban with a red crown. He had a servant bring tea, and he stirred a teaspoon of sugar into my glass before handing it to me.

"The politician and the religious man have different responsibilities toward the state," the Mufti said, after delivering the obligatory condemnation of Jihad and sectarian violence. "That is not the same as the separation of the state and religion. We believe they are one. But the politician specializes in politics, the religious man in religion. If either transgresses, it leads to mistakes. We have a difference on this with the Shiites, who see no problem in the clergy's being involved in politics. We Sunnis believe that reli-

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gious men should not be ignorant of the world but neither should they try to run it. I haven't studied politics, so how can I practice the art of government?"

I asked the Mufti what limits he placed on examining the precepts of Islam. Was he willing to go back to the Koranic roots of the faith? Was Al-Azhar?

"Religion comes from Heaven like rain," he answered, illustrating this figure of speech by lowering his hand from eye level to his desk. "What comes down is clear and pure, but when it hits the earth it becomes mixed with dirt and refuse. So people all over the world—Muslims or Christians or whatever—need to take it while it is still in its pristine state. Unfortunately, many people do not. They use religion to advance themselves, but they, not religion, are to blame. Religion is innocent. That is why we must go back to the original texts, to relearn the tenets that exalt the best qualities of mankind."

When I asked why Salman Rushdie had been condemned for examining the roots of religion, the Mufti answered, without any sign of distress, "It is not right to slander God and the Prophet. I myself am against spilling any blood, but I think Rushdie should be brought before a neutral panel, and if it is decided that he should be killed the judgment should be made scientifically."

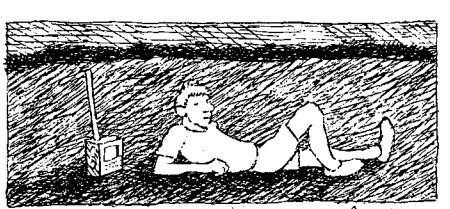
Did he support Al-Azhar's banning of Mahfouz's "The Children of Gebelawi," which also explored the roots of religion?

"Though only God knows for certain what is inside a man, I consider Naguib Mahfouz a good Muslim," he replied. "But as a human being he can make errors. Mahfouz said that he did not mean to slander the Prophet in this book, but many people nonetheless feel that he did precisely that. His other books have posed no problem. I hope Mahfouz will rewrite 'Gebelawi' and make the necessary changes. Then perhaps he and Al-Azhar will be able to negotiate a reversal of the ban."

Two weeks after my conversation with the Mufti, the Cairo newspapers reported a possible attack—the facts were not quite clear—on the life of Zaki Badr, the Minister of the Interior and head of the national police. Badr was known throughout Egypt as the scourge of the Muslim Brotherhood, and the papers were filled with dutiful statements from prominent Egyptians associated with the Islamic movement, who wanted to distance themselves from the alleged attack. Muhammad Abdel-Kuddous, with whom I happened to have an appointment a day or two after the incident, had been one of Badr's principal targets. He is a lawyer and a writer for *Liwaa al-Islam* ("Flag of Islam"), a fundamentalist magazine. His father, Ihsan Abdel-Kuddous, and his paternal grandmother, Rose el-Youssef, were both well-known literary figures of a secular bent; we met in his father's apartment, on the island of Zamalek. Abdel-Kuddous is in his early forties, and wears a neatly shaped beard that signals his allegiance. He had been a Muslim Brother for fifteen years, he told me, and had twice been jailed for his beliefs. With some disdain, he said that the Badr incident was faked—that no attack had ever taken place.

"The Brotherhood is still not legal, though we are tolerated," he said. "This is common in Egypt—that a practice is not legal but nonetheless goes on openly. As everyone knows, we have several dozen members in the parliament—elected on the ticket of another party. But Badr kept us under surveillance all the time. Under emergency laws that have been in force since Sadat was killed, he regularly arrested and tortured our people. Our magazine is often confiscated. There are secret police standing outside on the sidewalk who watched you come into this building. I can be taken in any time. The government knows that it can't crush us—that any serious attempt to do so would backfire. But it is afraid of an Islamic revolution, which could erupt at any moment, because of worsening economic conditions. The government thinks that it needs absolute power to live. Things have been that way since the Pharaohs."

Abdel-Kuddous insisted that most Egyptians shared his deep Islamic faith, though they were not as willing as he was to put themselves on the line for it, and that they would vote for the Brotherhood in any election that was not, as he put it, "rigged" in favor of the government party. Such an election, he said, would give the Brotherhood enough votes either to form a Cabinet or to become a major opposition force in the parliament, and that was what he was working for. In addition to writing for *Liwaa al-Islam*, Abdel-Kuddous said, he was "a soldier for Islam" during most of his waking hours, preaching in various mosques on Fridays and working with students, professional organizations, and union members.



"Tactically, we disagree with Jihad, which wants violent revolution," he said. "Islam has never been spread by the sword. Our goal is to change Egypt by political means. We do not agree with the government that Islam should stay out of politics. It's too bad that Al-Azhar is just another bureaucracy, and has no credibility among the people. If it had been doing its job, Hassan al-Banna would not have seen a need for an Islamic movement. Al-Azhar does nothing to fight the Western idea that religion is a private matter between man and God. We think that all of day-to-day life is attached to religion. Work becomes a form of worship. We recognize that injustice may exist in husband-wife relations, but we believe that this is because most men do not pray as they should. If a man is a true Muslim, he respects his wife. I devote myself every day to trying to help people understand that religion is not a series of half-hour prayers. The separation of religion from politics and life may work in the West. It does not work in the Islamic countries."

The government never verified the attempt on Zaki Badr's life, and as time passed more and more people had their doubts. In January, after I had returned from Egypt, Mubarak dismissed Badr and replaced him with a professional policeman who had urged dialogue with Islamic groups. The same day, the Egyptian Organization for Human Rights—expanding on earlier charges by Amnesty International—released a detailed report criticizing the widespread use of torture under Badr, most of it against Islamic activists. Badr's dismissal, which the Brotherhood greeted as a victory, was also received favorably by Western governments and human-rights organizations. For some fundamentalists, however, it was not enough. In the heavily Islamic city of Asyut, which has long

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been the scene of anti-government protests, an unruly crowd demanded that Badr be put on trial. In suppressing the demonstration, the police arrested twelve people, and at least one protester was killed by gunfire. Later in the spring, there were firefights between Islamic extremists and security forces, both at Asyut and in the oasis of Fayoum. According to press reports of these incidents, seven policemen and at least twenty-one of the militants were killed.

HOSNI MUBARAK has tried conscientiously—but with mixed results—to bring calm to the country since taking over as President, in 1981. Mubarak, a former military pilot and Air Force commander, had been Sadat's Vice-President; he was on the reviewing stand, near Sadat, when the shots rang out and the President was killed. Upon assuming his new office, Mubarak immediately reaffirmed Egypt's commitment to the peace treaty with Israel. He initiated the release of the political prisoners whom Sadat had arrested a month before, and he made friendly overtures to the Arab states that had been embittered by Sadat's petulance. He also made it clear that he would curb the Islamic militants and enforce public order; as Vice-President, he had opposed the freedom to make trouble which the fanatics had won from Sadat. After the assassination, he had several hundred of them arrested, and he dismissed more than a hundred others from the armed forces. A month after the killing, the government put two dozen conspirators on trial for Sadat's murder, all of them Muslim extremists, and five were executed.

Egyptians took quickly to Mubarak, Mahfouz told me. "Nasser thought of himself as a god, and Sadat thought of himself as a Pharaoh," he said. "No one could ever touch either one of them. No one could put an arm around the shoulder of either one without feeling that his hand would be cut off. Such personal distance is not our way." Egyptians also liked Suzanne Mubarak, the President's half-English wife, Mahfouz said, and saw it as a credit to her husband that she is modest in her public behavior. In what was perhaps Mahfouz's highest compliment, he said that he would feel comfortable sitting in a café drinking coffee with Mubarak.

Mahfouz's remarks took me back to a meeting I had had with Mubarak a few years earlier. He was still living in the unpretentious villa that he had occupied as Vice-President, but he had set up an office in the Kubba Palace, in Heliopolis, some ten miles northeast of downtown Cairo, and he invited me to interview him there. The Kubba Palace was built by King Fuad, and its formal, white-and-gold interior evokes visions of Europe's vanished monarchies, but Mubarak volunteered with a laugh that it had been poorly maintained and was likely to collapse at any moment. We met without interpreters, in a small library filled with French antiques. Mubarak seated himself in an elegant armchair directly in front of me, and he frequently reached out as we talked to grab my shoulder for emphasis. Both his manner and his words confirmed Mahfouz's description of his simplicity; it was clear, too, that he cultivated the contrast between himself and his two predecessors and delighted in his popular image as an earthy man, an everyday Egyptian.

Mubarak stressed that he had had to start over in remaking Egypt. Nasser and Sadat, he said, had focussed on foreign affairs, while inside Egypt the population was growing at an alarming rate and the economy was disintegrating. Now, he said, Egyptians wanted not glory but housing, enough to eat, and a modern, working infrastructure—demands not easy to meet, given the years of neglect. He maintained that although the social order was fragile, and vulnerable to extremist demagogy, democracy was the only system under which a country as diverse as Egypt could be governed. "I welcome debate between Muslim fundamentalists and the Al-Azhar people—the scientists of Islam—on the proper course for our country," he said. When I asked him about his own religious beliefs, he replied, "Sometimes I go to the mosque, but usually I pray in

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my house. I'm a very modern man—I'm not so strict about the rules." While asserting that Egypt would not adopt the Sharia, or ban interest on loans, or proscribe alcohol ("That is between you and your God"), he said that he would lower the voice of the Presidency on religious matters, in the hope of moving religious disputes to the periphery of the country's political discourse. He favored democratic freedoms even for dissenters, he said, but he expected dissenters to keep their activities within the political structure and to abstain from violence.

I asked Mubarak why he did not share the suspicion of democracy that had characterized Nasser and Sadat.

"I was used to meeting all people in the Air Force and listening to them tell me what's right and what's wrong," he replied. "Sadat did not do that. And I'll tell you what else Sadat did not do. I lived all my life on an airbase, though I had a house in Cairo. I passed most of my life among the working people of the Air Force—not just the officers but the sergeants, corporals, soldiers. When I was commander of a base, I used to get up at five or six o'clock and make a tour, to see that the sentries were eating well, to see that the people guarding the important posts understood their responsibilities. I liked to speak with them. What's your mission? Are you eating your food? I asked them about personal things. Are you married, how many children do you have, did you receive your new shoes, how is your family, do you have sons, are you tired, do you have a problem with the job? I looked out for the lower ranks more than the higher. It's the same way with me now. I'm not sitting in an office. I'm always meeting with people—lots of telephone calls from all over the country—until at the end of the day my head gets like this." He separated the palms of his hands to about the length of a watermelon. "The Nasser and Sadat governments suited the needs of the time. Now it is another era, and I must deal with the country in a very different way. Nasser and Sadat did not accept freedom and democracy. I do."

Yet, ironically, Mubarak's greatest triumphs have been in foreign, not internal, affairs. He has kept his treaty obligations to the Israelis while—to signal his objections to Israeli action in Lebanon and the occupied territories—maintaining a dignified distance from them. At the same time, he has nursed the peace process along in his attempts to serve as a bridge between the Israelis and the Palestinians. Not the least of his objectives was to regain the preëminence among Arab states which Sadat lost after Camp David, and which most Egyptians have sorely missed, but he has not wavered in his refusal to repudiate Egyptian-Israeli peace as the price of Egypt's return to the Arab fold. His strategy has been to cultivate Arab leaders personally, and to be staunch in his defense of the Palestinian cause. One by one, the Arab states have restored diplomatic relations, the latest being Hafez al-Assad's Syria, the hardest of Sadat's hard-line foes, in January.

For Mubarak, even a ceremony in which he presented the Order of the Nile to Naguib Mahfouz, in recognition of his Nobel Prize, was an exercise in Arab politics. In his presentation Mubarak repeatedly referred to Mahfouz as "our Egyptian-Arab writer." One morning, I asked Mahfouz what Mubarak meant by that curious expression, and he shrugged. The answer, I finally decided, was that Mubarak saw the term as a step in Egypt's tortuous journey to self-discovery. In the Liberal Age, Egypt entertained the notion that it was a European power. Then Nasser proclaimed it an integral part of the Arab nation. After Egypt was expelled from the Arab community, Sadat testily declared that it was a Pharaonic state, unique in the nature of its grandeur. Mubarak is bringing Egypt back to its Arab roots—though surely not to lead the Arabs in a quest for lost glory, as Nasser intended. In his tribute to Mahfouz, Mubarak called Egypt "a part of the Arab nation," and said that "everything Egypt contributed was presented to the larger family of that Arab nation." Whatever those syrupy words mean, the Arab unity that Mubarak contemplates is not one that subsumes Egypt's peculiar character; rather, it is an amalgam of states linked by natural cultural and economic bonds. Unlike the "Arab nation" that Nasser believed it was Egypt's destiny to lead, Mubarak's unity is one in which Egypt would be the first among equals.

In the field of democratization, Mubarak has done more than most Egyptians thought he would. He inherited the powerful party that Nasser created and Sadat renovated—it is now called the National Democratic Party—and he is likely to stay in office as long as he retains control of its machinery; but he has relaxed the election laws to permit greater multiparty competition, and representatives of opposition parties now hold about a quarter of the seats in parliament. The Communists and the Muslim Brotherhood, though officially proscribed, have been allowed to run under different names, but neither presents a real challenge: the Communists, their ranks depleted by decades of oppression, are an anachronism to most voters, and the Brotherhood, whatever its claims of popularity, drew only eleven per cent of the vote in the 1987 election, the latest to be held. In that election, Mubarak enjoyed major advantages in funds, organization, patronage, and access to television; still, the election was probably more honest than any ever before conducted in Egypt. The results indicated that the voters, after three decades of high-voltage leaders, appreciated Mubarak's low-key direction, his refusal to intrude into their lives, and the predictability that he restored to their daily existence.

Mubarak has been a disappointment only in the economic field, which he had promised to make his top priority. Egypt's population, which was twenty-two million at the time of the 1952 revolution, currently exceeds fifty-four million and is growing by more than a million a year. With arable land fixed by the borders of the Nile Valley, and a marketing policy (common to the Third World) of shortchanging farmers in order to deflate food prices for the benefit of the urban masses, Egypt has a food deficit that increases each year. On the industrial side, the state remains saddled with hundreds of inefficient factories—relics of Nasser's socialism—which it does not want to sell or close for fear of exacerbating unemployment, already in the twenty-percent range. Only by spending huge sums for subsidies can the government keep prices fairly stable. The result of all this is spiralling foreign debt, heavy inflation, inadequate investment, retarded job growth, declining produc-

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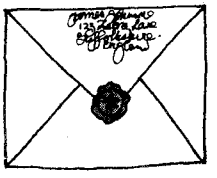
tivity, and not enough money for vital services like education. Though Egypt builds three schools a day (American aid pays for one of them) to serve its rising population, it needs five. Literacy is less than fifty per cent and is dropping. So is the quality of university education, which was once the country's pride.

The problem is not that Mubarak has done nothing about reform. It is, rather, that he has been doing too little to keep pace with a seriously deteriorating situation. He has honored Nasser's commitment to provide employment to every college graduate, for example, while extending the waiting list to five years—which means that the state bureaucracy, already hopelessly bloated, is increasingly staffed by those unqualified for other work. Specialists from the World Bank complain that Mubarak, having acquired a cushion for painful economic initiatives by his foreign-policy triumphs, refuses to use it. Unable to ignore the international bankers, Mubarak keeps them at bay with palliatives and promises. He regularly makes speeches indicating that he understands that measures must be taken—and occasionally announces this or that modest reform—but he appears convinced that as a practical matter his unwillingness to make large-scale changes is justified.



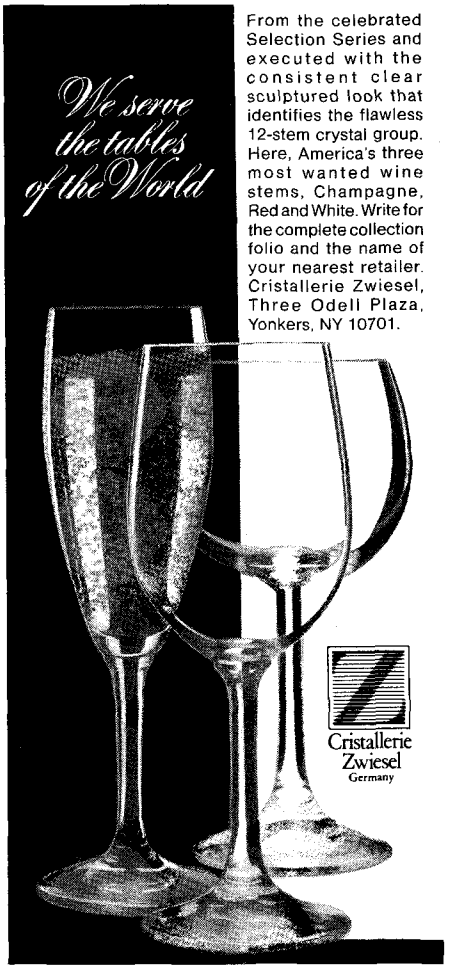
"The correct solution is not tough measures, because if you take very tough measures the country may reach a collapse," he told me that day in the Kubba Palace. "I have no intention of bringing the country to collapse. I will take the necessary steps at the suitable time. I could make big headlines by removing the subsidies on bread, and" —he clapped his hands sharply—"a loaf of bread would double in price. You know what would happen? It would make hell in the country. This is the nature of Egypt." Mubarak clearly had in mind Sadat's experience in 1977, when, to please the international lending agencies, he raised the price of bread, and woke up the next day to nationwide riots that placed the regime in jeopardy. In 1986, Mubarak had to suppress a police riot that began with a protest over salaries that were falling steadily behind inflation; last year, he had to deal with major strikes by railroad workers and steelworkers. Mubarak knows he has enemies—most notably the Brotherhood—who are good at provoking these disturbances and profiting from them, and he has no intention of providing them with grievances. But the consequence of his caution is a widespread perception—probably correct—that Egypt is adrift.

Naguib Mahfouz, on the day he received the Order of the Nile from the President of the Republic, paid Mubarak a mixed compliment. He thanked him for the honor and commended him for promoting Egyptian culture. Then he said he hoped that he would one day be able to reciprocate by congratulating Mubarak on a victory over the challenges that face Egypt. It was a subtle slight, meant to suggest that Mahfouz would not surrender his integrity just because he had a medal hanging around his neck. The incident created a minor scandal in Egypt.

"Mubarak is sincere and honest," Mahfouz said to me at the Ali Baba Café. "He has made a genuine effort to correct Egypt's past errors as a democracy. He has given journalists and artists full freedom of speech. He is a protector of free thought against the assaults of the religious extremists. But, unfortunately, the only people who believe in him are those who need him. Egyptians have no emotional attachment to him. Mubarak's aim is to open no new fronts in Egypt's war against backwardness. That's not enough, and I'm afraid it is the thinking of a man with a passive character.

"But, ironically, his very passivity gives Egyptian democracy room to assert itself. We are fortunate in that what we need at this moment in our history is not so much charismatic leadership as popular involvement. I wish, though, that the people were as zealous about straightening out our government as they are about soccer. They want democracy, but at the same time they are afraid of it. We may still be a hundred years away from being able to cope with real democracy. A great deal of damage has been done to our national spirit by our history of oppression, and the recent decades of independence have not been especially kind, either. I am confident that we have the potential to become a first-class country, but I'm afraid it will take many more generations to overcome our handicaps."

—Milton Viorst



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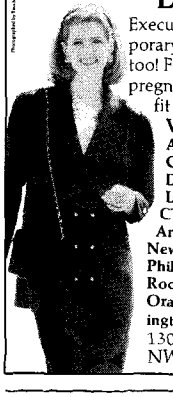
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gremlinology

THE reason it's hard to enjoy most big-budget Hollywood movies—especially the ones that are released in the summertime—is that you can smell the fear in them. Filmmakers who are handed truckloads of money on the understanding that their products will generate nine-figure revenues for the studios are not likely to approach their work in a devil-may-care mood. For the most part, they're as nervous about their tasks as the drivers transporting nitroglycerin along bad South American roads in "The Wages of Fear." The filmmakers and the studio executives may even be more anxious than those sweaty down-and-outers in their rickety trucks: the Hollywood types have more to lose—not their lives but their life styles. No wonder the standard features of the past few years' blockbusters are perspiration, screaming, and explosions—the feel-good iconography of clenched, jittery imaginations. The joke is that these movies—made in an atmosphere of corporate caution, with every element weighed and measured and data-processed for its possible impact on the bottom line—are supposed to make us, the audience, feel happy, carefree, liberated from the stresses of our working lives. Usually, they just leave us exhausted. In the high-pressure climate of today's studio moviemaking, Joe Dante's "Gremlins 2 The New Batch," which would be a funny movie under any circumstances, seems almost heroic. Dante and his team (which includes the screenwriter Charlie Haas and the effects supervisor Rick Baker) have made a multimillion-dollar, special-effects-crammed picture that has the loose, improvisatory feel of the great Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties. They're fearless, indefatigable gagsters. They drive their big truck with reckless abandon, not much worried that they'll hit a bump and their load will blow them sky-high, or that they'll lose control and skid off the edge of a cliff. Somehow, they've managed to see themselves not as doomed men on a deadly mission but as descendants of Wile E. Coyote, the ever-optimistic predator of Chuck Jones' Road Runner cartoons, who had hundreds of sticks of Acme dynamite go off in his face and plunged to the bottom of many a canyon, and returned after every catastrophe with another crackpot scheme for trapping his prey.

"I think going to law school helped my painting."

The movie begins, in fact, with a brief animated sequence in which Daffy Duck takes possession of the Warner Brothers logo from Bugs Bunny; Daffy, whose ego is as fragile as ever, feels that everyone has been making far too much of a fuss about Bugs' fiftieth birthday. This minute or two of stylish bickering is written and directed by the old coyote himself, seventy-seven-year-old Chuck Jones, and he gives the movie a lovely sendoff. "Gremlins 2" hits the ground running, and running in the right direction. The original "Gremlins," released in 1984 (and also directed by Dante), was a gleeful and sometimes inspired horror comedy about the destruction of a peaceful small town by a horde of sharp-toothed, inventively malicious little monsters. The gremlins were like evil children—creatures with tremendous appetites, insane energy, and absolutely no inhibitions—and the joy they took in ripping apart the blandly wholesome town was irresistible. The new "Gremlins" is smarter, wilder, and more unfettered than the first one, perhaps because this time there's an even better setting for the creatures' rampaging consumption: they've been let loose in a state-of-the-art office building and mall called the Clamp Centre (after Daniel Clamp, the egotistical developer who built it). This towering steel-and-glass wedge—a monument to the runaway acquisitiveness of the eighties—and the craven go-getters who work in it offer Dante more comic possibilities than the first film's scrubbed Andy Hardy community, which never existed anywhere but in the movies (and, unfortunately, in the imagination of the actor who was our President at the time). "Gremlins 2" happily demolishes something that richly deserves demolishing.

The other big improvement over the original picture is that Dante has abandoned even the faintest suggestion that

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he's making a horror movie: this one's all comedy, and it openly mocks the inane monster-movie premise of the first movie's script (written by Chris Columbus). In "Gremlins," the young hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), was presented with a cute, furry little being known as a mogwai and was told to observe these rules: never expose it to bright light; don't let it get wet; and don't feed it after midnight. What happens when the mogwai (whom Billy names Gizmo) gets wet is that it gives birth to more mogwais; fur balls pop out of its body. The newborns, if they eat after midnight, turn into gremlins, who multiply with terrifying efficiency; before long, there are legions of lizardlike nasties skittering all over in search of thrills. In both pictures Dante uses the rules purely opportunistically—to create the gremlins when they're needed and to dispose of them when his time's up—but in "Gremlins 2" he also ridicules their arbitrariness. When Billy begins to explain the behavior of mogwais and gremlins to some Clamp Centre employees, they smirk knowingly and then try to outdo each other in coming up with outré refinements of his gremlinology: What if a gremlin gets a piece of food stuck in its teeth before midnight but swallows it after? What if it has a meal on an airplane that is crossing time zones? Dante also includes a negative review of the first picture, delivered by Leonard Maltin on a show called "The Movie Police," which appears on Clamp's cable network; and he gives us a scene in which an outraged mother drags her child from a theatre showing "Gremlins 2" and complains, "This is worse than the first one." None of these self-reflexive gags have any great significance, of course; they're like the moments in Warners cartoons when Daffy and Bugs had conferences with the studio bosses or addressed the audience directly. Dante's self-consciousness never reaches the sublime level of Jones' "Duck Amuck," in which Daffy tries to cajole his creator into giving him better roles, and the animator retaliates by placing him in increasingly incongruous settings and subjecting his form to humiliating mutations. When "Gremlins 2" makes fun of itself, it's just indulging its adolescent high spirits—letting us know that anything goes.

Dante makes his creations mutate, too, by the simple device of having them run amuck in a genetic-engineering laboratory. (This outfit, one of the less reputable tenants of the Clamp Centre, is run by a Dr. Catheter, who is played by the horror-movie veteran Christopher Lee.) After the voracious gremlins have ingested everything on the lab's menu—making cocktails of hormones and freak strains of DNA—the movie gets a whole new cast of characters: a Batgremlin, a green-haired femme fatale, a Phantom of the Opera (with a little mask on a little stick), a gremlin crossed with a spider, and, funniest of all, an articulate intellectual gremlin who speaks with the voice of Tony Randall. Even cuddly, cooing Gizmo changes his appearance in the course of the picture—not by drinking a beakerful of weird genes but by getting himself into fighting shape. He puts on a red headband, makes a longbow out of a paper clip and a rubber band, and turns into Rambo. ("I guess they pushed him too far," one of the characters speculates.) What Dante is doing is combining another principle of Warners animation—using established characters to parody familiar stories, like Daffy as Robin Hood, or Bugs and Elmer Fudd singing Wagner in "What's Opera, Doc?"—with his own manic pop-culture-in-a-blender sensibility.

By the time the gremlins have chomped and guzzled (and sung and danced) their way through the Clamp Centre's cheerless offices and boutiques, Dante and his horde of collaborators have trashed—or at least lobbed spitballs at—quite a few of the most unattractive aspects of life in these United States. When the gremlins—whose feeding-frenzy approach to the brightly packaged material delights offered by the Clamp Centre seems perfectly appropriate—gather in the building's lobby for a musical production number, the movie reaches a kind of satiric apotheosis. Like everyone else in New York (it seems), these crazed gluttons just want, as our city's official song says, to "make it there." (We're actually a bit disappointed that they never hit the streets of Manhattan, where we could watch them compete for goods

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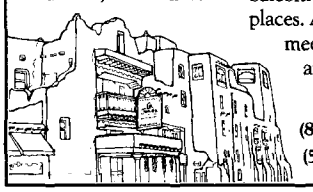

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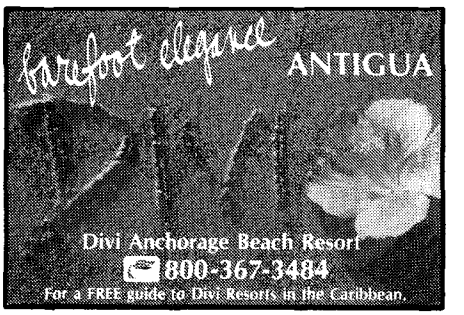

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and services with all the other grasping creatures at large in the city.) The climax turns the lobby into a literal melting pot, which isn't precisely what the "brain" gremlin—who wants his "ethnic group" to assimilate—had in mind. When order is restored, Clamp (played, by John Glover, as a doltish child) looks to the future: a housing project in New Jersey modelled on Billy's drawing of his home town; some rough ideas about a line of Gizmo dolls. It's difficult to resist a blockbuster that has the nerve to poke fun at its own merchandising. The Looney Tunes spirit of "Gremlins 2" is probably best expressed by the "brain" gremlin, who, during a talk-show appearance, shoots dead one of the dopier gremlins and then muses on his action: "Fun, but in no sense civilized." If "civilized" means the overcontrolled and overbearing corporate culture represented by Clamp (whose logo is a viselike "C" with a squashed globe in its grip), then the low, heedless fun of "Gremlins 2" is as close as we're likely to get to subversion from within.

WARREN BEATTY's "Dick Tracy" is civilized with a capital "C." Its comic-strip visual design—created by Richard Sylbert, photographed by Vittorio Storaro—is meticulous, pristine. Beatty has put together a first-rate cast: himself as Tracy, Al Pacino as Big Boy Caprice, Madonna as Breathless Mahoney, Glenne Headly as Tess Trueheart, and, in smaller roles, Dustin Hoffman, James Caan, Mandy Patinkin, Charles Durning, Estelle Parsons, and Dick Van Dyke. There are brand-new songs by Stephen Sondheim. It's pleasant, lovingly detailed, and eye-filling. It's everything a movie can be except interesting.

"Dick Tracy" isn't the kind of crass crowd-pleaser we've become accustomed to; its dullness is of a more old-fashioned variety. Everything but the film's bold, striking imagery is low-key. Beatty's performance in the title role is recessive almost to the point of perversity. In Chester Gould's comic strip, Dick Tracy always seemed like a tough, aggressive, no-nonsense guy: Beatty's Tracy is a ditherer. (This conception could be considered a witty reflection on Beatty's persona in his best roles—in "Bonnie and Clyde," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," and "Shampoo"—but it doesn't shed any light, comic or otherwise, on this character.) And his tentativeness as an actor here is matched by the dreamy, distracted quality of his direction. Instead of drive, the picture has taste and dignity and intelligence: admirable as those characteristics may be, they're not characteristics we associate with newspaper comic strips—and particularly not with Chester Gould. Beatty's style is less "Dick Tracy" than "Classics Illustrated."

A few of the performers succeed in injecting some vulgar life into the stately proceedings. Madonna vamps entertainingly, and the script (credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr., with the writer Bo Goldman listed as a "special consultant") provides her with plenty of ingeniously suggestive double-entendres, which she delivers like a pro. Glenne Headly, as Tracy's long-suffering girlfriend, does an expert update on the spunky-gal heroines of thirties movies. And Al Pacino, playing the Capone figure who is the hero's chief nemesis here, creates a memorable comic grotesque: a sleazy, fast-talking, ants-in-his-pants mobster who is so unself-consciously megalomaniacal that he's almost likable.

This movie, which is being released by a division of the Disney studio, bears about the same relation to "Gremlins 2" that Disney's lavish, prestige feature-length cartoons bore to Warners' speedy six-minute animated comedies back in the days when the Dick Tracy strip was at its peak. Beatty's movie has that years-in-the-making feel to it, and we can sense in it the endless committee meetings of executives and writers and ace technicians and marketing specialists and lawyers and financial planners and God knows who else, all getting together to cook up a foolproof Hollywood product. The film is scrupulously inoffensive, designed—handsomely, "classily"—to minimize the risk of corporate embarrassment. The people responsible for "Dick Tracy" have made sure that their cargo won't blow up in their faces: their vehicle, spiffy and beautifully painted, just sits there on the mountainside, parking brake on, not moving an inch.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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DANCING

Classical Values

THE New York ballet season, once a thing of marvels and inventions, has slipped into somnolence, and the condition is dangerous. Symptoms that in other arts could be passed off as postmodernist torpor or even simple fatigue are life-threatening to dance, which lives in the moment. Is dance really alive when nearly everything that happens is a version of something that has already happened? Specifically, can classical ballet, with its tradition of recapitulating the past in terms of the present, survive the contradictions of stasis and stale imitation? The *present* in terms of the *past* is what most classical dancers now seem eager to give us. It's a wrong-way, retro conception of classicism; it's self-parody.

The season still runs from late April through July, and New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theatre still launch it, playing face to face at Lincoln Center. The slump hasn't affected box-office for the simple reason that it hasn't affected standards of execution; these remain spectacular enough, and individual careers (Damian Woetzel's, Julio Bocca's, and, on a higher level, Darci Kistler's) are booming. But the events that used to justify such prolonged exposure—débuts, premières, the vicissitudes of talent being tested in the highest reaches of the art—have become few and far between. A.B.T. presented the most distinguished première, Twyla Tharp's "Brief Fling," on the second night of its run, and not again for three weeks. New York City Ballet has offered one new ballet, a piece by Peter Martins in his by now official minimalist-formalist mode. This time, Martins used a score by John Adams rather than one by Michael Torke, and the result was less abrasively lean and mean. With that difference, the ballet was a fairly predictable affair, and so was the N.Y.C.B. season as a whole; what with seniority casting and a Balanchine repertory largely held over from last winter, dance watchers found that they could pretty well dope it out in advance, like racetrack touts. The main event was a two-week Jerome Robbins retrospective: nothing new there, and only one revival of note—"Watermill," with its original star, Edward Villella, returning to the State Theatre stage after eleven years.

Now fifty-three, Villella inadvertently became part of a "fifty-something" trend set by A.B.T.'s guest stars when Carla Fracci revisited "Jardin aux Lilas" and Ekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasiliev danced—or, rather, demonstrated—"Giselle." Though Vasiliev threw himself about with undiminished zeal, these were really token appearances, served up for an audience that had felt itself deprived during Baryshnikov's administration of the big stars who made the seventies shine. Villella, as big a star as any, had the advantage, at least, of performing a role he had come to late in his career, one designed in part as a relief from virtuoso dancing. "Watermill," a protracted slow-motion "Japanese" pantomime steeped in the mortuary gloom of Robert Wilson, seemed shorter this time, with fewer and less showily provocative incidents. That Oriental moon waxed and waned, the wind rustled through the marsh grass, and tiny, tinkling ineffabilities rained down. But the audience didn't boo, as it had in 1972—it cheered, mostly because of Villella, whose magnetism and control had actually increased. It happens that he is the same age that Robbins was when he made the piece. If "Watermill" has a meaning (Robbins intended to show a man coming to terms with the past, and in view of his resignation from the company, last winter, the revival could be taken for a valediction), it is the meaning that Villella now gives it, with his mature craftsmanship and unassertive, unmelancholy ease of concentration.

The older of the two biggest American companies, Ballet Theatre, is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. But though dance technique and dance medicine march on, no way has yet been found to make fifty-year-old dancers effective in the roles of their youth. Age is not the only debilitating factor. The new A.B.T. management also brought back Fernando Bujones and teamed him with the Bolshoi ballerina Liudmila Semenyaka in "The Sleeping Beauty." He is thirty-five, she thirty-eight, but they seem older because of their blighted careers. Semenyaka, a dancer of exquisite breeding, looked sadly pinched. (Her technical disrepair was well along the last time New York saw her, in 1987.) Flashes of her former delicacy still illumine her Aurora, but the net effect of her Bolshoi regimen has been the trivialization of her greatest gift—the ethereal combination of strength and daintiness. The very quality of her energy has been Bol-

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shoivized—it's become both coarse and faint. As for Bujones and *his* gifts, he long ago surrendered them to a notion of marketability, and now offers tired surefire routines in place of a performance. He was to have danced "Beauty" with Cynthia Gregory. When she cancelled, management saw fit to bring Semenyaka all the way from Moscow, even though she is to appear in New York with the Bolshoi in July, and even though A.B.T. has under contract young and vital American Auroras who dance the role better.

This was to have been Baryshnikov's tenth and final year as artistic director. He began his tenure with the idea that A.B.T. should be an American company able to dance the classics with authority, not an international performing collective with inconsistent and inorganic notions of style. Another idea was that the highest priority should be the development of talent. There's a common saying that it takes ten years to make a ballet company. Had Baryshnikov not resigned prematurely last year, he would now be presiding over a season that is seeing his policies finally pay off. Ballet Theatre's younger ballerinas weren't very interesting when they began dancing this version of "The Sleeping Beauty," three seasons ago. Though they'd been very well trained, right up to last spring they weren't interesting in any of the classics. It looked as if, without the kind of stimulus that Baryshnikov's dancing had provided for the men, there would never be an authentic ballerina presence at A.B.T. The blossoming of a new, lyrical, soft yet exacting style is most noticeable so far in the dancing of Susan Jaffe and Cheryl Yeager, Baryshnikov's two most conspicuous groomed-from-the-ground-up ballerina candidates. The force behind the change is Irina Kolpakova, former prima ballerina of the Kirov, whom Baryshnikov brought in as a coach when *glasnost* opened the way. The company is wise to retain this great artist. The standard of pure classicism which she teaches is the same as that taught and practiced for years by great Russian dancers in the West; it is poetic dancing, not abstract discipline. I didn't notice a Kolpakova influence in "Swan Lake," but in the Prologue to "The Sleeping Beauty" I think I saw it all down the line—or the beginning of it, anyway. What a lovely thing to encounter in the ballet's centennial year. What a consuming thought, that one of Baryshnikov's last official acts may turn out to be his most significant.

"The Sleeping Beauty" is a ballet that cannot be revived; it can only be rediscovered. It's about the enduring values of classicism, and a correct performance is an act of faith. The orchestra this season murdered the music. The dancers fought back valiantly, especially Jaffe, whose taut serenity in the Rose Adagio was a refreshing surprise. Partnered by Kevin McKenzie, she was again triumphant in the wedding pas de deux. But no ballerina should have the responsibility of building up a ballet that collapses as soon as the vision scene is over. From here to the end of the act, Kenneth MacMillan's staging is out of step with the music. Carabosse is melodramatically overexposed, and the Lilac Fairy (whether the wooden Christine Dunham or the puddingy Leslie Browne) is too vaguely drawn to counteract the menace. The divertissement, beginning with MacMillan's jewel quartet, had no coherence. The Bluebirds either failed to ignite or, danced by Bocca and Alessandra Ferri, flared up out of control, a discordant flash act.

Bocca's excesses are less of a puzzle to me than Ferri's. They stem from exuberance, brute capacity, and simple indifference to style; they're the flaws of a young, unpolished dancer trying to thrill his public. Tharp harnessed him in "Brief Fling." Otherwise, only the role of Albrecht seemed to quell the beast in Bocca; his point-of-death variation was responsive to the music and the dramatic moment. But Ferri is a real oddity: a sensitive actress who lacks subtlety as a dancer. No single role resolves her contradictions; she appears of a piece only when accompanying Bocca through some slam-bang exercise in audience manipulation. And even then it's not a *whole* piece. Pyrotechnics don't suit Ferri after all. (Yeager is more at home with them.) Her fans adore her in "Giselle," particularly in Act I. She can act the peasant girl in love better than most, but she's too much the peasant in Act II; the elegance of the inner woman doesn't show in this girl with the brawny port de bras and mushy feet. But when she dances a variation in "Birthday Offering" it does show. Somehow, the Royal Ballet schooling to which the choreography is tuned brings it out.

Ashton's "Birthday Offering" is also tuned to Petipa; it's half a tribute to "Beauty" and half a commemoration of *temps perdu*. Ashton endowed the seven female variations with the airs and graces of his mother's generation, and André Levasseur's costumes reinforce the image with their hints of whalebone and plush velvet. As each dancer comes forward, you want to give her a Mauve Decade name: Letitia, Maud, Ivy, Zuleika . . . But Ashton was also a pure-water classicist, and for him the ballet was foremost a study of the Royal ballerinas of the fifties. If you're a veteran Royal fan, the names that come to mind are Beryl, Nadia, Rowena—members of the original cast. Above all, you long to see through the past to the soul of the present, to these women dancing *now*, and the view is obscure. It's not just a matter of bloodlines; I daresay A.B.T. dances the choreography better than the Royal today would. Revived this season, the ballet has been attentively coached by Georgina (Georgina!) Parkinson, like Ferri a former Royal Ballet dancer. Fonteyn was also brought in for some coaching sessions. But it's a rare revival that can recapture an original transparency. Perhaps one day "Birthday Offering," like the Petipa ballet that inspired it, will be rediscovered, and it won't be Susan-as-Margot we see, it will be Susan herself.

For Ballet Theatre this has been very much a transitional season, planned by Baryshnikov, executed by his successor, Jane Hermann. Formerly the Met's director of presentations, Hermann came to A.B.T. with a reputation as a tough-minded businesswoman who could control costs. She was Baryshnikov's executive director, and when he left she took over the artistic direction, enlisting Oliver Smith, who helped Lucia Chase run the company before Baryshnikov. In every interview, Hermann spoke of battering down the deficit acquired during the Baryshnikov years. The question was how she intended to go about it—whether artistic gains would be sacrificed. From some of the choices she has made so far—bringing on old grads and various dubious Russians—it looks as if she would rather appeal to the audience's weaknesses than to the company's strengths. The most pandering and pointless decision has been

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the hiring and casting of the Kirov dancer Faruk Ruzimatov. Bad enough that he danced "La Bayadère" with a full complement of snake-charmer torsions and capricious lunges and poses. He brought the same plastique, the same cosmetic frills and comic distortions to "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." In "Theme and Variations," he focussed on one half of the ballet—his own—and by inept partnering undermined Cynthia Harvey's half. But why put him in these Balanchine ballets in the first place? Ruzimatov's technical capabilities are grievously limited, his idea of style naïve; he looks as if he'd taught himself how a classical dancer behaves by trying out effects in the bathroom mirror. The fault is not really his—he's doing all he knows how to do. But he's certainly a weak advertisement for Kirov training. And a weaker one for Ballet Theatre direction could not be found.

The real excitement of the season was "Brief Fling." For Tharp it was a return to form after a stumble last spring, and also an exhilarating statement of classicism reëngaged. Few non-academically trained choreographers have been so fascinated by classical ballet or so keen on mastering its technique. But Tharp always seemed to have reservations about what Stravinsky called "the beauty of its *ordonnance*." She preferred a semblance of anarchy to one of constraint. Except when she worked with Baryshnikov, she resisted the notion of hierarchy. She built grids of all-over equalized activity instead of pyramids with virtuoso declensions moving through the ranks from one or two soloists at the top. Tharp had nothing against soloists or against their tendency to come in couples, but, in common with so many ballet choreographers of the eighties, she always used two or more couples and promoted a kind of equilibrium between them. "Brief Fling" is the first ballet in which she has used just one ballerina, just one premier danseur. True, she gives us her demi-soloists and her corps in sequential units instead of placing them behind the principals in contrapuntal support, as Balanchine would have done, and she gives us a fourth unit, consisting of Tharp dancers matching the classical dancers feat for feat. For whole stretches, it seems as if she has choreographed four different ballets. But "Brief Fling" is a four-in-one construction. Its four sections run concurrently, are interpenetrating, and are finally made to cohere in a vision of vernacular/academic parallelism as persuasive as the last act of "Raymonda" or—the more evident source of Tharp's inspiration—"Union Jack." "Brahms/Handel," the ballet that Tharp choreographed with Robbins a few years ago (and that was part of New York City Ballet's Robbins festival), also makes a contribution to "Brief Fling," primarily in the form of a climactic fugue that scrambles the various factions and stylistic elements. "Brahms/Handel," a stereopticon of a ballet, mirrored the dualities that have marked Tharp's dealings with ballet ever since "Deuce Coupe" (the title signifies): it featured two composers, two choreographers, and two sets of dancers. In "Brief Fling," dualities are less important than fusion. The musical track, a loony Tharp-arranged medley of compositions by Percy ("Country Gardens") Grainger and the contemporary French composer Michel Colombier, veers about unpredictably, yet Tharp manages to pull a theme-and-variations format out of it. The pleasure of the ballet as you watch it is the victory of willed integration over recalcitrant material. The pattern of integration is jagged, even jarring, but unity does come about. It's really a victory of Tharp over her own recalcitrance and ambivalence—her need to make ballet accommodate her, and her refusal to give in to its dictates.

Originally, she wanted, I think, to democratize ballet—to knock the coronets off the heads of the principal dancers. But that idea went against the classical principle of unified construction. The idea of a ballet as a piece of architecture evolving in time, defining its expressive goals more and more distinctly, is directly analogous to the way dancers evolve through training. Principal dancers are ultimate definition. A ballet without them isn't just a house without a cupola—it's more like a house without a roof. The compound structure of "Brief Fling" arrives at its peak in the dancing of Bocca and Yeager. The steps are "compounded"—virtuoso classical combinations with Tharpian boosters. Tharp makes more of Bocca than the Baryshnikov clone he makes of himself (even adopting the nineteen-seventies Misha haircut, which doesn't go well with his strong

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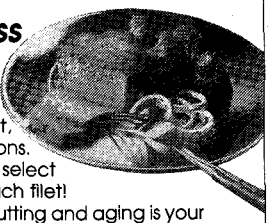

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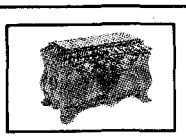

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nose), and Yeager's terrier tenacity is enlarged into bold wit. Circling high in the air over Bocca's head, sliding down his back as he exits, or echoing him in tightly coiled "skating" spins, she is the classical counterpart of the colloquial Shelley Washington, and every bit as fearless. Isaac Mizrahi has dressed the piece schematically in Scottish tartans. As an analogue of the ballet's all-in-one design, the three men who support Washington wear different parts of a single kit. Mizrahi's only mistake is dark-blue and crimson tights, which make the dancers' legs hard to see. Jennifer Tipton's murky lighting is no help at all.

Balanchine showed that a ballet could have more than one lead couple. But the preference of the eighties for split-focus ballets was a defeat for Balanchine and also for Petipa, from whose "Sleeping Beauty" the idea of progressive articulation clearly derives. In other words, a defeat for classical values. In "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and more radically and strangely in "Kammermusik No. 2," Balanchine split the focus between two ballerinas and their partners. These are among his least characteristic works, but for the majority of choreographers who have followed his example they are the most influential—you'd almost think he'd done nothing else. Since his death, the repertory at N.Y.C.B. (and elsewhere) has filled up with pieces of this type; Martins' latest, "Fearful Symmetries," stands for what has now become a genre. (That title, taken from the music, also signifies.) For Balanchine, the ballerina was both a key to expression and an instrument—*the* instrument—for the refining of form. In his split-focus ballets you feel that the commitment to perfection which was normal for him isn't a real possibility, and so he does something abnormal: he divides the ballerina role in half. In "Violin Concerto" he splits the ballerina left and right, in "Kammermusik" front and back; but it's still an ideal of one ballerina that he holds out to us. Why should his epigones have seized on, and yet misunderstood, his practice here? Are they confessing their inability to drive to the heart of classical expression? Are they indulging in philosophical equivocation? Trying to be democrats?

Martins' case is especially harrowing because it seems related to N.Y.C.B.'s failure to develop a star ballerina since Darci Kistler, whose advent year was 1980. As long as Kistler is there, dancing gloriously, as long as Merrill Ashley's astonishing renaissance continues, as long as Kyra Nichols returns fully healed, and good impressions are made by the likes of Nichol Hlinka and Helene Alexopoulos, this great vacancy will be covered, and Martins' penchant for making multiple-ballerina vehicles can be perceived as a simple inability to choose among riches. In "Fearful Symmetries" he paired Ashley with his perennial leading lady, Heather Watts, and while it was painful to see Ashley's dancing reduced, for symmetry's sake, to the etiolated level of Watts's, there was consolation in the presence of Margaret Tracey, who, along with Jeffrey Edwards, was given some nice things to do. The role didn't advance her as much as "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" did, but the point about these occasional promising débuts is that they're not capitalized on in time to be of real value to the dancers. Each gain is followed by a lapse, and signs of disintegration start to set in. Kelly Cass and Wendy Whelan, once prime candidates to succeed Ashley and Nichols, now look tough rather than strong. The thing I miss most in N.Y.C.B.'s operations is the feeling of somebody's—anybody's—eye scanning the field, plotting careers. Balanchine's idea was that the role makes the dancer; Martins' idea seems to be that rank makes the dancer. Damian Woetzel's rise has been the company's one real success in all this time; instructively enough, it followed the old route of development through repertory. Two talented long-legged and very young dancers, Ethan Stiefel and Yvonne Borree, danced a single performance of "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and were so good that one wanted to pass a petition: Give them "Coppélia," give them "Harlequinade." The odds are that they won't even do "Steadfast" again—ask any tout.

The company is stagnating on the musical front, too. The orchestra this season frequently sounded overmiked and underrehearsed. A great blow was the sudden death, in Tokyo, of Ashley Lawrence, who of all the guest conductors functioned best in the most demanding jobs. But these are days of drift and inanition for what has been

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the world's most creative ballet company. Coming at such a time, Robbins' resignation is both poignant and perilous. The festival of his works brought out one of his best and most underrated pieces—the "Mother Goose," to Ravel's music. How extraordinary a piece it really is and how hard it must have been to get the little tales told with exactly the right combination of dryness and sweetness become apparent when a debacle like "Puss in Boots" takes place. Perhaps too much had been expected of this original ballet to a commissioned score, the featured event of the annual School of American Ballet program. The choreographer, Robert LaFosse, had done well with pure-dance ballets, and this was to be a story ballet, drawn from a libretto by Lincoln Kirstein. But the choreography, the music by Larry Spivack, and the décor by Gary Lisz all failed for the same reason: instead of being emotionally innocent and technically sophisticated, they were the reverse.

One would have liked to think that Robbins had passed on to LaFosse some of his choreographic secrets. A former Baryshnikov protégé, LaFosse was brought to N.Y.C.B. by Robbins, and he has become an exceptionally fine Robbins dancer; his performance with Kistler of "In G Major" is the best the ballet has seen. As a Balanchine dancer LaFosse has difficulty submerging himself in his roles; he'd rather winkle out the subtext and add little touches, like the hand-twirling gesture that says "Dance," quite needlessly, in "Who Cares?" But he has enormous depth of commitment, and he's a heroic partner. He got Kistler smoothly through "Who Cares?" in spite of the fact that she was dancing a role three sizes too small for her. Like Suzanne Farrell and Merrill Ashley before her, she opted for the part created for Patricia McBride. And she came breathtakingly close to re-creating it, lifts and all. Kistler is unstoppable; her performances this spring took place a world away from the company's troubles. So—almost—did those of Maria Calegari in "Chaconne" and "Violin Concerto." After several seasons of dancing erratically, she has reached a state that I can only describe as subdued turbulence. It's exciting and beautiful, but it's alarming, too. Calegari is in obvious need of a new role; she's like a racehorse in the starting gate. Happily, "Brahms/Handel," in which she is the Tharp ballerina, returned just in time to release some of her energy.

Tharp's other contribution to the season was her marvellous "Nine Sinatra Songs," from 1982, with an A.B.T. cast that danced it to the hilt. In spite of all that "Brief Fling" accomplishes and should be cherished for, it does not satisfy the way "Nine Sinatra Songs" does. Tharp's ballet-company ballets engage and challenge the classical tradition, they drive dancers to go beyond themselves, but they don't roll out of the azure of pure inspiration, like the pieces to Fats Waller and Willie (the Lion) Smith. I sometimes think that in inventing the American style in ballet Balanchine laid a curse upon his successors. Too many people are trying to do Balanchine's thing in Balanchine's way. It is fascinating to read Edwin Denby and discover that what we now call "the Balanchine ballet" was virtually a universal practice as long ago as 1941. Of "lyric dancing" and "the lyric effect" Denby wrote that "its method (under the absurd name of modern and abstract) has become so canonized in the last two decades that it is now the only respectable way to do choreography whether one has the gift for it or not." Denby meant, probably, that one had to be musical. Certainly, when Balanchine pushed his dancers it was toward ever-greater musical transparency, and the luminous inscriptions they left in space are our idea of the heaven of classicism. To call "Nine Sinatra Songs" a classical ballet might strike even Tharp as impertinent, and yet as an experience it is for me closer to "Who Cares?" than "Brief Fling" is to anything of Balanchine's, including "Union Jack." As the seasons pass and we watch our choreographers wrangle through this thing of being classical, of being George, of being beneath, against, or beyond him, it helps to remember that his favorite dancer was Fred Astaire; he said so, he was perfectly serious, and his ballets all showed it. For Balanchine, Astaire was as true a standard of class and style as "The Sleeping Beauty." A classical tradition with no touchstones in the present is a tradition nobody understands.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

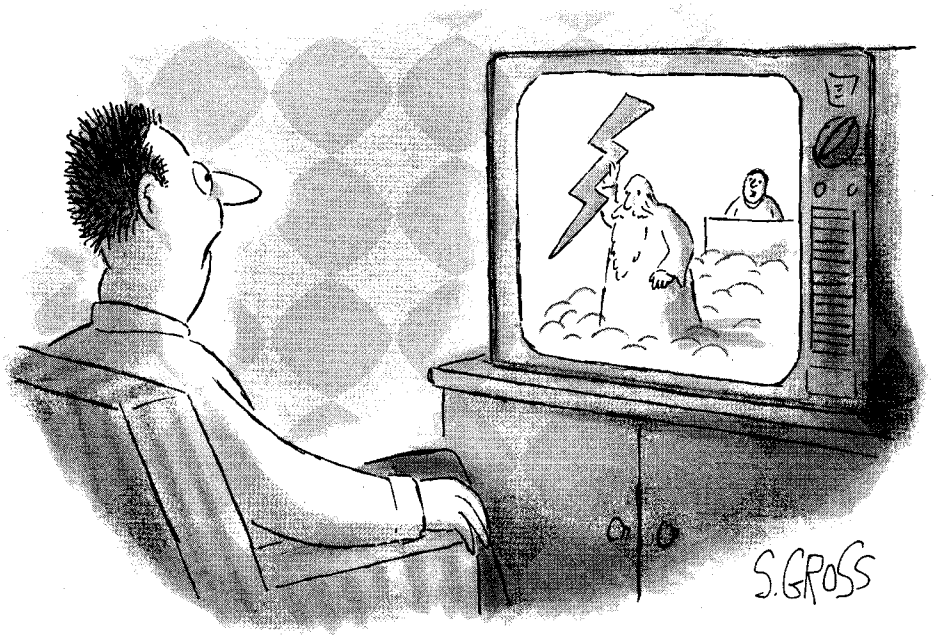
JUNE 21

UNITED STATES officials are now trying, as best they can, to do nothing less than design the face of the post-Cold War Europe, find a role in that Europe for the former Soviet-dominated nations of Eastern Europe, as well as for the Soviet Union itself, and redefine our own relationship with this new Europe and with the Soviet Union. This is a tall order—one that very busy people are trying to carry out, many of them enduring too many plane trips and too much jet lag as they attend myriad international meetings and conferences. At least, in an earlier exercise in shaping a postwar Europe, at the Congress of Vienna, the statesmen stayed put—even if Europe didn't after the statesmen's work was done. And the idea that a few wise statesmen can settle everything, for all time to come, has been nullified by history. American officials, as they deal with the long-delayed final settling of the affairs of the Second World War—an exercise forced upon them by the prospective reunification of Germany—are anxious to not repeat the mistakes made after the First World War, and also hope that they won't make new ones. Some officials are more conscious than others of this danger.

Seen in this context, the recent summit meeting here between George Bush and Mikhail Gorbachev was but one event in a long and complex process—and that's as it should be. The problem for the Administration was that it had billed the summit as one where various things would be achieved that weren't quite achieved. During the 1984 campaign, Walter Mondale had suggested annual summits that would be seen as routine, not dependent on big agreements, and not such extraordinary events. We're getting to that point, but without shedding some old assumptions. So the fact that the two sides didn't get as far as had been planned on a START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) agreement, and didn't seem to get very far on resolving the disagreement over whether, or under what terms, a reunited Germany would be a member of NATO, made it appear that the summit hadn't accomplished very much, and put the Bush Administration on the defensive. After the summit, the White House worked hard to "spin" reporters in an attempt to persuade them that the lack of many concrete results didn't mean that the summit wasn't a success. The fact that this line was correct didn't make the effort to sell it less obvious. ("It *was* a good summit," Bush said defensively in a speech in Milwaukee shortly after the summit.) A White House—not just the Bush White House but any White House—doesn't seem to know how not to ballyhoo a summit, and, besides, as one of Bush's friends puts it, outside of foreign policy Bush doesn't have all that much going. The idea of two leaders just getting together to talk, as was supposed to be the case at Malta, in early December, went by the board at Malta when the Administration, eager that the President not be trumped by Gorbachev, and wanting to appear to be in synch with the flow of world events, greeted Gorbachev with a flurry of proposals. In some ways, because of intervening events, the dealings between the two nations are behind where they were at Malta. And at Malta, a senior Administration official says, "we thought that Washington would be a more conclusionary summit." At Malta, it wasn't expected that arms-control negotiations would, for various reasons, bog down, that Gorbachev would be choking Lithuania, or that the Washington summit would take on the character of a discussion of the future shape of Europe.

The Berlin Wall had come down less than a month before the Malta meeting, but freedom was only beginning to come to Eastern Europe, and the reunification of Germany was a spectre. At the time of Malta, Administration officials were excited about the possibility of our helping the Soviets move to a market economy, by offering technical assistance in the form of sending a few experts, and were expecting the Soviet government to take difficult economic steps soon. They're still waiting. In the period around Malta, foreign-policy officials convinced themselves that Gorbachev would accept a reunited Germany's membership in NATO. By the time Gorbachev came to the United States, he seemed to have worked himself into inflexible positions on Lithuania and Germany, and what moves his government had taken to reform the economy were being widely criticized—within the Soviet Union and here—as halfhearted and doomed to failure.

In fact, by the time Gorbachev reached the United States it had become the fashion—within the Soviet Union and here—to write him off as passé, irrelevant, out of touch. In the view of his Soviet critics of the more radical school—a view also held here—he had delayed too long in dealing with the nationalities seeking independence or turning on each other, and with the economic problems. Shortly before his trip to the United States, news programs here featured the panic buying in Moscow that had been set off by the announcement in late May that food



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prices would soon be rising, with the price of bread tripling. (This was not an auspicious beginning: it isn't very wise to announce in advance that prices are about to go up.) As Gorbachev was en route here, stopping in Canada, his nemesis Boris Yeltsin was elected president of the Russian Republic by the republic's legislature, a move that Gorbachev had vociferously—and, many thought, unwisely—opposed. Yeltsin's election put him in a position to cause Gorbachev great problems, since potentially he could wrest the Russian republic largely out from under Gorbachev's control and make his own deals with the other republics, and Yeltsin began almost at once to make moves in this direction. (Because he was elected by a slim majority, it is generally believed here that he can go only so far.) But Yeltsin's election also, in the view of certain Soviet and American observers, gave Gorbachev an opportunity to move in a more reformist direction, and this is what Gorbachev has done since the summit. The Administration, apparently thinking it was acting in Gorbachev's interest, did a fair amount of knocking Yeltsin before, and even after, the summit. He was described in various background briefings as a flake and a windbag, and, following the summit, a senior Administration official condemned Yeltsin's own recent meetings with Baltic leaders as a misguided failure; other officials have since suggested that Yeltsin's action may have enabled Gorbachev to move toward a compromise with Lithuania. Yet some Administration officials see Yeltsin not as a flake but as a populist with, like most populists, a demagogic streak. One official says that Yeltsin makes things both easier and harder for Gorbachev: easier in the sense that Yeltsin makes it look less as if Gorbachev were simply making another concession, to Lithuania and the other republics; harder in the sense that in moving to make his own deals with the Baltics and the other republics Yeltsin removes some of Gorbachev's leverage.

The big question in some Administration officials' minds is whether Gorbachev, the master politician in the old Soviet system who was able through this mastery to unleash forces of change, has created a new political system in which he cannot operate effectively. Though they would never say so publicly, some officials have recently become more doubtful that Gorbachev can in fact function well for long in this new situation. Russia has a history of swallowing up its reformers. It has a centuries-long history of swinging from anarchy to autocracy. These officials have also become more skeptical that the Soviet Union can carry out effective economic reform. They have a diminished enthusiasm for little missions to Moscow to explain the workings of a market economy. Thus far, the Soviet economic programs, including the more serious one announced last week, have been only decrees, not action, and continue to rely on command from above; but unless they can be carried out from below there won't be any significant change. The dimensions of the difficulty of getting a people to act on different assumptions, impulses, and expectations have begun to come home to our officials, as has the difficulty (in Eastern Europe as well as in the Soviet Union) of creating a new class of professionals, who know how to make the kinds of decisions and accept the kinds of responsibilities that they have never known before. There is, however, within our government a school of thought that if Gorbachev were overthrown it would be impossible, given the changes that have taken place, for the Soviet Union to go back to the Brezhnev era. And at least one key official has thought for some time that the greatest threat to Gorbachev would come not from the forces of reaction but from a credible reformer.

IT does appear that Bush's insistently personal approach in dealing with other world leaders paid off at the summit and afterward. Bush's belief in establishing strong personal relationships with these leaders has its pluses and minuses. On the minus side, it can blur his vision, and lead him to confuse the national interest with his own interest in maintaining the relationship, and to think that the personal relationship will yield more than it can: Bush's dealings, as Vice-President and President, with Ferdinand Marcos and Deng Xiaoping are two examples. Bush likes to pick up the phone to talk to his international friends, or dash off a letter to them. This can be risky. Every President wants to break free of the bureaucracy in making foreign policy, but sometimes the bureaucracy has a point. In the case of the Washington

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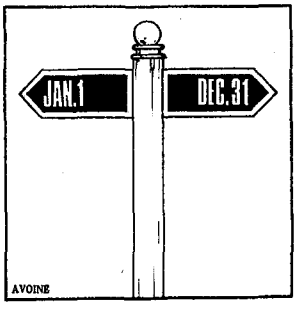
summit, Gorbachev has made it clear that he appreciated Bush's not taking advantage of his domestic difficulties; and Bush's courteous, understanding behavior may have helped Gorbachev take some difficult steps following the summit. Bush's handling of sensitive matters—his disinclination to shove certain policies, such as a reunited Germany's membership in NATO, down Gorbachev's throat—may have helped Gorbachev move toward face-saving resolutions of them.

One reason President Bush signed a trade agreement with the Soviet Union, despite his stated intention not to, and despite sharp disagreement among his top advisers, was to give Gorbachev at least something symbolic to take home. Going into the summit, there was a division of opinion within the Administration over whether the trade agreement should be signed, and the dispute spilled over into the airwaves. On the Sunday talk shows the week that the summit was to take place, Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, said "there certainly will not" be a trade agreement signed at the summit, while Secretary of State James Baker said, "It's not off the table. I see where some are suggesting that it's off the table." The next morning, Bush, preparing to tee off for an early golf game in Kennebunkport, said, "Well, it's not on the table." At Malta, Bush had said that the United States would grant the Soviet Union most-favored-nation trading status provided the Soviet Union passes legislation codifying its liberalized emigration policy, which it was expected to do by the time of the Washington summit. (The trade agreement would enable the President to waive the Jackson-Vanik amendment, which denies most-favored-nation treatment to the Soviet Union unless it permits the emigration of Jews.) In the meantime, however, the Soviet Union's imposition of an economic embargo on Lithuania, and Bush's declining in late April to invoke economic sanctions, and then, a couple of days later, United States and Soviet negotiators in Paris agreeing to a draft trade agreement, led the Senate to vote overwhelmingly for a resolution instructing Bush to not send the trade agreement to Congress for approval until the Soviet Union had stopped its economic pressures on Lithuania and had entered into serious negotiations on Lithuanian independence. As a practical matter, Bush's hands were tied. Shortly before the summit, he said, "I think many feel there's a direct linkage there, and I must say it concerns me," an opaque statement—Bush excels at opaque statements—which led a number of people to conclude, incorrectly, that he had made a formal link between Lithuania and a trade agreement. Bush did also send a confidential letter to Gorbachev four weeks before the summit, telling him that the trade deal was most unlikely because of public and congressional reaction to the economic blockade. As it happens, Bush sent the letter on the day before the Senate voted—thus hedging his own decision to not call off the trade talks in Paris. So, at the summit, Bush reversed himself again.



Administration officials hadn't expected Gorbachev and others in his entourage to press so hard for the trade agreement at the summit; the agreement could only be symbolic, since the Soviet Union hadn't yet passed the emigration legislation, and even if it did receive M.F.N. status it has few goods that we would wish to buy. But, as Administration officials see it, the trade treaty became a matter of pride for Gorbachev, because it represented an important opening of the Soviet economy to the West, and something he felt that he had to take back with him for his own political reasons. He and members of his delegation argued that they try to tell their people that the United States is no longer the enemy; that the Soviet Union has trading relations with the rest of Europe, so why not with the United States? An Administration official says, "If Gorbachev goes home accepting our position on Germany someday, he needs some cover. The trade agreement gives him cover." It took Administration officials quite a while to figure out why Gorbachev had chosen the itinerary he had for this trip to the United States, but they eventually concluded that his route—Washington, Minneapolis, San Francisco (and Palo Alto)—was designed so that he could go back and tell the Soviet people he had achieved practical things that would improve their daily lives. In Washington, he had obtained the trade agreement; in Minneapolis and San Francisco, he had sought out new technology and encouraged business investment in the Soviet Union.

In the end, the President himself, following a strenuous debate among his advisers, decided to sign the trade agreement, saying at the same time that he wouldn't send it to Congress until the Soviet emigration legislation was passed. White House officials seemed positively relieved when, following the summit, the Supreme Soviet once again postponed passing the legislation, because that gave more time for Gorbachev to try to work something out on Lithuania, thus sparing Bush the onus of deciding whether to send the trade legislation to Congress while the Soviet pressure on Lithuania remained in effect. No one here is sure about the reasons for the postponements of the emigration legislation; one theory is that the Soviets didn't wish to be embarrassed over the trade legislation here and wanted some more time to extricate themselves from the Lithuania problem; another is that the Soviets, who have gone back and forth on how much of an issue to make of it, wanted to make a statement about Israel's settling the arriving Soviet Jews in the occupied territories; and another is that the Soviets are becoming alarmed about a brain drain. Though some Democrats and right-wingers made an issue of Bush's signing the trade agreement, he seems to have done the right thing under the circumstances—he gave Gorbachev something without actually giving anything away.

Very quietly, hoping not to set off a furor, Administration officials have been considering the possibility of giving the Soviet Union—indirectly at first—real economic assistance. In recent weeks, they have acknowledged that the subject is under discussion, but have been most hesitant to talk about it publicly. They also acknowledge that the subject came up between Gorbachev and Bush at the summit. Administration officials recognize that the subject is politically explosive, and have explained to Soviet officials that little can be done about direct United States aid until the Soviets have taken more steps to reform their economy and spend less on their military and on subsidizing foreign clients such as Fidel Castro.

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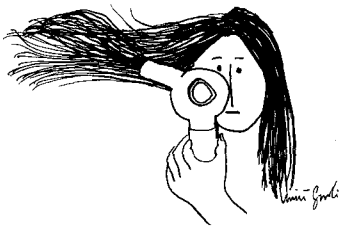
(An Administration official says the signs are that the Soviets are getting ready to cast Castro adrift, as well as cut back substantially their subsidies to other countries such as Vietnam, Cambodia, and Ethiopia.) Some European nations are eager to extend such aid, and the subject will arise at the next seven-nation economic summit meeting, in Houston in July. Some United States officials see economic assistance to the Soviet Union—by Germany and other European countries—as a card to play in order to get the Soviets to more willingly accept a reunified Germany's membership in NATO, and some also see it as a means of trying to maintain future stability in the Soviet Union, and also to save Gorbachev. The new United States position will likely be that it doesn't oppose such aid by others, as it has until now, and Administration officials are debating whether and how the United States could join such an effort. Some Democrats are beginning to consider the subject of straight-out U.S. aid, even though in March House Majority Leader Dick Gephardt got kneecapped by the White House for suggesting such a thing. In the eyes of several people, the trade-off of economic assistance to the Soviet Union for lessened military expenditures, economic reform, and reduced foreign adventurism would be a good deal. What's more, these people argue, a stable Soviet Union that is part of an ordered world economic system rather than a Russia that turns in on itself and is dominated by xenophobic Great Russian nationalists is very much in our interest. The Soviets want access to commercial credits, which, at Malta, the President said that he would be willing to explore. In order to offer such credits, certain other legislative restrictions would have to be removed, or met, including one that requires a resolution of debts to this country, going back to loans to the Kerensky government and to Lend-Lease. But at this point we haven't even got to the point of waiving Jackson-Vanik.

ADMINISTRATION officials were a little slow to realize the depth of the anxiety on the part of the Soviets—and others—about a reunified Germany, and of the psychological, and political, difficulty for the Soviets of accepting a reunified Germany's membership in NATO. For much of this year, our officials had been rather offhanded in saying that of course the Soviet Union would prefer a Germany in NATO to a neutral, free-floating Germany. In the end, Gorbachev probably will accept a united Germany in NATO, subject to certain terms and assurances, but it is taking him longer to get there than Administration officials had expected. In Soviet thinking, it was one thing to lose the countries of Eastern Europe, but East Germany was the crown jewel of the empire. (This indicates how down-at-heel the empire was.) It isn't an easy thing for Soviet leaders to let the former East Germany become part of a mighty nation that had been its enemy during, and after, the Second World War, and part of a pact of nations which Soviet citizens had been told for decades was its enemy. At the same time, the Warsaw Pact is disintegrating. The Soviet military is said to be especially upset over a united Germany going into NATO, and though the military isn't generally believed to be the danger to Gorbachev that many have said—including Bush at an early-May press conference (he has since been set straight by his advisers)—it is a bureaucratic force to be reckoned with. When Gorbachev was here, he spoke of the twenty-seven million Soviet citizens who had lost their lives during the Second World War. The Soviet fear of a reunited Germany is neither irrational nor ahistorical. Some United States officials had hoped to have the German issue further along by the time of the recent summit, and largely resolved as a result of it, but a few wise ones understood that there was no way Gorbachev, especially in his current circumstances, could go home from Washington having acquiesced in a reunited Germany's belonging to NATO—even though, as officials point out, once Germany is reunited, as it is expected to be by the end of this year, it *is* a member of NATO. An official says, "The Soviets can decide to keep their troops in the eastern part of Germany, but the day after unification, when the German representative walks into NATO headquarters, he's representing united Germany." Though Gorbachev holds few cards in this matter, he is not entirely without leverage. Officials point out that the Soviets still have three hundred and eighty thousand troops in East Germany, and could play on anti-NATO sentiment in Germany and other parts of Europe, and it can also hold up an agreement on reduction of conventional forces in Europe (C.F.E.).



United States officials are caught in a delicate game of trying to deal with both German and Soviet sensibilities, and this entails no small amount of convolution and indirection. There has, in fact, grown up a whole vocabulary, consisting of code to protect German sensibilities, that is the Administration's required language for discussing the issue of a reunified Germany's membership in NATO. For starters, the State Department insists on the word "unification," rather than "reunification"; an official explains that the Germans prefer it because they were united before and thus will be united, not reunited (the logic is theirs), but, more important, "reunification" suggests that the United States might go along with the rejoining of the entire Third Reich, which included territories beyond the current East and West Germany. The great taboo is to "singularize" Germany. Thus, when speaking of reducing further the number of West German troops in future negotiations on conventional-force reductions in order to assuage the Soviets, one must never refer to German troops as such. When an official was reported in the press shortly before the summit to have said in a background briefing that German troops might be reduced further, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater promptly said, "We are opposed to any proposal which would single out Germany for special limits." One must talk not of reducing German troops but of reducing troops in what is referred to as the central region, a deliberately ambiguous term. (I used the term "central zone" in an interview with one official and was sharply corrected; "zone," he said, has a different meaning, and one must not use the term.) United States officials have been saying to the Soviets, and Bush stressed to Gorbachev when he was here, that the Soviets shouldn't "singularize" Germany. The anxiety, of course, is to avoid the mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles, which left the Germans feeling put-upon and resentful. Yet one

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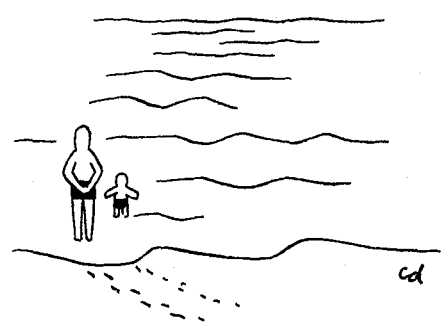
senior official expressed the worry on the part of some that "we're so concerned about treating Germany as in 1919 that we're leading up to isolating the Soviet Union and stirring up great Russian nationalism."

Shortly before the summit, the Soviets were offered a nine-point set of assurances designed to allay their anxieties. The points weren't new but were essentially a repackaging of ideas that had been offered along the way. An official says, "It was a presentational device and a way to say to the Soviets, 'We'll deal with your specific interests,' and that 'ultimately, you'll have the decision about whether to isolate yourselves. If you want to play, here's how.' " Among the nine points are a pledge for negotiations on further troop reductions in the "central region"; a reaffirmation of Germany's commitments to not produce or possess nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons; a comprehensive review of NATO strategy; a pledge to not extend NATO troops into the territory of the former East Germany "for a transition period" (but there are non-NATO West German troops that could be stationed there); and a guarantee of the current borders of Germany. When one asks Administration officials how guarantees on future German behavior—the size of its troops, the kinds of weapons it will have—can be insured, one gets differing responses. An official says that we can lock in these guarantees by "creating institutions, international agreements that set up a peaceful, stable Europe," and he points out that the current German leadership agrees to these terms, and that for forty-five years West Germany has been a democracy, linked to the West economically and militarily. He adds, "If we act suspicious and say we have to control you, we're more likely to bring about the result we don't want." Besides, this official points out, the United States doesn't want to demilitarize Germany for other reasons: the Soviet Union is still a heavily armed nation and its future is uncertain; therefore, he says, collective defense remains necessary, though adjusted for new realities. Another official says there is, in the end, no way to guarantee the future behavior of Germany.

To some extent, the nine points are bargaining chips, and a senior official says that while there are signs that the Soviets are coming around, the West will probably end up making more concessions. A certain amount of this is not so much about geopolitics as about cash. The Germans are willing to invest a great deal in getting reunification—one official calls it potentially the biggest leveraged buyout in history—and the Soviets and East Germans are currently holding them up for more. This is, after all, the East Germans' last gasp. We may actually get to the totally bizarre point where the new German state pays the Soviet Union to keep its own troops in the former East Germany for a transitional period. Negotiations on this and other points are under way. Today and tomorrow there is a ministerial-level meeting in Berlin of the members of the "two-plus-four" group (the victorious Second World War allies and East and West Germany), and meetings of lower-level officials of these countries, and quiet talks between West German and Soviet officials, go on all the time.

IN order to ward off isolation of the Soviet Union, bring the liberated countries of Eastern Europe into the fold, keep Germany under some constraints, and also keep the United States from becoming isolated from Europe—a possibility that only some United States officials seem to understand—our officials propound new roles for existing international institutions, with relative degrees of grasp or enthusiasm. The idea of "changing the role of NATO" has been kicking around, and evolving, for a while, but only a few officials can spell out what they mean by that. Most of the new defining has been done by Baker in recent speeches and seems to have sprung from the fertile, amazing mind of Robert Zoellick, formally the State Department counsellor, less formally, but crucially, Baker's extra brain. Baker is a very smart man, but creativity and conceptualizing aren't among his strong suits. Hiring smart people and making good use of them are—this is an important trait in a government leader—and Zoellick and Dennis Ross, the director of policy planning for the State Department, and Zoellick's close friend, provide Baker with much of his material and his thinking. Baker, the good lawyer, delivers his brief with apparent conviction, but it is sometimes hard to know how deeply he has assimilated it. Yet what he offers is beyond tactics: it's a picture—one hesitates to use the word "vision," because it has become so loaded—of a post-Cold War Europe.



To hear Baker and his aides tell it, they envision a comprehensive scheme in which NATO does take on a more political role, and less of a directly anti-Soviet one, by, for example, playing a role in verifying arms agreements, and spending more time discussing political questions. In addition, the thirty-five-nation Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (C.S.C.E.)—the "Helsinki process"—would be given some actual institutional machinery and an enhanced role; this brings the Soviet Union into a European structure and gives the former Communist countries of Eastern Europe, who are feeling left out, something to do. And the role of the European Community is to be broadened (in some vague way). Baker first broached these ideas in a speech in Berlin in December, in which he described what he envisioned as "the new architecture" of Europe, and recently fleshed them out in a speech in Copenhagen. The notion that the United States could obtain more of a role with the European Community—the twelve European nations that are working their way toward economic and political unity—has pretty much fallen by the wayside, largely because the French aren't interested in diluting the E.C.'s economic power in order to satisfy the United States. However, the small nations of Western Europe don't want their influence diluted in a large thirty-five-nation C.S.C.E., and United States officials don't seem too keen on relying for very much on such a cumbersome outfit. Also, for a variety of reasons, some officials don't expect the Soviets to take much solace from membership in the C.S.C.E.

The State Department's counterparts at the National Security Council put less stock in these ideas, expressing more skepticism that they can be brought to fruition or would be enough to satisfy the Soviets. Also, there is a

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school of thought that, no matter what is tried, the Soviets will never be accepted as part of Europe—that except for the occasional treaty of convenience they never have been; Russians have never been considered real Europeans (even ties of royal blood weren't enough to save the last czar and his family), and certainly Armenians and Azerbaijanis, among others, haven't. Of course, the Americans aren't part of Europe, either. American isolation from Europe is a real danger in several respects. Institutionally, we cannot be part of the E.C., which will be a bigger market than the United States, and will challenge it for economic power. Though many Europeans want some United States troops to remain in Europe (to help keep Germany in its place) and many Germans want United States troops to remain in Germany (in order to reduce the pressure on them to build up their own forces and obtain nuclear weapons, and also to send a reassuring signal to others, whom they know to be nervous about them), this will be politically difficult to maintain unless the United States has other roles in the new European order, and even then it might not be easy. Baker has warned his European counterparts that we can't just stay there as mercenaries. But the new roles have yet to be established.

AT the summit, arms control seemed almost an afterthought, a leftover from the Cold War, but even in this case not as much was accomplished as Administration officials had for a long time expected. Some of this was their own doing. Under attack—unjustifiably—by a handful of conservative commentators who charged that Baker had given too much away in his last negotiations in Moscow, in mid-May, the Administration decided to strengthen its own demands, bargaining hard for Soviet concessions it knew it wouldn't get, in the course of the negotiations at the summit. It didn't wish to appear too eager for the treaty, and wanted to be able to assure conservative senators that it had tried hard for the toughest possible terms—and as a result didn't even get to the expected agreement in principle to be signed at the summit. After much back and forth, it was decided that Bush and Gorbachev wouldn't sign or initial the agreement in its unfinished state—an official described it to me as a "thingy"—but simply issue a joint statement, and officials say that they still hope for a completed START agreement by the end of the year.

More important, perhaps, was the joint statement that the two leaders issued concerning the next long-range-arms-reduction treaty the two sides will seek: with some difficulty, the United States negotiators got the Soviets to agree to discuss the question of banning all land-based missiles equipped with multiple-warhead reëntry vehicles (MIRVs). The elimination of such systems has long been seen as contributing toward stability, but the Soviets resist, because their nuclear force is heavily weighted toward big land-based missiles, whereas we have relatively more at sea. The Administration earlier this year made a pass at getting the Soviets to agree to a ban on mobile land-based MIRVs as part of the START agreement; the Soviets have two such systems and we have none, and the Administration was facing an uphill battle to win congressional approval of two such systems. The move was designed in large part to assuage Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, who has been arguing for the abolition of MIRVs, and in the hope that this would induce Nunn to support funding for United States mobile land-based MIRVs, on the ground that we need them in order to negotiate with the Soviets to eliminate them. (Old logic dies hard.) The gambit didn't pay off with the Soviets, or with Nunn. Under the START agreement, nuclear weapons will actually be reduced (rather than made subject to limitations) for the first time, but only by twenty to thirty per cent over all, leaving both nations more than enough to destroy each other. The talks on reductions in conventional forces also slowed, largely because the Soviets were reconsidering, and because they wished to wring more concessions on Germany.

Bush and his top foreign-policy advisers may lack personal flair, and the policy may still be a bit on the reactive side, and pinched by the "no new taxes" pledge. There've been no grand initiatives, but in dealing with the complexities of the new, post-Cold War world they have been responsible, reasonable, and, increasingly, forward-looking. Neither we nor they will know until later whether they've made new mistakes. —ELIZABETH DREW

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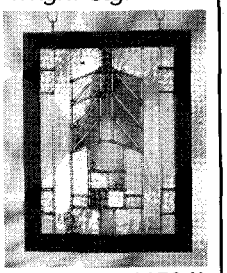
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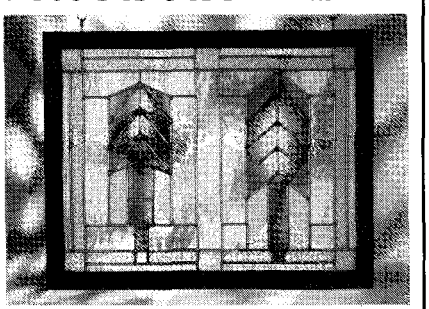
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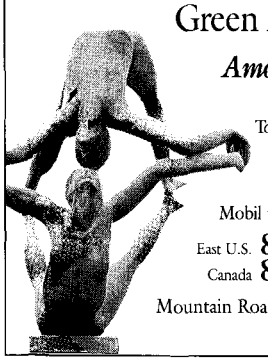
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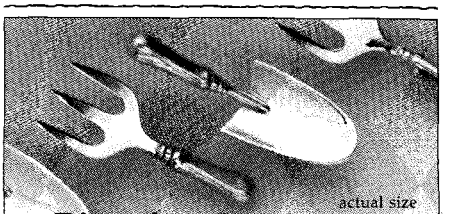
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BOOKS

Enfevered

"AUTHENTIC visionary" is the phrase with which the biographer Richard Holmes introduces the subject of his new book, "Coleridge: Early Visions" (Viking; $22.95). "Authentic" is not a tag that Coleridge—who described himself variously as someone who had "forgotten how to make a rhyme," as a "little man" beside Wordsworth, and as a soul whose imagination "lies, like a Cold Snuff on the circular Rim of a Brass Candle-stick, without even a stink of Tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with Flame"—would likely have affixed to himself. True, he was not unaware of the broad capital of his genius, and could, in rare moments of bluster, extoll his own "noble schemes," his "Industry and Perseverance." But such assertions were almost always reserved for his intellectual or critical acumen; he seldom had a kind word for his poetry. A central puzzle in Coleridge's life—perhaps *the* puzzle, the one whose solution would dispel most of the questions that go on troubling us about him a century and a half after his death—is how the author of "Kubla Khan" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Dejection: An Ode" could ever have concluded that he was, as he confessed to a friend, "no poet."

One of the few disappointments of "Coleridge: Early Visions"—which glitters throughout with nimbleness and insight—is that it throws little light on Coleridge's inability to identify and appreciate the species of his poetic talents. Literary self-evaluation is a dicey business, of course, yet this critic of genius was so shaky in his self-appraisals that you wind up marvelling that the poems were written at all. "Coleridge: Early Visions" constitutes the first part of what will be a two-part study. "Coleridge's myth of poetic failure" will be taken up, Holmes assures us in a footnote, in Volume II.

Actually, "myth" is a faintly disquieting term, if it is meant to encompass the shape of Coleridge's poetic career. One would suppose it now beyond question that he fell far short of his artistic promise. Even his staunchest advocates typically concede that there are not many topflight poems and that most of them were composed early in his career. The poet Kathleen Raine, who edited the Penguin Poetry Library "Coleridge," aptly described "Dejection," which was written before he turned thirty, as his "farewell to the Muse"; certainly the lyrics for which Coleridge is best remembered belong almost exclusively to his twenties. Raine notes that "the great flowering of his poetic genius took place within five years, and, above all, in one single year"—beginning in the summer of 1797, the year he turned twenty-five. William Empson, in *his* selection of Coleridge's verse, observed that "Coleridge wrote only a few very good poems," a point already put forth in simple, visual terms by Empson's decision to offer an introduction almost as long as the slender gathering of poetry it accompanies. Why did Coleridge and his Muse enjoy so short a fling? Empson suggests that the poet's output decreased because his standards were so exacting, but this is a judgment difficult to square with the merits of the work. Coleridge did not quit writing verse after his early triumphs; he merely quit writing verse of a sort that later generations have deemed fit to treasure.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in Ottery St. Mary, a small town in Devonshire, in 1772. His father, a vicar and schoolmaster, died of a heart attack when the boy was eight. (One wonders what effect the father's prescience on the night before his death—when, in seemingly good health, he dreamed that death "touched him with his dart"—may have had upon a son who was to become a mystical poet.) His mother was forty-five when she gave birth to Samuel, her tenth, and last, child. Had Coleridge not later reported that he was his mother's "darling" and "favourite," we might conclude that he had suffered neglect at her hands. The letters of his adult life ache unceasingly for a mother substitute. At the age of twenty-nine, he wrote of a friend's mother that she was "the only Being whom I ever *felt* in the relation of Mother."

In the years before reaching his annus mirabilis, Coleridge did some spectacular floundering around. At Cambridge, he spent the weeks prior to examinations, as he recounted in a letter to his older brother George, "almost constantly intoxicated." Admittedly, Coleridge was prone to hyperbole, if not outright mendacity, and never more so than when treating of his own excesses and shortcomings, but his Cambridge experiences did upend him sufficiently so that he enlisted in the Army, from whose ranks he wrote George a sincerely penitent letter: "The shame and sorrow of those who loved me—the anguish of him, who

"I think I can speak for an entire generation when I say I'm either in my thirties or in my forties."

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protected me from my childhood upwards—the sore travail of her who bore me—intolerable Images of horror! They haunt my sleep—they enfever my Dreams!" He was extricated only after great expense (twenty-five guineas) and greater embarrassment (expediency dictated that he be discharged as "insane").

It is tempting to attribute his life's dramatic turnaround to Wordsworth, who befriended him in 1797. But if Wordsworth was truly Coleridge's potentiator, the zone of his influence was probably less stylistic than personal. What proved liberating, perhaps, was not Wordsworth's celebrated drive toward a more natural and humbler diction (an impulse that Coleridge had manifested on his own before the friendship blossomed) so much as his dignified way of embodying a far-flung but disciplined ambition.

Their friendship remains something of an enigma. For all the mountains of scholarly exegesis devoted to their intellectual and emotional exchanges, many uncertainties persist—as Holmes makes clear. For one thing, their relationship was complicated by declarations of reciprocal esteem; a reader has to dig deep to uproot the competitive aggressions, oblique but unmistakable, that were present on both sides. Given these subterranean tensions, the rift that opened between them in 1810, and was never totally bridged, seems inevitable. Although Holmes handles the issue circumspectly, he appears to consider Wordsworth something of a villain—a judgment with which this reader, anyway, found himself in emphatic agreement. There's a good case to be made that Wordsworth, however freeing a force in the dawn of their friendship, eventually helped to bring on Coleridge's poetic decline.

Wordsworth's hostility was never more chillingly apparent than in his handling of the reprinting of their collaborative volume, "Lyrical Ballads," in 1801, three years after its original publication. This anthology was initially envisioned as an evenhanded balance of work, with Wordsworth exemplifying "ordinary life" and Coleridge "the supernatural." For the revised edition Wordsworth not only rejected "Christabel," one of Coleridge's most ambitious poems, but printed a withering apology for the continued inclusion of "The Ancient Mariner." He began, "The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects," and went on to point out that the Mariner "has no distinct character," that the poem's events have "no necessary connection," and that "the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated." So lacerating were his criticisms that even now their edge is not wholly softened by recourse either to his subsequent detailing of the poem's strengths or to the possibility of a simple lapse of aesthetic discernment. They were a vicious blow, and one against which Coleridge never raised an effective protest. Those who find Coleridge, in all his self-punishing doubts, a sympathetic character can hardly escape wishing that he had sometimes shown a fiercer mettle in the face of "friendly" adversity.

Where the reader ends up on the question of how much Coleridge was himself to blame for allowing Wordsworth to bully him—and also on the bigger questions about blame which inevitably surround a life marred by drug addiction and a blasted marriage—may depend largely upon whether one chooses to regard him as a responsible adult. In all sorts of ways, some straightforward and some devious, Coleridge asked to be treated as a child. Despite strong facial features and a burly physique that enabled him to hike enormous distances at a commanding pace, Coleridge awakened a protective, parental impulse in the people closest to him—both in those women from whom he sought a maternal "brooding warmth" and in men of various stripe. With his ceaseless playing (or preying) upon others' solicitude—and his dreamy abstractedness, his predilection for the company of children, his taste for fantastic landscapes, his repeated bouts of feverish nightmares—Coleridge recalls another wayward son of a straitlaced upbringing, Robert Louis Stevenson. Theirs are lives that simultaneously stir one's affections and try one's patience.

Nowhere in Coleridge's life are one's ambivalences sharper than in his relations with his eldest son, Hartley. Coleridge showed him not merely indulgence and devotion but a respect at times verging on reverence. Fervently committed to Romanticism's cult of the child, he turned to Hartley as to a sage. One can hardly help finding Coleridge endearing when he writes thus to Dor-

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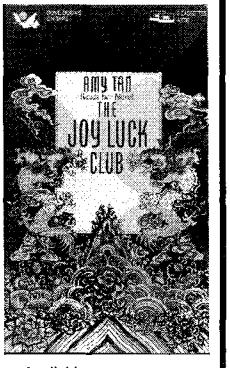

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othy Wordsworth of his four-year-old boy:

> I had a very long conversation with Hartley about Life, Reality, Pictures, & Thinking this evening. . . . Much as you would desire to believe me, I cannot expect that I could communicate to you all that Mrs C. & I felt from his answers—they were so very sensible, accurate, & well worded.

And yet it seems similarly impossible not to sense something creepy in the air when, on another occasion, he pursued this line so far that Hartley replied, "Don't ask me so many questions, Papa! I can't bear it." To be sure, it is amusing to have the father rather than the child be the one who drives the other to distraction by perpetually asking "Why?" But when you remember that Coleridge must have often taken part in such conversations through a haze of opium, the tableau—stoned Dad plumbing precocious Kid about the meaning of life—looks macabre. It represents, at the very least, a bizarre gloss on Wordsworth's dictum that "the Child is father of the Man."

Tangled feelings about childhood may have had something to do as well with Coleridge's notorious inability to complete what he started. From our vantage point Coleridge's life holds a diversity of glories—a number of lasting poems, a great deal of hugely influential criticism, many incandescent journal entries and letters—but in its daily routines it was apparently anything but glorious. He was forever taking on intractable projects that left him to struggle with feelings of guilt and inadequacy. To us it's hard to believe that he failed to see the utter hopelessness of some of these projects, as when he proposed a book about "the affinities of the Feelings with Words & Ideas" which would "supersede all the Books of Metaphysics hitherto written." We are left to surmise that the resultant feelings of letdown and insufficiency were, at some level, something he courted.

To assuage his disappointment, Coleridge would sometimes boast about his former precocity, with all its beguiling visions of the great things that might have been accomplished by the clever lad, himself, if life had only broken a little differently. Such talk almost always carries a pathetic ring, but if his returns to his childhood were a sign of weakness they were also a source of genuine exultation. "For from my early reading of Faery Tales, & Genii," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "my mind had been habituated *to the Vast*"—and one recalls Picasso's boast that "I have never done children's drawings." (Coleridge came still closer to Picasso when he remarked, less with pride this time than with a sense of wistful deprivation, "I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child.") Coleridge had a keen artistic feel for the hidden greatness inhering in childish forms. One is left to wonder to what degree his irresolutions and incompletions were tied to a perception that—as apotheosized in a gifted child—no strength is so formidable as an undefined strength.

IN contemplating Coleridge, readers may likewise feel the attractions of an alternative world. It is fascinating to speculate about the reputation he would have today had he left us his poetry only. As it is, his flashing, fitful, distinctive, disparate body of verse borrows an anchoring heft and authority from his critical prose. What would we make of a Coleridge whose sole bequest was a handful of strange and luminous verses, many of them adrift on tides of druggy, hallucinatory instability? For us Coleridge is assuredly a "major poet," just as his contemporary John Clare is assuredly "minor"—but would this distinction seem so patent had Coleridge never produced "Biographia Literaria," the notebooks, the lectures on Shakespeare?

Coleridge's poetry is hard to place partly because, for all its unique splendors, there is no such thing as a "Coleridge poem," as there is a "Keats poem," a "Byron poem," a "Shelley poem," a "Wordsworth poem." It isn't that he seldom did the same thing twice—rather, that he seldom did the same thing twice successfully. He wrote one immortal ballad ("The Ancient Mariner"), one beautiful ode ("Dejection"), one fine imprecation ("Cologne"), one almost uncategorizable but unquestionably haunting dream/drug vision ("Kubla Khan"), one masterly blank-verse meditation ("Frost at Midnight"), and one trailblazing, if seemingly doomed, fragment in which he sought to throw off the hegemony of the iamb by instituting a pure-stress prosody ("Christabel"). Needless to say, every Coleridge admirer will compile a list of personal favorites ("This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison" has many adherents, but the ease with which the poet stumbles upon enlightenment reveals, to my mind, a fatal insincerity), yet few would dispute that his greatest successes tend to stand alone. By and large, he was notably forgettable when he worked in other people's poetic forms. Although he passionately loved the sonnet, and attempted a great many, none of his finished efforts was an unqualified achievement; most now look pretty limp, and a few are unsettling in their ineptitude.

Coleridge was at his best when his passions came forth so pell-mell as to force the poem's form to take shape around them. The fifty-four lines of what is probably his best-loved lyric, "Kubla Khan," are a somersaulting assemblage of couplets, quatrains, and quintets, none of them prevailing for more than eight lines at a stretch. "Christabel," despite a prefatory prose note promising an experimental metre, continually veers from its pure-stress lines into the flexible, often headless tetrameter of Milton's "L'Allegro." No two of the eight sections of "Dejection" are formally identical, nor are they even internally consistent.

"The Ancient Mariner" at first looks like an exception to this rule. It is built on the sturdy 4-3-4-3 alternations of ballad metre, and—perhaps as a result of the even, measured cadences of its introductory and closing sections—is apt to linger in the mind as a stable construction. In fact, after opening with eleven regular stanzas it abruptly, and violently, inserts a sestet in place of a quatrain—an irregularity that turns out to be far from irregular, since something like a quarter of the poem's nearly one hundred and fifty stanzas depart from the balladic norm.

Coleridge was by his very essence a poet of violence and uproar. His best work often makes a sort of journey from an anguished outcry (the "woman wailing for her demon-lover" of "Kubla Khan"; the lost child who "screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear" of "Dejection"; the souls

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of the dead passing over the Mariner "like the whizz of my cross-bow") to a hard-won tranquillity. When Coleridge went wrong in his verse, it was often because he tempered the violence—tamed his demons—too stringently from the outset. Any reader familiar with Coleridge's nightmares—journal entries extraordinary for the durable freshness of their terror—must regret their conversion into the tame tetrameter couplets of "The Pains of Sleep."

Time and again, the prose genesis of a poem shines with brighter pigments than those of the finished verse. It was almost as though Coleridge the artist (the creature of raw creative impulse) were constitutionally at war with Coleridge the poet (the fashioner of word and phrase into metre and rhyme). His prose—particularly when the naturalist in him erupted in awe-struck delight—possessed a sharp analogical quickness, a dartingly precise eye for simile, that recalls Gerard Manley Hopkins; but, unlike Hopkins, Coleridge rarely saw fit to invest this gift in verse. He was a poet who too often smoothed edges and blunted angularities. This unhappy tendency was encouraged at times by friends like Wordsworth and Southey, neither of whom was able or willing to recognize fully the aberrant, often brutal nature of Coleridge's genius. (Southey was even harsher toward "The Ancient Mariner" than Wordsworth: "Genius has here been employed in producing a poem of little merit.")

Keeping in mind Coleridge's belief that the origins of metre consist in an effort "to hold in check the workings of passion," a reader might gather instruction from the failure of "The Pains of Sleep." Coleridge may indeed have checked his passions unduly, but he reminds us—in an age whose poets often seem on too familiar terms with their demons, a bit too blithe in the summoning up of "the dark side"—of the complexities involved in handling horrific material. The lesson for our own time appears to be that one's demons can be diminished in many ways, not least by being embraced.

READERS looking for a biography that treats the poetic masterpieces at some length—as Holmes' first volume does not—might seek out Walter Jackson Bate's "Coleridge," which is particularly illuminating about "The Ancient Mariner." Bate also proves to

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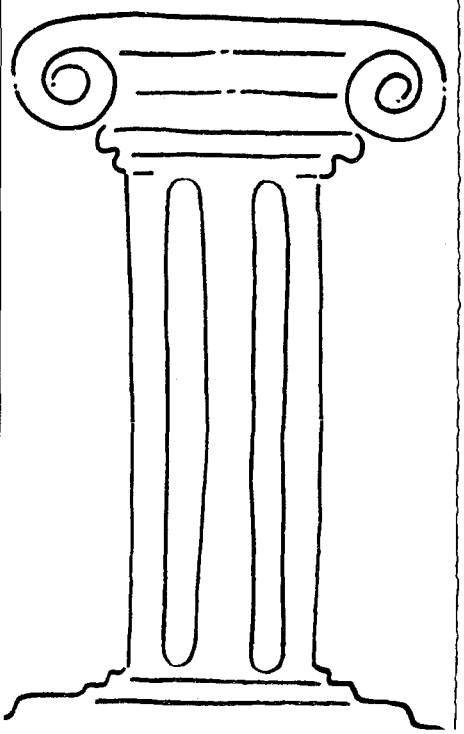

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be a useful guide to his subject's "psychological intelligence" in a pre-Freudian age. Holmes, on the other hand, is vastly preferable in his refusal to honor Coleridge's implicit wish that he be held unaccountable for his omissions and misdeeds. Whereas Bate seems all-forgiving, Holmes regards Coleridge as a powerful enough character to stand firm against occasional censure, and, though his affection for his subject is felt on every page, he is far less extenuating than Bate in handling Coleridge's habitual prevarications, his bouts of choler, his plagiarisms. (Passage after passage of "Biographia Literaria" was lifted outright from the German philosopher Friedrich Schelling.) Holmes operates on the salutary principle that "many of the best writers on Coleridge are to some degree hostile towards him."

And Holmes seems unsurpassable in conveying Coleridge's physical restlessness—a trait that would send him fearlessly stamping off (equipped with none of the high-tech gear of the modern backpacker) alone across the fells. This affinity comes naturally to Holmes, who recently published a book, entitled "Footsteps," which records some of his walking tours through Europe. In "Coleridge: Early Visions" Holmes evokes for us something exceedingly unusual in literary biographies, though it is often central to the lives they seek to portray: a touch of wilderness. The jagged beauties of the Lake District are made palpable. There are moments in Holmes' book when the reader, having followed Coleridge high up a mountain ridge, seems truly to share the poet's crackling gratification as he strides across, as it were, the spine of England. Holmes is similarly convincing when he deals with another sort of elevated restlessness: those "fits of moody philosophy" which drove Coleridge into heartfelt analyses of Aristotle, Kant, Hobbes, Hume, Locke. In many ways Coleridge was no better equipped for philosophical than for terrestrial ascents. He was a clumsy mathematician, and, though a great admirer of all sorts of systems, he was not in the least systematic—a paradox lying at the heart of "Biographia Literaria," whose two sprawling volumes constitute a disorganized plea for organization.

Bate, in addition to his biography, has produced, in collaboration with James Engell, a marvellously exhaustive annotated "Biographia," in which nearly every errant allusion or loose simile is tracked down. And yet, grateful as one is for their titanic labors, sometimes it seems futile to read Coleridge's philosophy as philosophy—particularly in those turbulent passages where his prose floods over on shifting currents of association and deduction. In his philosophy—as in the best of his poems and journal entries—one is forever feeling the call, the pull, of pure kineticism. This was someone who loved tirelessly the tireless play of the mind. Even in his philosophy Coleridge seems at times less concerned with where he is headed than with the tingling joy of simple, headlong motion.

However unscientific by temperament, Coleridge was deeply drawn to science and to scientists. Sir Humphry Davy, who eventually became the president of the Royal Society, was not only a close friend but somebody whose lectures he followed closely. Coleridge saw in science a tool for vindicating his intuitions, like that of his celebrated, confusing distinction between Imagination and Fancy. (A reader may well feel that this is one of those little lingering riddles in English literature—such as the identity of the "onlie begetter" of Shakespeare's sonnets, or the true meaning of Keats' "negative capability" or Eliot's "objective correlative," or the nature of D. H. Lawrence's libido—about which enough has been written to hold us well into the next century. Holmes has a tough task ahead of him in Volume II, in which he plans to concentrate upon Coleridge's philosophy.) If Coleridge were alive today, he would naturally look to the psychologist's laboratory for reinforcement.

The thought of a modern laboratory—a kingdom far more fantastic than any of the dream domes that Coleridge the visionary ever conceived of—lends a final poignancy to our view of him. He once aspired to write a book that would "solve the process of Life and Consciousness." Living, as we do, in a world whose investigations into the mind's processes are so multiplex that one feels overwhelmed not only by the research itself but even by the ever-expanding range of disciplines—cognitive science, artificial intelligence, neurobiology, biocybernetics, chronobiology—we may find something both

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risible and impossibly remote in the thought of such a book's being undertaken by a solitary soul, and a *poet* to boot! Risible, remote, and more than a little daft. It's a tribute to the immediacy of Coleridge's prose that there are times when—just as though he were still with us—one frets a little over his mental health. But of course there is comfort, too—in the notion that, whatever it was that disabled the poet in him, Coleridge clung dearly to that touch of divine madness which is the poet's natural province and prerogative. —BRAD LEITHAUSER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY, by James Hynes (Atheneum; $18.95). Mr. Hynes is a first novelist with a real story, intelligently imagined, to tell, and he does so in a strong, plain style that owes nothing to the literary fashions of the moment. The title refers at once to an old Irish song and to a young Irish-American, named Brian Donovan, whose dying grandfather, a bloodstained veteran of Irish rebellion, entrusts him with a ten-thousand-dollar contribution to the Provo cause in Northern Ireland, to be delivered by hand to a Belfast cousin. Brian's mission is successful—so successful that he lets himself be mesmerized into undertaking a further mission for the cause. Mr. Hynes, though a Middle Western American, seems to have a vigorous understanding of life and death in the Six Counties, of the mind of an Irish politician, and, in the person of Brian's cousin's husband, of the nature of a terrorist.

THE GOD OF NIGHTMARES, by Paula Fox (North Point; $18.95). The romance of youth, alcoholism, decadence, bohemia, impending war, and New Orleans' Vieux Carré becomes the instrument of a young woman's sentimental education when she is thrust from upstate New York to seek out her widowed mother's long-lost sister. Helen finds her alcoholic Aunt Lulu and, with an ease that smacks of narrative convenience, a concomitant group of soul mates for herself. Everything is both convenient and poetic: the ideal rented room and its ideal owners, one of whom *is* a poet; their tragic, rich homosexual friend, who owns the department

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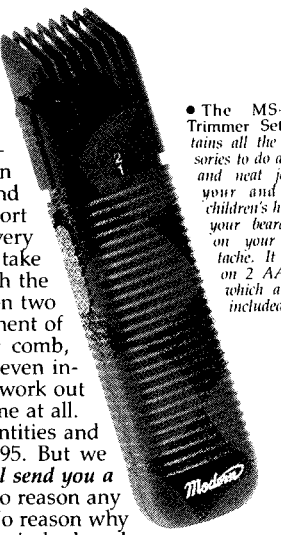

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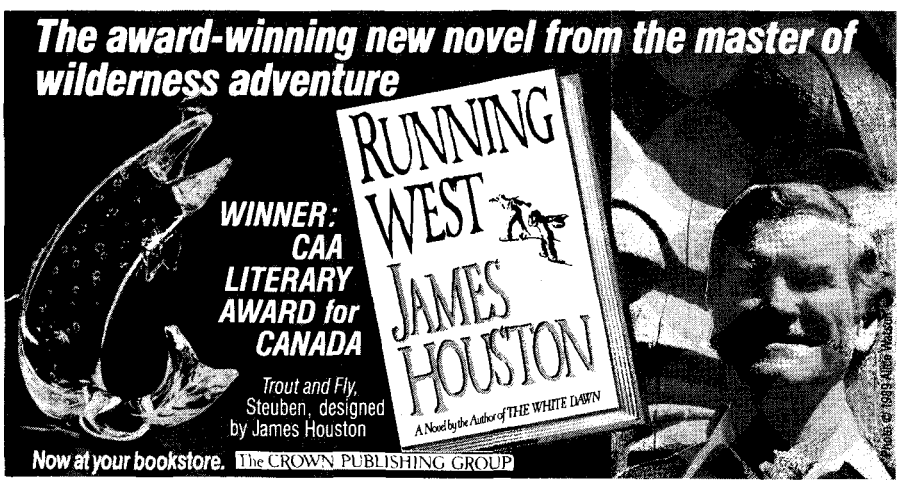
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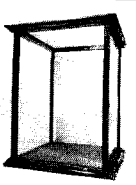

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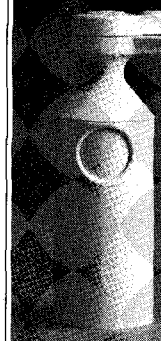

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store where the resourceful Helen gets herself a job; young, silver-haired Jewish Len, who tries to take care of Aunt Lulu; noble Nina, who nearly gets Helen fired by crossing the color line to drink from the store fountain for blacks (this is 1941); the decorative fountains and gardens everywhere; the stars painted on the ceiling of Aunt Lulu's run-down ballroom. Into this overblown romanticism, however, home truths are quietly slipped, and the drama of the final scene in great part redeems the wafflings and grandiloquence that—often in very pretty writing—precede it.

GENERAL

Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War Two, by Allan Bérubé (Free Press; $22.95). Although the author has many stories to tell and many points to make, probably his most important findings are that homosexuals succeeded (or failed) in the armed services in about the same proportion as everyone else, and that gay soldiers in combat were often accepted by their straight comrades. But many homosexuals, including those who rushed to enlist after Pearl Harbor, weren't lucky enough to learn how useful they could have been to their country: they were harried out of the services on the theory that they were mentally ill, and awarded discharges that denied them veterans' benefits. Mr. Bérubé believes that the armed forces' unenlightened policies helped create a politically active gay community as homosexuals, locked in brigs, stockades, and mental hospitals, realized how numerous they were. His book, based on government documents and personal recollections, includes good experiences—kindness, friendship, decorations—as well as suffering and injustice, and evokes sympathy without begging for it.

A Year in Provence, by Peter Mayle (Knopf; $19.95). Americans and Britons by the thousand have sojourned in Provence, and not a few (among them Henry James and Ford Madox Ford) have written lovingly and well about the experience. Mr. Mayle's memoir, which recounts how he and his wife abandoned the London life for an old farmhouse in a remote corner of the Lubéron, is as satisfying as the food and drink of the region. That is no small accomplishment. When it comes to the pleasures of the table—to an appreciative understanding of pâtés of rabbit, boar, and thrush, of an aioli with snails and cod and hard-boiled eggs, of wines red, white, and rosé—the Mayles would seem to be as Provençal as the mistral and *boules*. Mr. Mayle has much to tell us about the Provençal approach to house-remodelling, about the beauty of the Cours Mirabeau and the horrors of the tourist season, but every observation or anecdote seems to lead invariably to lunch or dinner and a total recall of every ethereal course, every wine, every *digestif*. Illustrated with drawings by Judith Clancy.

Franz Werfel: A Life in Prague, Vienna, and Hollywood, by Peter Stephen Jungk, translated from the German by Anselm Hollo (Grove Weidenfeld; $24.95). English-language readers probably remember Franz Werfel as the author of two best-sellers, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" and "The Song of Bernadette"; this exemplary biography recalls his career and its vanished settings as part of the cultural history of the West. Werfel was born in Prague in 1890; Franz Kafka was a boyhood friend. He died in Beverly Hills in 1945; Lotte Lehmann and Bruno Walter performed at his funeral. Thus the portrait of Werfel and his times traces the flowering of the arts under the last Hapsburg, and the Germanic Indian summer that Hitler ended. Werfel, a Jew by birth and a Catholic by belief, felt so deeply rooted in German language and literature that he was very slow to appreciate that Hitler, too, represented something German. Mr. Jungk also provides a searing picture of Werfel's wife, the famous Alma Schindler Mahler Gropius Werfel, part muse and part shrew, an incarnation of the best and the worst in modern German culture.

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The Friendship Heights Village Council at its May 17 meeting approved a resolution recognizing Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania as independent nations.—*Washington Post*.

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BERNARD McATEER

WHEN Bernie McAteer died, on June 9th, at the age of fifty-four, *The New Yorker* lost another of its longtime employees whose presence over the years has lent such stability to the magazine. Bernie was born on March 17, 1936—St. Patrick's Day—and he came to work here on June 15, 1953, just a few days after leaving DeWitt Clinton High School, in the Bronx. With the exception of two years' service in the Army, he spent his entire working life at *The New Yorker*. He was a family man with two families, really—a close circle of brothers and a sister and their spouses, whom he saw almost daily, and another, extended circle of friends and colleagues here at the office.

Bernie started out as a messenger but soon moved into the makeup department, where the articles, stories, reviews, poetry, and artwork are put together to create a magazine. Three years ago, he became the head of the department. He proved to be the most easygoing of bosses, except where he himself was concerned: he brought to his job an eye and a dedication that impelled him, against the weekly odds, to try to make things perfect. One of our senior editors recalls that walking into the makeup room before Bernie went to work there was like walking into a swamp of paper—manuscripts, proofs, art scattered everywhere. Slowly, quietly, he brought order to the place. The other day, another of his coworkers remarked that Bernie's combination of diligence, swiftness, and adroitness had made him a true heir to Carmine Peppe, who was our chief makeup man for most of the magazine's first fifty years. This was praise Bernie would have delighted in; he had benefitted from a tradition here of learning from older, more experienced people, and, in turn, was unfailingly generous in passing his own knowledge and experience along to others.

It's not strictly necessary for a good makeup person to know much about the content of a piece he is laying out, but Bernie read what he worked on, and his grasp of what an author was trying to achieve often enabled him to find graceful and inventive solutions to difficult makeup problems. He loved challenges—especially humor pieces that required new typefaces or special drawings or complicated copy-fitting—and he would spend hours worrying over them, pinning up layouts and adjusting them line by line, pica by pica, until he had them exactly right.

Beyond his technical skill at makeup, Bernie had an artistic bent, which he exercised wherever he could. Over the years, he provided a handful of illustrations for our pages—for The Talk of the Town, for longer factual pieces, and once even for a short story. Some years ago, he took to painting decorative duck decoys, and he also tried his hand at painting watercolors of birds. But when he took up fly-tying, about five years ago, he found an avocation that perfectly combined his artistic and his technical abilities. He approached it with an eagerness that few men his age seem to bring to new passions. He tied lovingly—almost compulsively—and often on a Monday morning he would come into a colleague's office and, with a characteristic mixture of shyness and pride, show off the flies he had created over the weekend.

For most people who go trout fishing, of course, fly-tying is an adjunct to their sport; with Bernie, things were the other way around. He loved working at his vise more than he loved casting his flies into the trout streams of the Catskills. As his skill grew, he devoted it more and more to the tying of full-dressed feather-wing salmon flies—complicated, quietly beautiful patterns that are seldom executed anymore. In recent years, when he suffered from heart disease, Bernie talked now and then about retiring someday and setting up shop as a professional flytier. His skill and dedication would have graced that profession just as, for thirty-five years, they graced ours.

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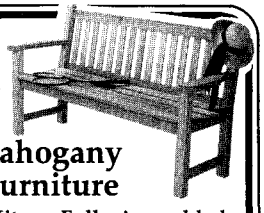
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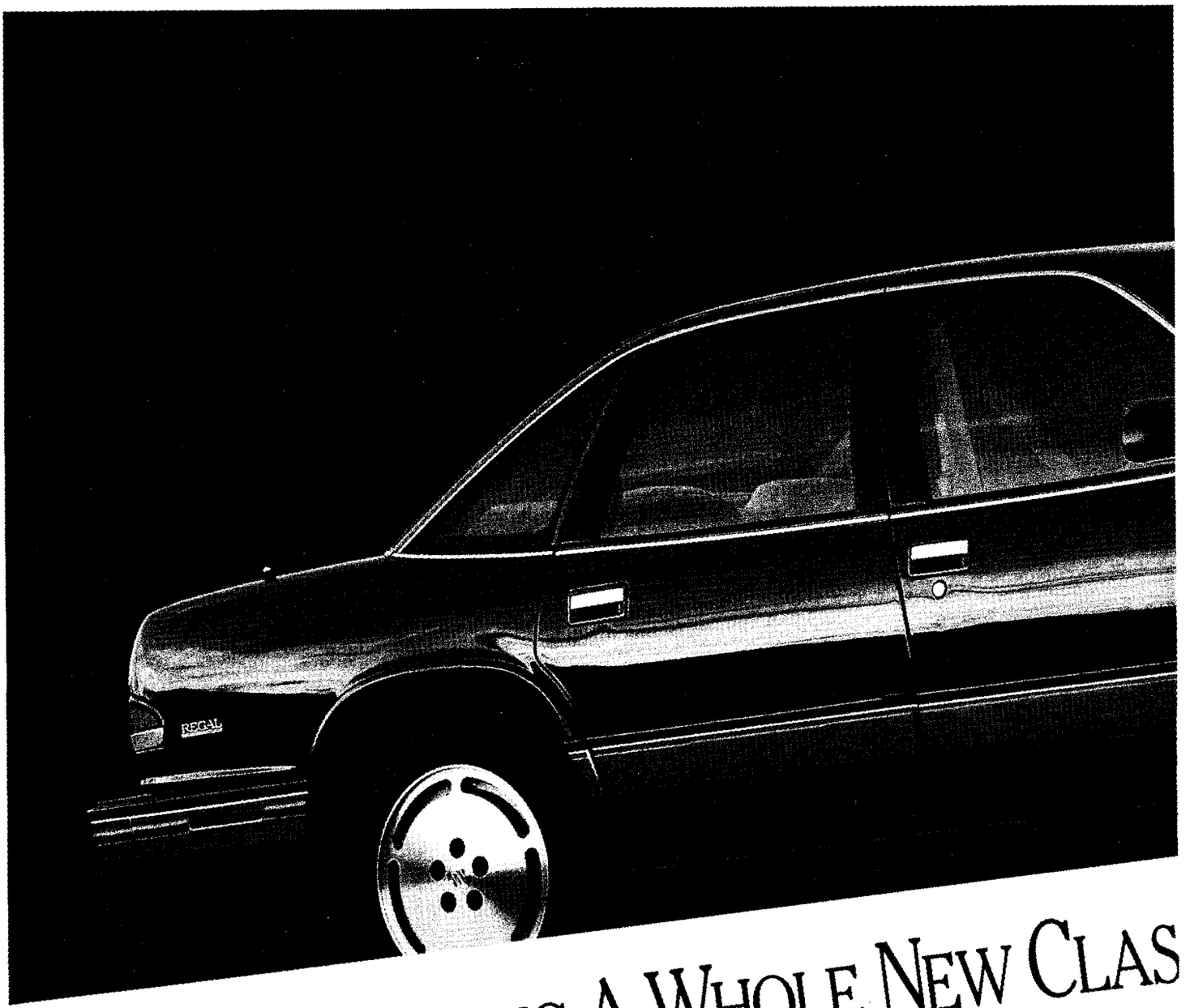

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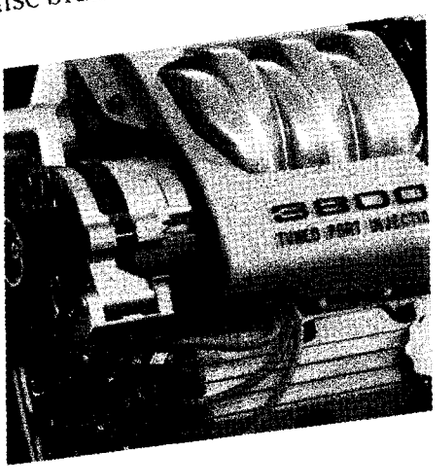

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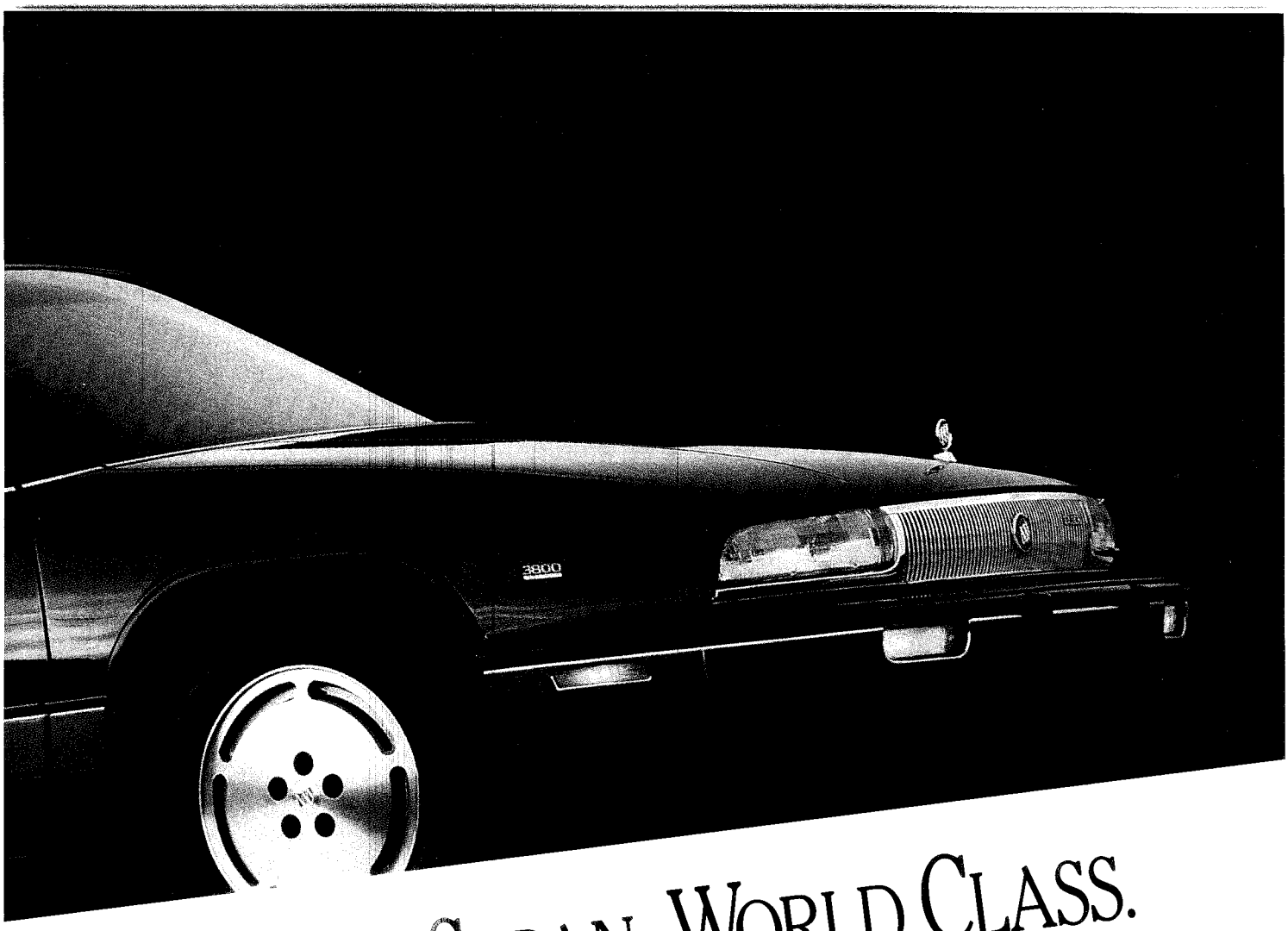

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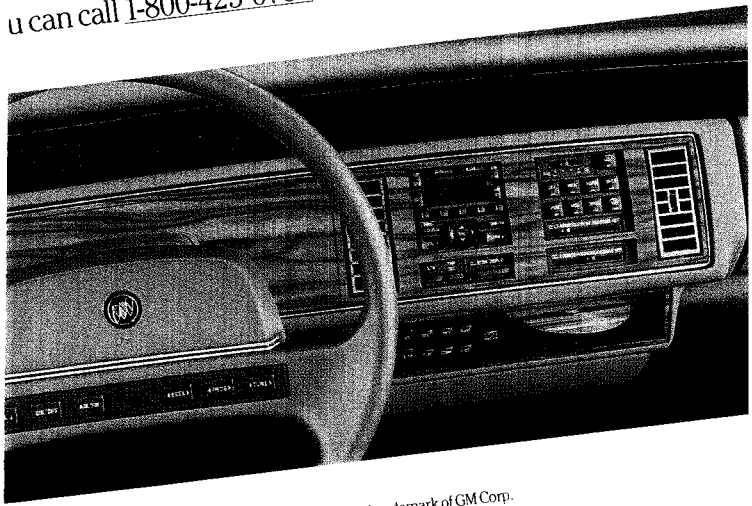

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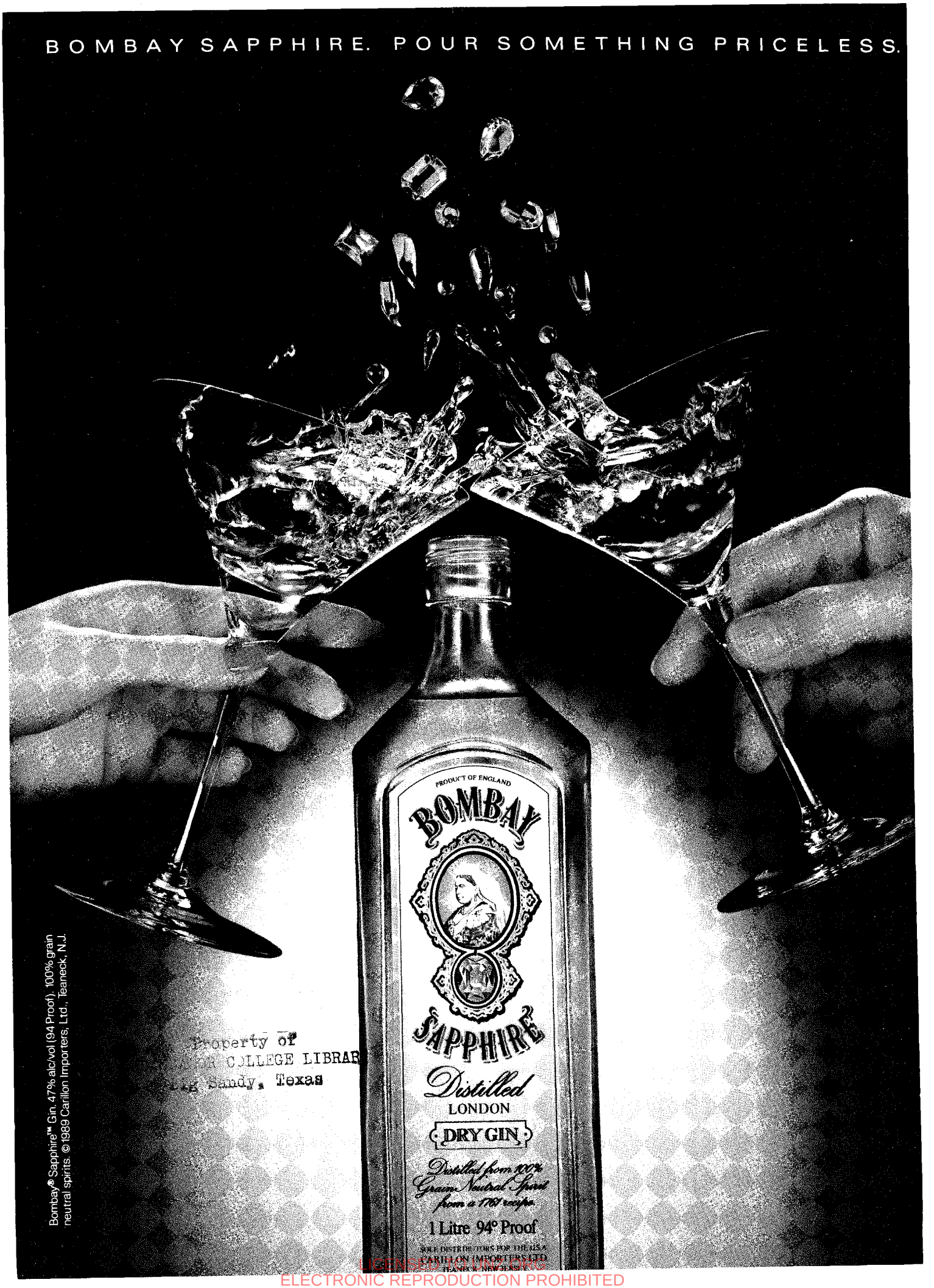
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